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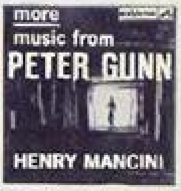
ALL ALBUMS ARE 12-INCH 33⅓ R.P.M.

MUSIC FOR RELAXATION
MELACHRINO ORCHESTRA

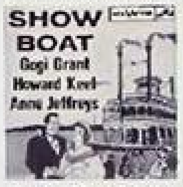
1. Singing strings, soothing moods. *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young, Estrellita.*

music from PETER GUNN
composed and conducted by HENRY MANCINI

2. Hottest album of year! All-star modern "mood" jazz — combo and big band — from NBC-TV series. *Fallout!*, more.


more music from PETER GUNN
HENRY MANCINI

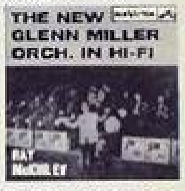
203. Hot-selling sequel to year's top album stars Shelly Manne, other West Coast jazz giants. *A Quiet Gass, Spook!*, etc.


SHOW BOAT
Gogi Grant
Howard Keel
Anne Jeffreys

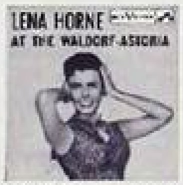
8. Brand-new production of Kern-Hammerstein classic stars Howard Keel, Gogi Grant and Anne Jeffreys.

JEANETTE MacDONALD & NELSON EDDY
FAVORITES IN HI-FI

9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call, Will You Remember?, Rosalie, Wanting You.*


THE NEW GLENN MILLER ORCH. IN HI-FI
RAY McKINLEY

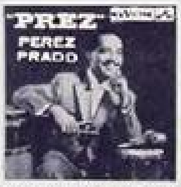
11. Miller-styled modern repertoire, Ray McKinley, *Birdland, On the Street Where You Live, Mine, Anything Goes.*


LENA HORNE
AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

17. On-the-spot recording. Yes, includes *Day In—Day Out* plus *It's All Right with Me, Mood Indigo, Honeysuckle Rose,*

HUGO WINTERHALTER GOES... Latin

19. Lush, rhythmic, exotic instrumentals. *Valencia, Granada, Delicado, Come Closer to Me, The Peanut Vendor,* etc.


"PREZ"
PEREZ PRADO

21. Cha chas, hot and cool, by Prado's crackling big band. *Lullaby of Birdland, Flight of the Bumblebee*, 9 more.

TITO PUENTE
dancing under Latin skies

23. Cha-cha versions of top Latin tunes: *Frenesi, Yours, Perfidia, Brazil, Tampico, Cuban Pete, Poet-au-Pleasure*, others.

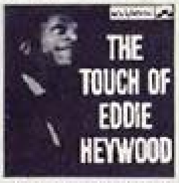
MUSIC FOR DINING
THE MELACHRINO STRINGS

24. 12 pop favorites and light classics. *September Song, Warsaw Concerto, Diane, Tenderly, Too Young, Charmaine*, more.

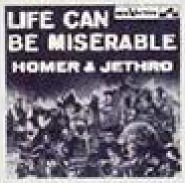
26. La MacKenzie sings 12 ballads. *Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow, Stranger in Paradise, Blue Tango.*

LIVE IN THE AFTERNOON
THE THREE SUNS

27. 12 dance-mood specials by famed trio plus strings: *I'll Get By, I'm in the Mood for Love, Melancholy Baby*, 9 more.


THE TOUCH OF EDDIE HEYWOOD

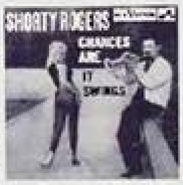
37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront.*


LIFE CAN BE MISERABLE
HOMER & JETHRO

40. Wacky banjo-pickin' country comics fracture hit songs, special material. *Oh Lonesome Me*, 11 more laugh-getters.

MUSIC FOR NON-THINKERS
GUCKENHEIMER SOUR KRAUT BAND

41. Laugh a second! Kraut-sour German band plays (?) concert pieces, waltzes, marches, polkas, etc., in highest fi.


SHORTY ROGERS
CHANCES ARE IT SWINGS

42. Suave, modern big-band jazz: top West Coast stars. *Chances Are, Everybody Loves a Lover*, plus 10 other recent hits.

DEL WOOD
Rags to Riches

47. Hot, happy HONKY-TONK PIANO specials! Ricky-ticklers like *My Gal Sal, Side by Side, Hello Ma Baby*, etc.

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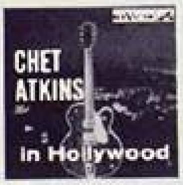
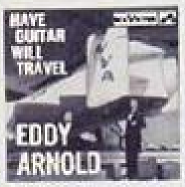
—fill it in and mail it today. You'll receive your five albums by return mail.


CHET ATKINS in Hollywood

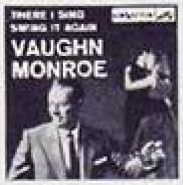
58. Flowing, many-mooded guitar plus rich, warm strings. *Estrellita, The Three Bells, Greensleeves*, 12 in all.


HAVE GUITAR WILL TRAVEL
EDDY ARNOLD

61. Singalogue by country pop star. *Kentucky Babe, Idaho, Georgia on My Mind, Carolina in the Morning, Indiana*, etc.

HENRI RENÉ
Compulsion to Swing

65. The dancing-listening surprise package of the year. Swing beat, modern sound. *Baubles, Bangles and Beads*, etc.


THERE I SING SWING IT AGAIN
VAUGHN MONROE

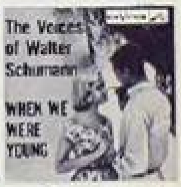
69. His biggest hits re-recorded in hi fi. *There, I've Said It Again; Riders in the Sky; Racing with the Moon; Ballerina*; etc.

MARCHING WITH THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS

70. 14 thrillingly hi-fi marches by Britain's finest regimental band. *The Thin Red Line, Fame and Glory, Scipio*, lots more.

RALPH FLANAGAN IN HI-FI

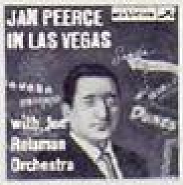
73. Remakes of the band's biggest hits. *Hot Toddy, My Hero, Where or When, Street of Dreams, Penthouse Serenade*, etc.


The Voices of Walter Schumann
WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

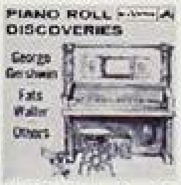
74. 12 shimmering waltzes. *Charmaine, Ramona, Always, Memories, Together, Girl of My Dreams, Would You?*

Crew-Cuts' Surprise Package

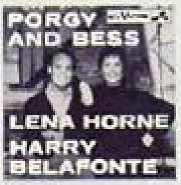
90. Crack quartet sings 12 many-mooded hits. *Lazy River, My Blue Heaven, Pretend, J'Attendrai, Shine*, etc.


JAN PEERCE IN LAS VEGAS
with Joe Reisman Orchestra

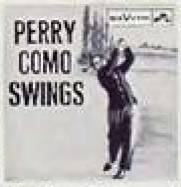
94. *Bluebird of Happiness, Because, Around the World, I Believe, Granada, September Song, Without a Song*, others.


PIANO ROLL DISCOVERIES
George Gershwin
Fats Waller
Others

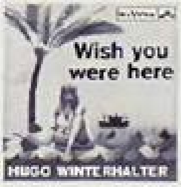
97. Gershwin plays his own *Rhapsody in Blue* in hi fi! Also vintage piano rolls by Fats Waller, Zez Confrey and others.


PORGY AND BESS
LENA HORNE
HARRY BELAFONTE

100. Two super-stars render 12 Gershwin treasures in fresh, modern manner. A current best-seller.


PERRY COMO SWINGS

200. Smoothly arranged swingers include *Linda, St. Louis Blues, I've Got You Under My Skin, Donkey Serenade.*


Wish you were here
HUGO WINTERHALTER

201. Dreamy hi-fi trip to romantic places. *Around the World, Paris in the Spring, On a Slow Boat to China*, etc.

MARIO LANZA
For the First Time

202. Soundtrack recording from late tenor's last film. *Come Prima, Vesti la giubba, O sole mio, Schubert's Ave Maria.*

up-to-date list of RCA VICTOR best-sellers

EITHER STEREO or REGULAR L.P.

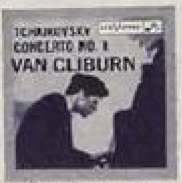
NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICES TOTAL UP TO $29.90

BELAFONTE SINGS THE BLUES

3. Blues types, rhythm backing. *Hallelujah I Love Her So, One for My Baby, Fare Thee Well, God Bless the Child.*

RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN'S SOUTH PACIFIC

4. Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein film hit. 15 hardy perennials. M. Gaynor, R. Brazzi.


TCHAIKOVSKY CONCERTO NO. 1 VAN CLIBURN

5. All-time best-selling classical album by the extraordinary pianist who took Moscow and the world by storm.

NEW SOUND... NEW RECORDING
RICHARD RODGERS VICTORY AT SEA
VOLUME ONE

7. Stunning new recording of the dramatic 9-section suite from the award-winning TV score by Richard Rodgers.

RICHARD RODGERS VICTORY AT SEA
VOLUME TWO

91. 8 sections from Richard Rodgers' dramatic TV score. De luxe package includes bound-in booklet, photos.

ARTHUR FIEDLER BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA
POPS STOPPERS

12. *Jalousie* and other Pops Stoppers, incl. *Liebestraum, Ritual Fire Dance, Skaters Waltz, España Rhapsody*, others.

38 favorites for dancing
Frankie Carle and his rhythm

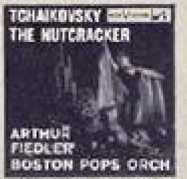
13. Dancing, listening delight. Sunny piano-with-rhythm medleys of fox trots, waltzes, lindys, by Porter, Kern, etc.

THE AMES BROTHERS SING FAMOUS HITS OF FAMOUS QUARTETS
HUGO WINTERHALTER ORCH.

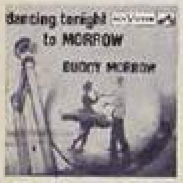
14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits: *Paper Doll, Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, To Each His Own*, etc.

STRAUSS WALTZES THE MELACHRINO ORCH.
GEORGE MELACHRINO

15. Lilting versions of *The Blue Danube, Artists' Life, Emperor Waltz, Tales from the Vienna Woods, Wiener Blut.*


TCHAIKOVSKY THE NUTCRACKER
ARTHUR FIEDLER BOSTON POPS ORCH

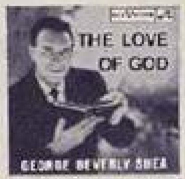
16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet (and the whole family). *Waltz of the Flowers*, etc.


dancing tonight to MORROW
BUDDY MORROW

29. Big band, fat beat. 12 varied dance favorites by college prom king. *Margie, Sleepy-Time Gal, I'll Be Around, Cherry.*

HIGHLAND PAGEANTRY
THE PIPES AND DRUMS AND REGIMENTAL BAND OF THE BLACK WATCH

30. Colorful pipes, drums, Black Watch Band in a sonic treat! Marches, folk favorites plus Harry Lauder medley.


THE LOVE OF GOD
GEORGE BEVERLY SHEA

33. Rich baritone of the Billy Graham Crusade sings *God Will Take Care of You, My Saviour's Love, God Is So Good.*

Torch Time GOGI GRANT

35. *My Man, Young and Foolish, They Say It's Wonderful, Yesterdays, Bewitched, The Thrill Is Gone, Summertime*, more.

When You Come to the End of the Day
PERRY COMO

36. 12 warmly sung inspirational songs: *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands, Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons.*

MUSICALLY MAD
BERNIE GREEN with the STEREO MAD-MEN

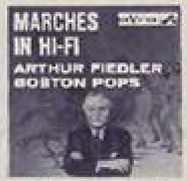
48. Hilarious musical satire, caricature plus commentary by Henry Morgan. *Gunsmoke Suite; Anvils, of Course*; more.

GIGI
GOGI GRANT TONY MARTIN

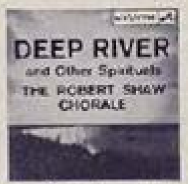
50. Lerner & Loewe (writers of *My Fair Lady*) Academy Award winning score. Stars Gogi Grant and Tony Martin.

THE MIGHTY WURLITZER AND THE ROARING HI-FI TWENTIES
LEONARD LEIGH

52. Mighty pipe-organ sounds, colors, plus 24 favorites by Gershwin, Friml, Youmans, Rodgers, Romberg, others.


MARCHES IN HI-FI
ARTHUR FIEDLER BOSTON POPS

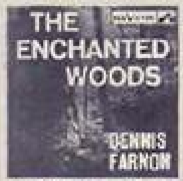
54. 15 strutting marches by diverse composers. *Colonel Bogey, 76 Trombones, March of the Toys, Yankee Doodle, Dixie.*


DEEP RIVER and Other Spirituals
THE ROBERT SHAW CHORALE

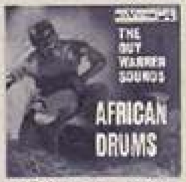
58. 16 timeless spirituals. *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Dry Bones; Every Time I Feel the Spirit; Sit Down, Servant*; more.

NEIL SEDAKA

79. Teen-age rock-and-roll singer-songwriter's hit versions of *I Go Ape, The Diary*, other originals—*Stupid Cupid*, etc.


THE ENCHANTED WOODS
DENNIS FARNON

85. Gorgeous sound, dreamy dance fare with woodwinds and rhythm. *I Hear a Rhapsody, You Are Too Beautiful*, etc.


THE GUY WARREN SOUNDS
AFRICAN DRUMS

89. Exciting, exotic African rhythms and themes, sometimes blended with jazz. "Fascinating"—*Variety.*

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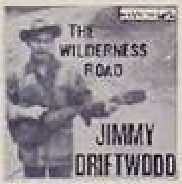
Regular (monaural) long-playing records can be played on stereophonic phonographs; in fact, they will sound better than ever. However, stereophonic records are designed to be played ONLY ON STEREOPHONIC EQUIPMENT.

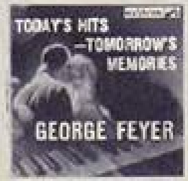
Music of the Islands
THE MAUNA LOA ISLANDERS

204. *Hawaii in hi fi!* 12 authentically played all-time Hawaiian hits: *Sweet Leilani, The Hawaiian Wedding Song*, etc.

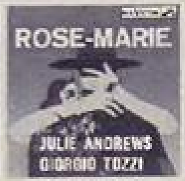

THE WILDERNESS ROAD
JIMMY DRIFTWOOD

205. NARAS award-winning tunesmith sings his own hit *Tennessee Stud* plus 11 folk songs for the whole family.

206. Ballads and "belters" by new vocal sensation. *Star Dust, As Time Goes By, Daddy, Be My Love*, more.


TODAY'S HITS—TOMORROW'S MEMORIES
GEORGE FEYER

207. Elegant piano versions of 12 recent quality hits. *All the Way, Around the World, Tammy, Just in Time, Volare*, etc.


ROSE-MARIE
JULIE ANDREWS GIORGIO TOZZI

208. New hi-fi version of Friml-Hammerstein hit. Julie Andrews, Giorgio Tozzi. *Indian Love Call*, other favorites.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

MODERN AND VINTAGE JAZZ • SWING • VOCAL

(Regular L. P. Only)

These are the incomparable originals. However, RCA VICTOR engineers have improved the sound and surfaces to enhance your enjoyment.

DUKE ELLINGTON orchestra in a mellotone

101. 1940-42 band. Includes *Take the "A" Train, Perdido, I Got It Bad, Cotton Tail, All Too Soon, In a Mellotone, Rocks in My Bed.*

THE DUKES OF DIXIELAND
AT THE JAZZ BAND BALL

102. 12 Dixieland classics in highest fi. *Muskrat Ramble, Tiger Rag, Tin Roof Blues, Panama, That's A-Plenty, Beale Street Blues*, etc.

JONAH JONES at the Embers
JONAH JONES QUARTET

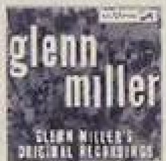
103. "Muted-jazz" trumpeter and quartet—in hi fi. *It's All Right with Me, All of You, Lullaby of Birdland, Learning the Blues*, etc.

COMO'S GOLDEN RECORDS

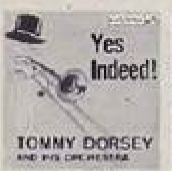
124. 14 of Perry's million-sellers since 1945. *Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation, Round and Round, Hot Diggity.*

HAL KEMP and His Orchestra

134. Original versions. Skinnay Ennis, Bob Allen. *Got a Date with an Angel, Lamplight, Remember Me, Let's Do It*, 8 more.


glenn miller
GLENN MILLER'S ORIGINAL RECORDINGS

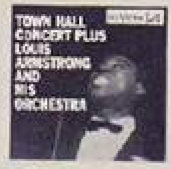
145. *In the Mood, Moonlight Serenade, Kalamazoo, Tuxedo Junction, String of Pearls, Pennsylvania 6-5000, Farewell Blues.*


Yes Indeed!
TOMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA

148. With Sinatra, Stafford, Pied Pipers, Berigan, Rich. *Marie, Song of India, I'll Never Smile Again, Star Dust, Opus No. 1*, etc.

ARTIE SHAW and His Orchestra
MOONGLOW

183. Artie's 12 biggest hits. *Begin the Beguine, Star Dust, Frenesi, Nightmare (theme), Temptation, Dancing in the Dark*, 6 others.


TOWN HALL CONCERT PLUS LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND HIS ORCHESTRA

187. A masterpiece for jazz collectors, starring Armstrong, Teagarden, Hackett in great 1947 concert.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF BENNY GOODMAN

192. Original hits with Krupa, James, Berigan, Hampton. *Sing, Sing, Sing, Don't Be That Way, Avalon*, others.

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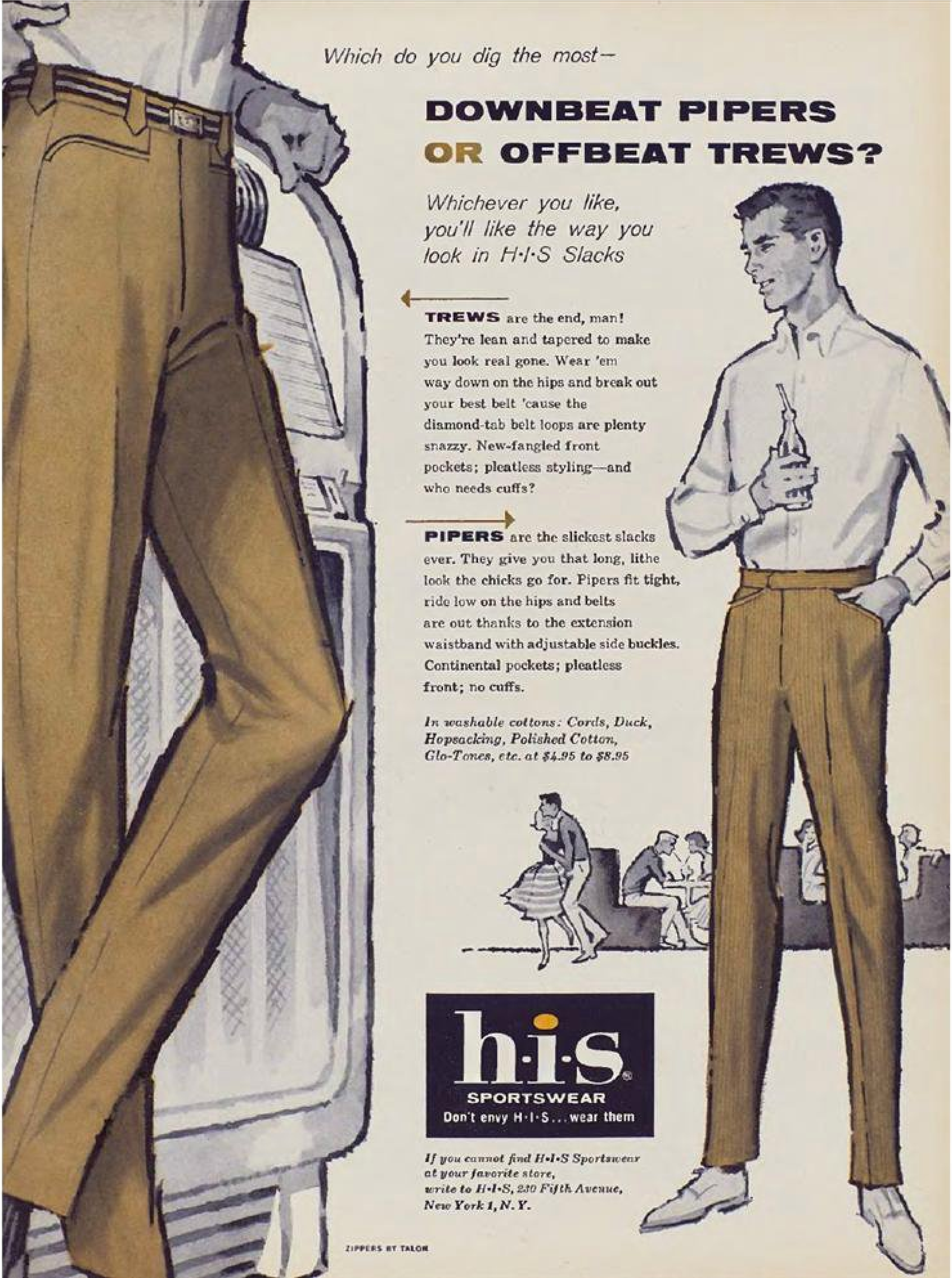

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←

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→

PIPERS are the slickest slacks ever. They give you that long, lithe look the chicks go for. Pipers fit tight, ride low on the hips and belts are out thanks to the extension waistband with adjustable side buckles. Continental pockets; pleatless front; no cuffs.

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LARDNER

KNIGHT

THE ONLY ART FORM born within the memory of living men is the art of the moving picture. A prince named Hamlet called plays and actors "the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time," but in our own day, the legitimate stage and even the written word have been usurped as chronicles of the time by the movies. A double-edged reflection of and influence upon our society, movies therefore rate the attention being paid to them in this April PLAYBOY:

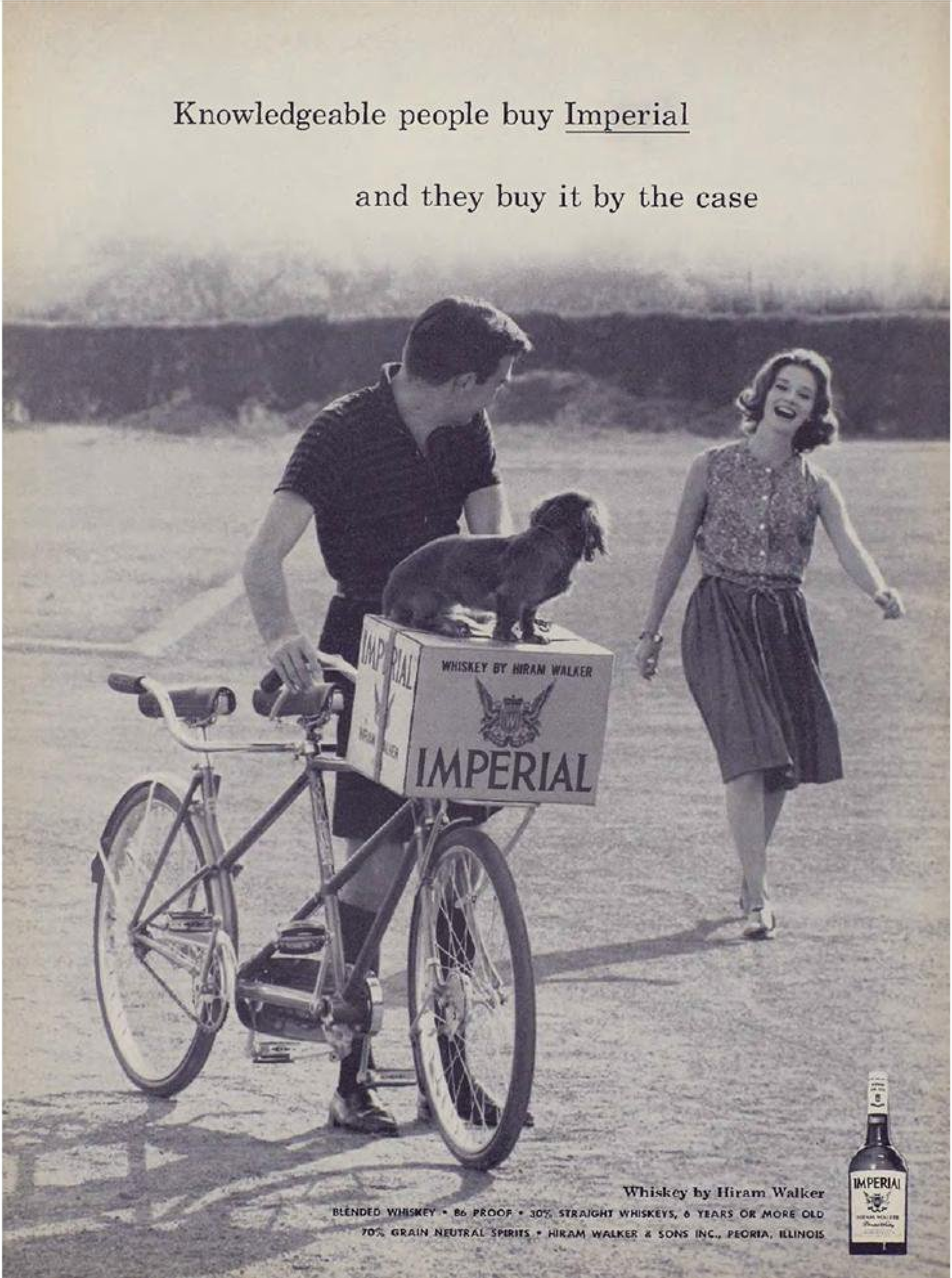
Dalton Trumbo investigates Hollywood's Academy Awards in *The Oscar Syndrome*. Trumbo is a many-faceted writer. He is a novelist (*Twentieth Century Authors* calls him "a novelist of intensity and power") whose indictment of war, *Johnny Got His Gun*, has just been republished, twenty years after its first appearance; he is a playwright, whose *The Biggest Thief in Town* ran for two years in London; and he is a screenwriter, the man responsible for a stack of standout scripts, among them *A Man to Remember*, *Kitty Foyle*, *Our Vines Have Tender Grapes*, *The Brave One*. This last won him an Oscar — which he has not yet received because of the confusion resulting from the fact that he wrote the picture under the name of "Robert Rich," a course forced upon him as one of the blacklisted Hollywood Ten (called before the House Un-American Activities committee during the Red scare of 1948, he refused to state whether or not he had ever been a Communist; was charged with contempt of Congress, fined $1000, sentenced to a year in prison). Later this year, Trumbo's real name may appear on a screenplay for the first time in twelve years. "This, in Hollywood," Trumbo assures us, "would be an almost unparalleled example of freedom, truth and virtue."

Arthur Knight explores the weird world of experimental art movies in *The Far Out Films*. Screen critic for *Saturday Review*, author of the book *The Liveliest Art*, Knight is additionally qualified to write on art films by his love for the best of them, his abhorrence of the worst of them, his intense interest in all of them.

PLAYBOY Picture Editor Vincent T. Tajiri goes into an entirely different aspect of films, the home movie, in his help-packed article on how to roll your own, *Lights! Action! Camera!* A crack lensman himself, Vince has been heading up our Photo Department since early '57, before which he was Editorial Director of three thriving photo publications simultaneously. PLAYBOY readers will recall his *The Well Equipped Lensman* (PLAYBOY, June 1958). This issue's portfolio of comment on the movies would be incomplete without pictorially reporting on one of moviedom's many sexpots, and we've chosen a particularly sensational young lady to represent this charming element of the international film industry: she's the new Argentinian beauty, Isabel Sarlis.

But there's a lot more than movies in this jam-packed April PLAYBOY. There's Julian Weiner's *Tax Vobiscum*, in which he gets down to brass tax on how to fork over less-than-usual dough to the Internal Revenooers without ending up in Alcatraz. There's fiction and humor by A. C. Spectorsky, T. K. Brown III, Ken Purdy, Rex Lardner; and a novelette, *The Bargain*, by Edward Loomis, author of the novels *End of a War* (1958) and *The Charcoal Horse* (1956) and the forthcoming Knopf collection, *Heroic Love*. *The Bargain* is a story of occupation Germany, a milieu Loomis knows well: he served with the 104th Infantry Division in the European Theatre of Operations. Is that all in this issue? We could say isn't that enough; but the fact is there's lots more. Take a look.

SPECTORSKY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DEAR PLAYBOY

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JAMAICA

Your piece on Jamaica deserves praise. It was fun to read — charmingly written — and really useful, too. I have been thinking about going to Jamaica for a while — we hear a good deal about it these days — but this is the first article I have seen that has helped me make up my mind, not only because it is enthusiastic (they all are) but because it is at the same time practical.

Karl Rodgers
New York, New York

I have just finished reading A. C. Spectorsky's article on Jamaica in the January PLAYBOY. I found it so provocative and gay that I wanted to compliment you on it. If the point of a travel article is to make the reader want to go to the place, your lad has certainly succeeded. I am prompted to write for reservations for next winter right now as I observe that he advises advance bookings if one doesn't want to be disappointed.

Ilka Chase
New York, New York

A. C. Spectorsky's piece on Jamaica in the January issue of PLAYBOY is the best thing you've run since your picture of Joyce Nizzari in December 1958. In fact, Mr. Spectorsky's honeyed words worked me up to such a pitch that I forthwith bought plane tickets for my wife Phyllis and myself, and we'll soon be winging our way to Round Hill, Jamaica, for a fortnight of vacation there. We'll be toasting Mr. Spectorsky and PLAYBOY with every rum collins — or at least with every other one — that we hoist!

Bennett Cerf
New York, New York

MENE, MENE, TEKEL

I thank John Sack for his enlightening January discourse on *graffiti*, a subject that has intrigued me for years. My specialty is subway pillars and walls; what better way to wait for a Brooklyn-bound train late at night? In exchange for the delight in reading Mr. Sack's article, I would like to offer some help in solving the *mejores no hay* mystery. For one thing, it means "There are none better" rather than "There is nothing better than." *Mejores no hay* is the advertising slogan for the Phillips Razor (spelled *Raisor*), an electric shaver that has a lot of popularity in Europe. I don't know if the lively Spaniards have taken the slogan to heart and are the scribblers, or if it's the work of paid agents. PLAYBOY . . . *mejores no hay!*

Irwin Gooen
Brooklyn, New York

On the walls of the New York subway system there appears a request to "Support Mental Health." I am quite certain that a single individual is responsible for this appeal, since the writing is neatly characteristic. Whoever does it must be ten feet tall, because he places his work out of reach of the average person (over stairways, on ceilings).

Andrew Braun
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Or perhaps just six feet tall and sitting on the shoulders of a friend?

Re John Sack's article on *graffiti* in your January issue: During the past year or so I have seen, all over the west coast of Florida, the inscription "Elephants are contagious" (not courageous, contagious)!

Irving Klein
Tampa, Florida

PLAYBOY KEY CLUB

The Playboy Key Club sounds like great fun — but will memberships be restricted to the male sex?

Gloria Larrabee
Los Angeles, California

Yes. But members of the fair sex can enjoy the urbane atmosphere of the clubs by selecting their escorts from among that elite corps of Playboy Key Club members.

PRANKHOOD

Please forgive my writing a letter on the back of an old script page — I'm jotting this at rehearsal. I laughed at your November article on stage pranks, though really I think it had more legend than

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fact in it. The best prank *I* know of took place during radio's big days. During the war Alan Reed was in the *Phillip Morris Playhouse* 8 to 8:30. He was also playing in the Broadway show *Hope for a Harvest.* After the radio show's rehearsal he had to dash to the theatre to dress and make up, then come back for the air show, then back to the theatre in time for his entrance. *This* time the radio show was canceled just before they went on the air because of a Presidential speech. It was decided to do the show anyway just for the studio audience. Alan got there just in time and they didn't tell him they weren't on the air. The actors began to make mistakes: one didn't come in on Alan's cue — just looked at him and then started to read one of his lines with him, then said "I'm sorry." One dropped his script and said "Goddamnit." Alan tried to cover up everyone's mistakes and make it look like part of the show. He kept nodding to the director reassuringly and winking at the audience. His shirt turned black from sweat right there in front of a thousand people. The best word transposition I know of took place in radio, too. Bartlett Robinson, playing in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, got the line "I've come to call on Mary" wrong end to, with disastrous results.

Tony Randall
Hollywood, California

When Prankhood Was in Flower was really enjoyable. Have you heard this anecdote? Tallulah Bankhead was playing a femme fatale in some play (can't remember the title) and was lolling seductively on a canopied four-poster bed. She pulled the cord to summon the butler. No butler appeared, so she ad-libbed for a while and then yanked the cord again. Still nothing; more ad-lib; another yank; and finally the butler entered, cool as the proverbial cucumber, and delivered his standard line, "Did you ring, madam?" To which Tallu bellowed: "Ring? Hell, no, I was tolling! *I thought you were dead!*"

Lars Nordmark
Evanston, Illinois

Rolf Malcolm's article on theatrical pranks was first-rate. More than that, this was the first time I had seen PLAYBOY. I do not know why this should have been, but somehow it escaped me, and I enjoyed the magazine immensely.

Moss Hart
New York, New York

MORAVIA'S CRIME

I find, as a general rule, that PLAYBOY is one of the better magazines on today's market. This applies in particular to the fiction. However, I think that Moravia's *Crime at the Tennis Club* in your December issue was quite a good deal below par. I found it exceedingly vulgar in both its plot (if any) and its descriptions.

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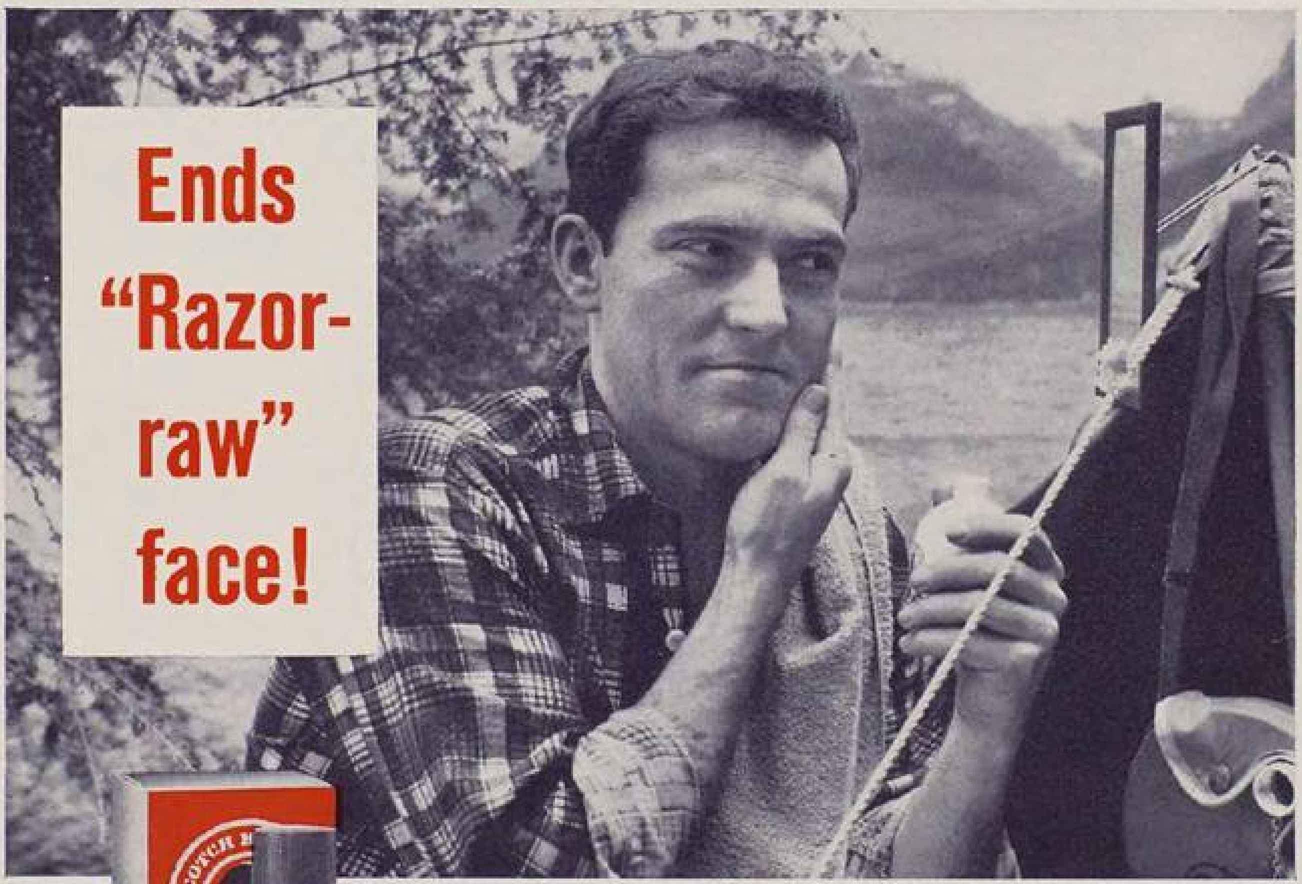

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Texas Playboys holler down Alaskan claim - "We had Bacardi Parties before Nome had a name!"

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Last month in these pages we reported that Alaskan playboys laid claim to the invention of the Bacardi Party. Not so, say the Longhorn Playboys: *Texas* is the mother of this invention.

As we hope you know, a Bacardi Party is where the guests bring Bacardi, and the host supplies the mixings—*as many as he can turn up!* That's fun, pardner. (In Michigan, we hear, they've invented Bacardi and *Cider!*)

So have yourself a Bacardi Party. Born in Texas (they claim) but great for the entire nation. Only remember—No Bacardi Party can be a Bacardi Party without *Bacardi.*

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Rum, 80 proof

It was pointless, tasteless, and insipid. Not to mention just plain dull.

John Pacello
Twentynine Palms, California

It is a rare issue of PLAYBOY that contains any feature that does not hold my interest, but as an ardent PLAYBOY reader I might mention to you that I considered *Crime at the Tennis Club* to be the height of poor taste. I think Alberto Moravia is a demented and dangerous man.

M. R. Whitman
San Francisco, California

PLAYBOY IN COLOMBIA

Just renewed my subscription to PLAYBOY. Couldn't do without it down here. Want to congratulate you on a wonderful mag and hope you have a fabulous 1960. Whatever you do, don't ever lose Jules Feiffer and his cartoons. They are the greatest.

R. Keith Maidens
Assistant Manager
Hotel Tequendama
Bogota, Colombia

MISSING PERSON

Your January cover listed the names of many stellar gentlemen whose work appeared in the issue's interior. Among the names was that of the late Jack Cole. But nothing by Cole was offered in the magazine. A macabre joke?

Frank Derman
Cambridge, Massachusetts

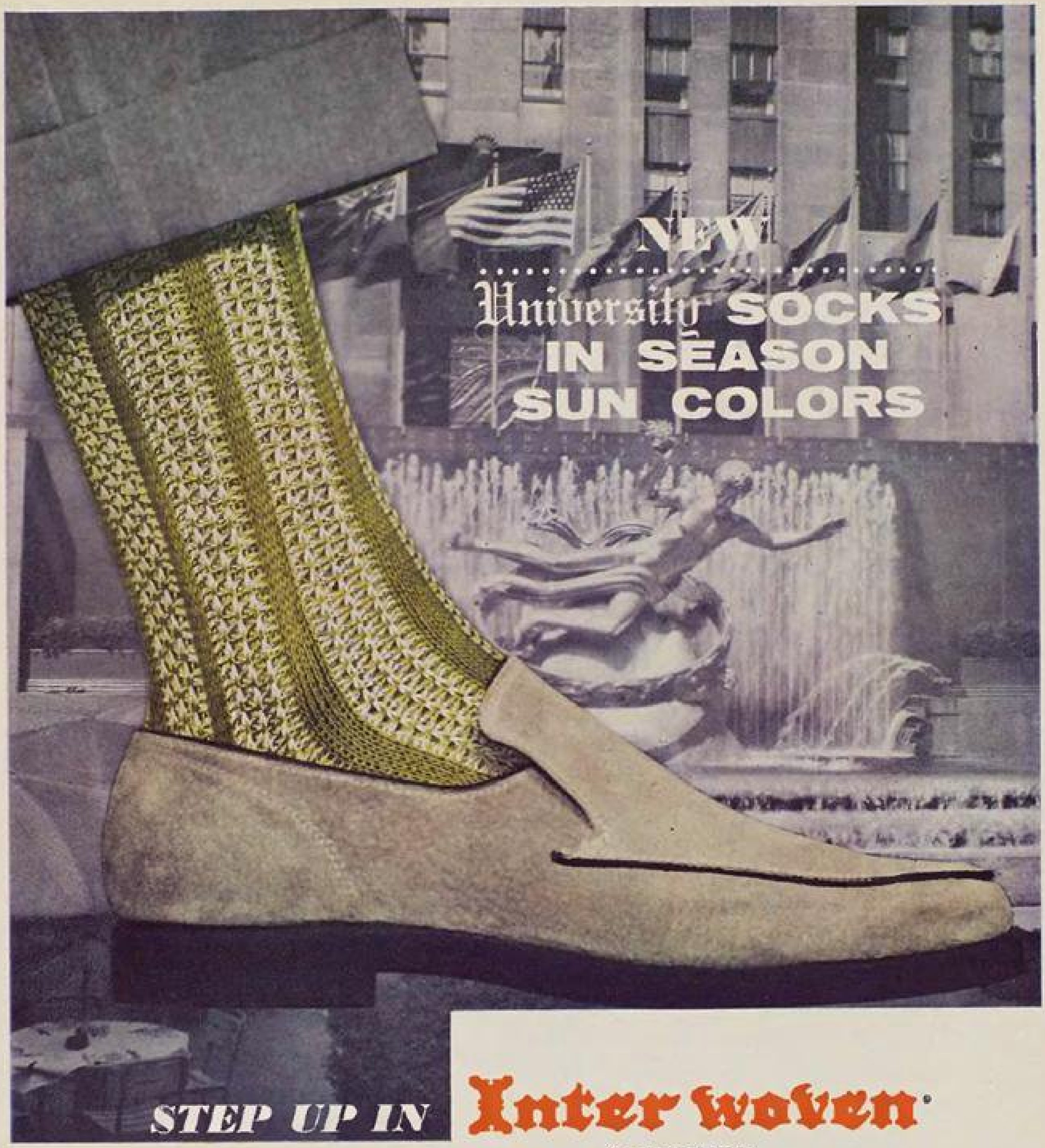
No; a plain and simple goof. Posthumous work by Cole was planned for January but was held for a future issue because of space restrictions. Too late, we realized we had listed his name on the cover.

DOWN WITH SPONSORS

Al Morgan's December article, *And Now, a Word from the Sponsor,* is well written and (unfortunately!) quite true. The sponsor is definitely the rotten egg in this mess and as long as he foots the bill the select few will have to endure the agony of watching present TV programs while quietly dreaming of better things to come.

Peter Frankel
Jamaica, New York

I was indignant when I read Al Morgan's article about TV sponsors and their little games. I was also frustrated, until I realized Morgan had described the cure along with the disease. Fellow Sufferers! Let us complain to the sponsor! Not to the ad agency – to the sponsor, preferably to the president of the sponsoring firm in a semiliterate letter marked "personal." Let me remind you: sponsors are hypersensitive to the public's responses. They don't want a single one of us slobs mad at them. OK, give them something to worry about. Complain early and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often and, for God's sake, don't be reasonable! Complain about something specific, not about something vague like bad taste or stupidity.

Lawrence Sladky
Berkeley, California

The December article by Al Morgan about our Great American Plague, the sponsor, was vivid, informative, and proved that the sponsors are the obstacles to really good television.

Kivve Sneiderman
Hopedale, Massachusetts

A sharp, clinical, reportorial piece.

James B. Bland
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

I commend the public service you and Morgan have done by bringing sponsorial TV censorship to our attention. This problem seems worthy of further investigation. Consequently, I propose that you give your readers the information necessary for us to register our complaint. If we knew each month that several scripts in the forthcoming month had been distorted or censored due to the pressure of sponsors, we might do two things. First, refuse to watch that program. Just the knowledge that a substantial group of individuals was refusing to even watch his program and its advertising, would gnaw the hell out of any sponsor. Second, those interested in going a step further would have the information necessary to write the sponsor and give him hell directly. Now, as to how this information might be disseminated. There are two ways I can think of. It might be appropriate to print it in your *Playboy After Hours* section. Or, if this might put you in a libelous position, why not make it known to TV scriptwriters and producers that you welcome responsible letters from them revealing such incidents? Then, as long as they sign them, whether or not they ask you to withhold their names, you might consider this an indication of good faith.

L. Keith Miller
University City, Missouri

TEEVEE JEEBIES

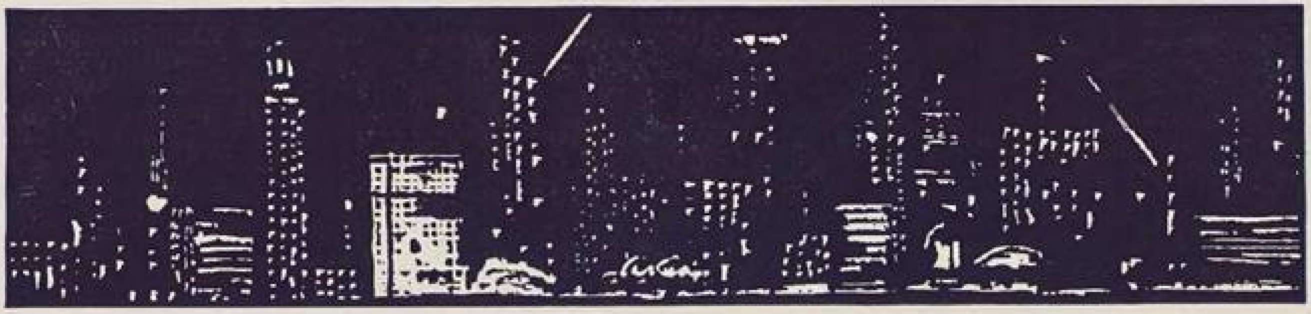
Just finished reading your January *More Teevee Jeebies*. Many thanks for the encore; never laughed so much in my life.

Orrin Wright
American Embassy
Teheran, Iran

I really enjoyed your *Teevee Jeebies* last July but this latest collection in your January issue is even better! Let's have more of them.

Larry E. Thompson
Cleveland, Ohio

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We were alarmed to hear about the untimely passing late last year of some Burmese ants. According to AP, two determined formic armies, consisting of half-inch brown emmets twice the size of normal Burmese red ants, met on a chosen field of battle, a four-mile area near Mong Khapar in North Burma, and, with antennae flashing, did their level best to eradicate each other in what turned out to be a tiny but fierce Armageddon. The victors, obviously the fittest of the species, weren't satisfied, however, with merely winning the day; if the Kachin tribesmen who witnessed the massacre may be believed, the winners decapitated the vanquished and, ignoring the carcasses, carried only the heads back to the ant hills of home. The bloody rout haunts us with several infuriatingly unanswerable questions. For instance, what inexorable, mysterious force moved two masses of Formicoidea (the most socially civilized form of life extant, we're told) to suddenly call a halt to amicable relations and butcher each other? Was it a territorial dispute? Were there ideological differences? Had a leader of one faction been insulted or assassinated? Was there a sneak attack on some strategic outpost? Were their bellies simply empty? Or were they, perhaps, just sick of soft living and were out *pour le sport*? Also, we wonder why the losers were beheaded. As far as we know, ants, even angry ants, aren't cannibalistic. Did they mount the heads and hang them on the walls of their game rooms? And, of course, now that the stronger army has won the war, can it say it won the peace? Have the triumphant accomplished anything more than bringing cheer to human Burmese picnickers? Imaginative writers used to do a lot of talking about ants' conquering us humans someday. The ants' keen intelligence and relentless logic were often mentioned. Could be, but we think humankind has little to fear from creatures as confused as ourselves.

•

Yes, Virginia, there *is* such a thing as Progress. In 1872, Zachary U. Geiger, proprietor of an enterprising carriage and wagon works, posted these rules of conduct for his help: "This office will be open at 7 A.M. and close at 8 P.M., daily except on the Sabbath, on which day it will remain closed. Men employees will be given an evening off each week for courting purposes, or two evenings if they go regularly to church. Any employee who smokes Spanish cigars, uses liquor in any form, gets shaved at a barber shop, or frequents pool or public halls, will give a good reason to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity, and honesty."

•

O Tempora O Mores Department: In Washington, D.C., the Eatmore Sandwich Shop has decided to change its name to the Eatmost.

•

That sardonic, socially critical journal, *The Realist*, calls our attention to "an educational toy" called The Visible Man, the pushers of which claim kids can dig the "complete" anatomical structure of Man Proud Man by jigsawing the various parts together, making de foot bone connect to de ankle bone, etc. "It does truly educate the child for this culture," snaps the magazine, for, as they realistically point out, The Visible Man possesses no – or Invisible? – reproductive equipment.

•

Who remembers: Amos 'n' Andy candy bars? . . . comic characters Mush Stebbins, Dinglehoofer Und His Dog Adolph, Krazy Kat, Don Winslow, Reg'lar Fellers, the Toonerville Folks? . . . The Singing Lady? . . . Mickey Mouse watches? . . . Indian head bubble gum cards? . . . button candy? . . . Baseball Joe, the Boy Allies, Jerry Todd, Bomba the Jungle Boy, Ralph of the Roundhouse? . . . "Knock-knock" jokes? . . . boys' knickers? . . . sun pictures? . . . Big Little Books? . . . marathon dances? . . . former G-man Melvin Purvis? . . . backyard troubadours who sang for coins wrapped in brown paper? . . . a cereal called Force? . . . rumble seats? . . . ice cream cup covers with pictures of movie stars on the back? . . . cigarettes called Sensations and Chelseas? . . . kids' wagons made of orange crates and skate wheels? . . . rock candy? . . . Good Humor lucky sticks? . . . the Lambeth Walk, the Susie Q., the Black Bottom, the Big Apple, Truckin'? . . . jelly apples or apples on a stick? . . . cars called the Essex, Reo, Cord? . . . a chewing gum called Big Bill? . . . Sunday comic section "lucky bucks"? . . . Rubinoff, Evelyn and their respective violins? . . . the photographer who traveled around the neighborhood with a pony? . . . Frank Munn?

•

The Editor-and-Publisher of *Editor & Publisher* signs himself Publisher and Editor.

•

For that segment of the populace that gets its kicks by relegating things to the categories of IN or OUT, writer Bill Dana of the Steve Allen show has come up with the PLAYBOY version of this parlor game. Some belly buttons, for instance, are IN. Others are OUT. People who are at home are IN. People who are at the movies are OUT. A druggist who

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•

The journalistically fearless *Detroit Free Press*, in a listing of best-sellers, boldly describes *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as "A post-World War I novel about a childless couple." By which standards, say we, *Lolita* is a post-World War II novel about a traveling widower.

•

On a wall of New York City's Hayden Planetarium, there is an electric sign directing visitors: TO SOLAR SYSTEM AND REST ROOMS.

FILMS

By now the secret must be out about the identity of 59200/5, **Our Man in Havana**; and also the fact that the film of that name is likely to be the funniest of the year. Alec Guinness is in top form as a timid vacuum-cleaner salesman who outwits the British Secret Service (Noel Coward and Ralph Richardson), the Cuban police state (Batista's, presumably, represented by Ernie Kovacs, playing it straight but broad) and any other obstacles that might stand in the way of a pleasant small-businessman. Guinness takes a job as British secret agent only when Noel Coward, in some hilariously satirical scenes, practically forces it on him. (Coward, briskly: "If you run short of the invisible ink, you can use bird droppings.") When Guinness discovers that he doesn't even know how to recruit informers, his best friend (Burl Ives, playing a gentle German doctor) suggests that he give his employers what they deserve: lies. Here begin the complications and a lot more fun. Guinness' fictions are taken for fact in London; they send him a secretary (Maureen O'Hara) and a radioman for his obviously enormous operation. Soon afterward all the make-believe begins turning into horrible Twentieth Century reality, with its seemingly systematic slaughter of the innocents. In this wild combination of satire and melodrama, writer Graham Greene and director Carol Reed get in some sly digs at politicians, bureaucrats, the military; and some strong points in favor of human beings whose primary loyalty is to love. It's the wildest since *Some Like It Hot.*

•

Suddenly, Last Summer is a movie that flipped its id, since it deals with such generally unmovielike themes as homosexuality and cannibalism. As the film begins, we learn that Katie Hepburn's son Sebastian has recently died, and in a manner so ghastly that Elizabeth Taylor, who was with him at the time, is inhabiting a happy farm from the resultant shock. Kate wants Dr. Montgomery Clift to do a lobotomy on Liz to relieve her of the burden of memory. Clift decides instead to plumb Liz' psyche, and the plot uncoils like a tapeworm of the libido: the son, it seems, was limp of wrist, and used his mother as bait to attract handsome men for himself. When mother's charms began to fade with age, he latched onto Liz for the same purpose. Playing his game in a small Spanish town, he so enrages a mob of half-savage urchins that they set upon him and, ripping him apart, literally devour him. The story, by Tennessee Williams and Gore Vidal from Tennessee's show, *Garden District*, is bizarre, but deft; horrifying, but skillful; often repellent, but always masterful. Turns out that Liz Taylor can chew scenery with the best of them, and what little she leaves unmasticated is ably attacked by la Hepburn. Unfortunately, Clift's performance wavers from indifference to vacuity to ineptitude. Sam Spiegel produced and Joe Mankiewicz directed ably enough to make the whole thing a thrilling-enough, more literate than average horror show worth seeing.

•

The script is old hat, the characters are stock, the situations and witticisms are painfully obvious, but **Once More with Feeling** has a breakneck speed and dash and a certain *élan* that deaden the aches of the arthritic plot to make the movie an enjoyable wisp of whimsey. Briefly, the plot blossoms thusly: Yul Brynner, a colossus among orchestra conductors, after being caught *flagrante delicto* with a female musical prodigy by his wife, the late Kay Kendall, hits the skids. She decides she'd like to marry someone a bit calmer than Yul, but herein lies a problem: as struggling young bohemians, she and Brynner had never bothered with conventions, so now how can she keep up appearances and get a divorce when they've never been married? Producer-director Stanley Donen has mounted the picture handsomely in London, and shown excellent sense in casting: Brynner and Kendall have themselves a hollering good time, abetted by fine comedics from Gregory Ratoff, Geoffery Toone and Mervyn Johns. They're all spirited

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•

Frenchman François ("New Wave") Truffaut's first feature, ***The 400 Blows***, has won the New York Film Critics' award for the best foreign film of 1959, and, we think, deservedly. The title, a literal translation from the French, is meaningless; closer in spirit would be *The Hell Raiser* or *Crazy Mixed-Up Kid*. Written, produced and directed by Truffaut, the film deals with the adventures of a pre-adolescent "juvenile delinquent," a lost and desperate French kid who knows too much about his well-meaning but all-too-human parents, and who flees them and school only to face the necessity of knowing more about himself. Before that moment comes, however, he lands in a reform school, where one of the film's most telling scenes takes place, one that embodies Truffaut's and the film's style: the boy (a superb actor named Jean-Pierre Leaud) is being interrogated by an unseen girl psychiatric-social-worker type; for some eight unrelieved minutes you watch only the boy as he undergoes a battery of pertinent and impertinent questions, answering each of them (including the capper: "Have you ever slept with a woman?") with painful anguish and mistrust, but also honesty and good humor. Time will tell how much Truffaut has to say; in the meantime he, and this movie, bear watching.

•

Take one university professor (Tony Curtis); have his jealous wife (Janet Leigh) see him getting kissed by a well-rounded student; fold in one TV writer friend (Dean Martin) with a melodramatically fecund imagination — and you have the ingredients of a first-class farce, ***Who Was That Lady?*** Dean's dodge for Tony: tell Janet that he's an undercover FBI agent, and the coed he was kissing is a suspected subversive. Janet is about to give that tale the reaction it deserves, when Tony produces a service revolver and fake identification card, whereupon the ruse works right well. Trouble is, the real FBI gets curious and assigns an ulcerous agent (James Whitmore) to investigate. Meanwhile, two burgeoning blondes (Barbara Nichols and Joi Lansing) manage to swivel-hip their ways into the plot, along with a group of properly unscrupulous Communist spies. The entire mishmash winds up in the subbasement of the Empire State Building, in a climax as happy and nutty as you might wish. The principals are deft and obviously enjoy themselves hugely. Norman Krasna wrote the screenplay from his own Broadway script, and George Sidney directed slickly.

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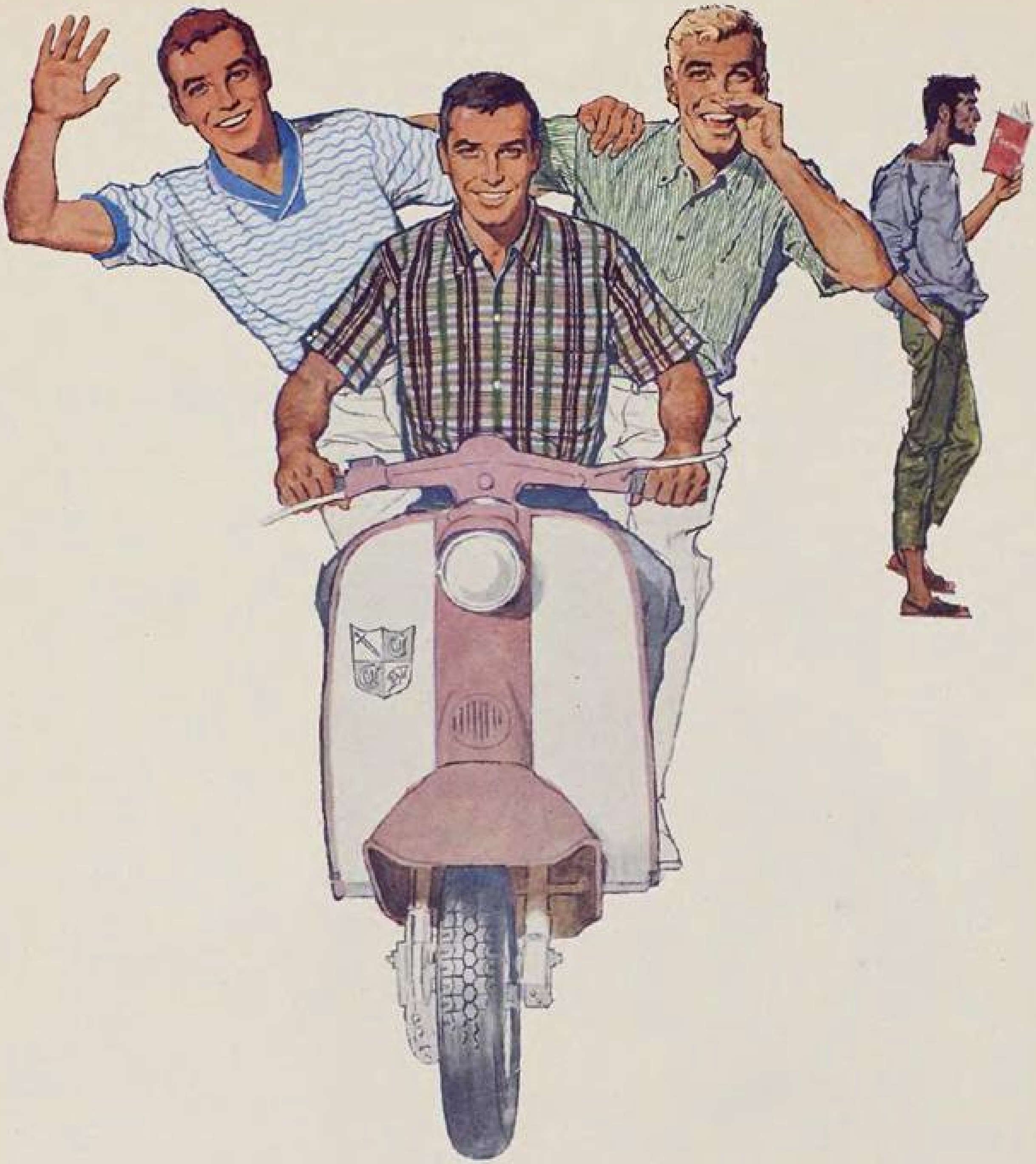
For those who have had the oppor-



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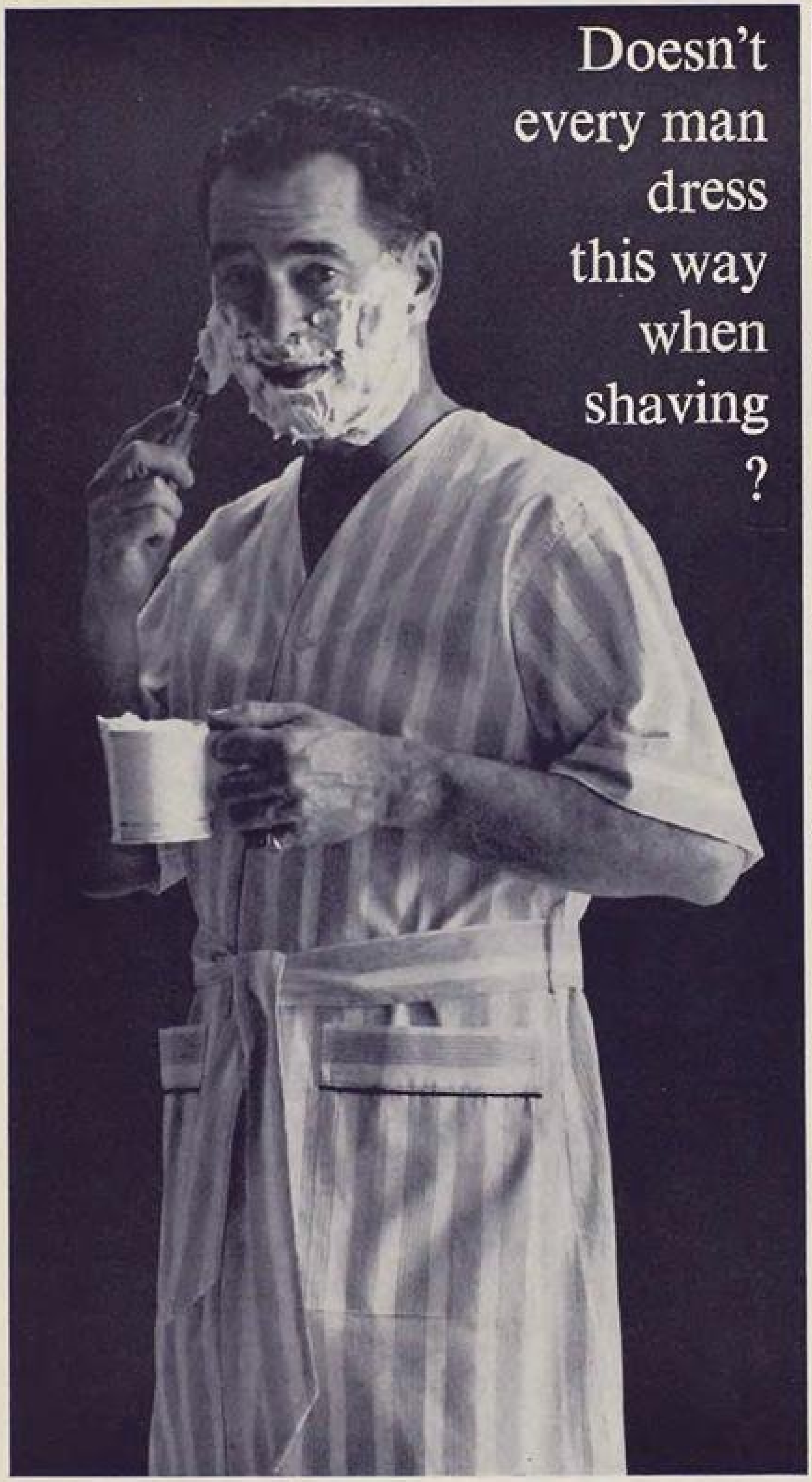

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tunity to see Indian director Satyajit Ray's first works, it will be great news to learn that the final film in his trilogy is now available here. ***The World of Apu*** concludes the story begun in the masterpiece *Pather Panchali* and continued in *Aparajito*. This is the story of Apu's maturity. The slender child and student of the former films is now a man; he has been forced to leave college for lack of money; he remains in Calcutta, writing autobiographical stories and trying to find work. Shortly after his first publication, he impulsively marries. After only a year together, his wife dies in childbirth, and Apu wanders off, nearly mad with grief. The final sequence, one of the most moving ever filmed, presents the meeting between Apu and the five-year-old son he had never seen, and their going off together. The mere recounting of the plot cannot begin to suggest the strength and the delicacy of Ray's handling of his subject. A clue can be found in the way in which he gradually reveals Apu's wife: at first we see her only in a long shot, not much more than a child; slowly, very slowly, we see her closer during the course of their ecstatic year together, a very beautiful young woman; it is only just before the scene in which we learn of her death that we see her in extreme close-up and fully realize how incredibly beautiful she is. There are many other glories in this film, including Ravi Shankar's perfectly appropriate music.

THEATRE

Saratoga is like a girl who has everything in her favor: beauty, breeding and a dowry of $1,500,000 (in advance sales). Does she have to have brains, too? The answer would seem to be "Yes." Carol Lawrence and Howard Keel are ideally cast in the leading roles. The Johnny Mercer–Harold Arlen score will do nicely until they come up with a better one. Cecil Beaton's sets and costumes for the *haut monde* of New Orleans and Saratoga are spectacularly handsome. But director Morton DaCosta, who also adapted Edna Ferber's novel, must take the rap for a libretto that compounds its clichés to the ultimate decimal point of dullness. At the Winter Garden, 1634 Broadway, NYC.

•

Four of the five members of the original cast of ***Five Finger Exercise*** have crossed the Atlantic to establish Peter Shaffer's London hit as a needed shot-in-the-arm for a faltering Broadway season. The plot is slight but the characters are delineated with significant detail: Roland Culver plays a plebeian tycoon who is ill at ease in his plushy country house, Jessica Tandy (the new member of the cast) acts his shallow snob of a wife who has delusions of cultural superiority. Brian Bedford is their sensitive, confused son and candidate for Cambridge, and Juliet Mills is their teenage daughter and the only cheerful, untroubled member of the family. An outsider is Michael Bryant, as a young German refugee who has been hired as the girl's tutor, and whose alien though sympathetic presence in the house exposes the fact that these normally fond and intelligent people are totally unable to communicate with each other. The author's revelation of unexpressed tensions and frustrations ticks away as quietly as a small time bomb until the moment of explosion, when the tutor's attempted suicide gives these mixed-up folks a shattering, clinical glimpse of their spiritual poverty. Under Sir John Gielgud's precise direction, a uniformly excellent cast fortifies this subtle, literate play. At the Music Box, 239 West 45th Street, NYC.

RECORDINGS

Much of the jazz we hear these days is derivative stuff. Tenor men sound like Rollins or Coltrane. Alto men continue to bear Bird's legacy. Trumpeters turn to Miles or Diz. Pianists look to the fleetness of Peterson (or before him, Tatum) or the funk of Silver. Originality expresses itself in eccentricity or valid, but fragmentary, attempts at innovation. One major exception is Thelonious Monk. His unique manner of approaching the piano never has been as lustrously limned as it is on **Thelonious Alone in San Francisco** (Riverside 12-312). Six of the tunes are Monk's, including a strikingly spare but romantic *Ruby, My Dear*. Four others–*Everything Happens to Me, You Took the Words Right Out of My Heart, Remember* and *There's Danger in Your Eyes, Cherie*–seem to belong to Monk. Although he didn't compose them, he flavors them with insights and astute artistry; *Heart* and *Cherie* particularly sparkle in the Monkian mode. As the LP title indicates, Monk is alone here – without bass, drums or horns–yet his sort of introspection easily sustains itself. If you've bypassed Monk before, dig him here.

•

It's becoming harder and harder to tell overseas jazz from its stateside counterpart these days, which could mean that the diplomats ought to stop table-pounding and begin finger-snapping. The influence of our most indigenous music certainly is apparent in listening to a group of merry Englanders on **The Couriers of Jazz** (Carlton STLP 12-116). The Couriers are tenor men Ronnie

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Scott and Tubby Hayes (Hayes plays vibes here, too); pianist Terry Shannon, bassist Jeff Clyne and drummer Bill Eyden. The tunes include several fashionably earthy originals and three standards: *Star Eyes*, *My Funny Valentine* and *Day In, Day Out*. Scott and Hayes could impress at jazz cellar free-for-alls anywhere and the rhythm section constantly cooks, in keeping with the current spur-the-soloist U.S. vogue.

•

Piping as pretty as she looks on the liner, Julie London gives out with a salable gimmick on **Your Number, Please** (Liberty LST 7130), a tip-of-the-larynx salute to twelve gentlemen songsters and their best-known vocal sprees. There's Julie singing Sinatra's *Learnin' the Blues*, Matt Dennis' *Angel Eyes*, Gene Kelly's *Love Is Here to Stay*, and like that. You may argue with some of the selections, but you cannot argue with the fact that Julie is in impeccable voice. The wand waving and charting of André Previn add much, too, to this rich haul of love songs. **Lambert, Hendricks & Ross** (Columbia CS 8198), that estimable group's maiden effort for their new recording firm, contains some of the hippest non-Basie L.H&R we've ever heard, like the brilliant lyricising of Jon Hendricks on the 1941 Charlie Barnet favorite, *Charleston Alley*; ditto for Jon and Bobby Timmon's moving *Moanin'*, ditto for Annie Ross' cute-as-hell *Twisted*. But the biggest back-pat of all goes to the trio as a whole (thanks in large part to Jon's far-out lyrics) on Woody Herman's now-classic *Bijou*. We won't bother you with the couple of poor tracks: the LP's a must, so get it. Nomination for one of the loveliest ballad biscuits this year: Johnny Mathis' **Faithfully** (Columbia CS 8219), on which the tenderest of tenors does up a dozen songs to near-perfection. Included among the good things are *Tonight* and *Maria*, both from *West Side Story*; *Secret Love*, *Where Are You?* and the must-hear title tune. Turntable this LP 'round midnight, when all is soft and still. We guarantee the results.

•

The brothers Adderley—alto saxist Cannonball and cornetist Nat—streak through five tunes in their latest outing, **The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in San Francisco** (Riverside 12-311). Recorded at S.F.'s Jazz Workshop last October, this is the initial LP by the spirited group Cannonball formed after leaving Miles' combo. The rhythm section—Bobby Timmons, piano; Sam Jones, bass and Louis Hayes, drums—is properly firm for the up-front tooting of the Adderleys, who play fleetly and fluidly throughout. The fivesome is most frisky in Timmons' gospelish *This Here* and in the group's assault on Randy Weston's *Hi-Fly*. It's a wild family outing.

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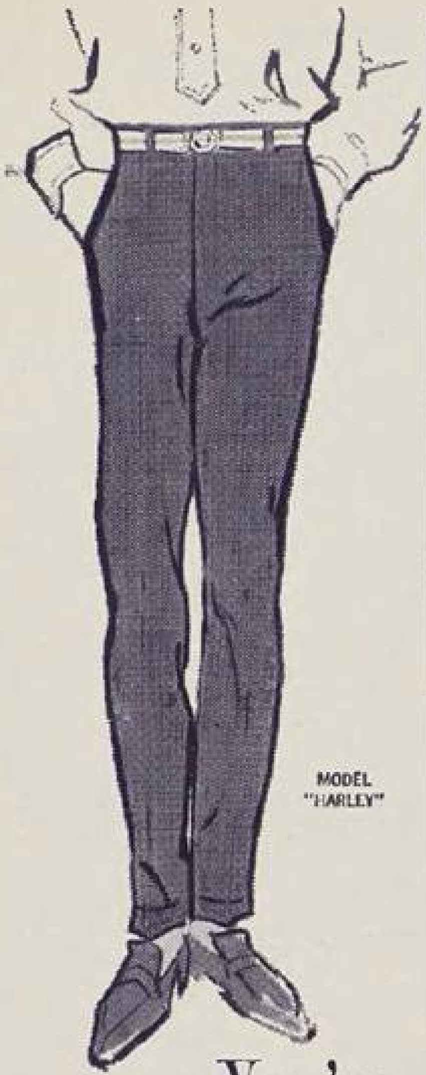

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Those who have pigeonholed Will Holt in the Promising-Young-Folk-Singer category should be warned by the versatility he displays on **The Exciting Artistry of Will Holt** (Elektra 181). Always adept at ballad-and-blues belting, Holt here turns to some non-folksy stuff, including *Blues in the Night*, *I Love Paris* and *When the World Was Young*, in addition to a batch of traditional saws and one gay blade, *Mack the Knife*. Hurray, say we, for the new-found Holt.

•

For most of his fifty-three years, composer Alec Wilder has commuted between the worlds of pop and classical music. When he hasn't been at work on such tunes as *While We're Young* and *I'll Be Around*, he's been writing chamber works, and you can hear the results on **John Barrows and His French Horn** (Golden Crest 7002) and **The New York Brass Quintet Presents Two Contemporary Composers** (Golden Crest 4017). On the former, Barrows, a stunning soloist, performs (with an unidentified, but skilled, pianist) two of Wilder's sonatas for horn and piano and two parts of his *Suite for Horn and Piano*. Wilder's writing is strikingly melodic and Barrow's playing is near-flawless. On the brass quintet disc, his appealing *Suite for Brass Quintet* is enlivened by the inspired trumpeting of Robert Nagel and John Glasel, French horn player Frederick Schmitt, trombonist John Swallow and tuba tooter Harvey Phillips. Packaged with the Wilder suite on the quintet disc is Don Hammond's *Quintet for Brass*, a work whose jazz flavor emerges best in the hands of trombonist Swallow, a slider and glider in the grand manner.

•

The playing of saxophonist Art Pepper has been the talk of the musicians' world for years, but somehow he's never made it with the record buyers. **Art Pepper Plus Eleven: Modern Jazz Classics** (Contemporary 3568) should enhance his PR campaign. Backed by an eleven-piece studio jazz group (arrangements by Marty Paich), Pepper displays virtuosity on tenor, alto and clarinet. The dozen tunes are justifiably tagged classics, and include *Move*, *Groovin' High*, *Four Brothers*, *Walkin' Shoes*, *Anthropology* and *'Round Midnight*. Almost all the solos are Pepper's and despite the brevity of the tracks he wails brilliantly.

•

When Charlie Parker died five years ago, the sound of his alto saxophone didn't perish with him. Several devoted disciples have perpetuated the Bird image in their playing. Two of them – Sonny Stitt and Lou Donaldson – manifest the Bird Lives theme on current

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LPs. On ***A Little Bit of Stitt*** (Roost 2235), Sonny wields both alto and tenor in gifted fashion on a batch of standards. His rhythm section is unidentified, but there's no doubting Sonny's identity. His playing is more fluent and more moving than ever; his debt to Bird is apparent, but he isn't locked in the past. Donaldson, on the other hand, seems more umbilically linked to Parker on ***LD Plus 3 — Lou Donaldson with the 3 Sounds*** (Blue Note 4012). The Sounds — Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins, bass; and Bill Dowdy, drums — are tempted by Jamalisms, but Donaldson doesn't get too discouraged by this cocktailish support. He bounces through four standards, two blues and Bird's *Confirmation* like an inspired student trying to recreate a masterpiece. The farther he strays from Parkerland, the better he plays, but he doesn't stray often. As a facsimile, he's reasonable.

BOOKS

Love and Like (Dial, $3.95) is Herbert Gold's first collection of short stories — and, say we, it's high time. With four novels published and critically acclaimed, plus a fifth completed, and with something like forty stories given exposure in a broad spectrum of magazines, it's surprising Gold has not assembled such a collection before this. It's here at last, though, and that's all that counts. Fourteen yarns, written between 1951 and 1959, are offered; at least three are already near-classics — *The Heart of the Artichoke* and the title story (both from *Hudson Review*) and *What's Become of Your Creature?* (from PLAYBOY). Of this last, Gold says in a Postface, "I was delighted to see the story in this magazine, which has been hospitable to a number of serious writers . . . it is exciting to have one's best work presented to an American mass audience." If one wished to carp, it would be possible to speak of Gold's perhaps unwise decision to eschew his many lighthearted confections and collect only his most sober-sided stories, thus making his first collection not really representational, not a true profile of his artistic personality: though Gold is seldom without humor, in only one story — the aforementioned *Creature* — has he succeeded in blending the light and dark colors of his palette into a perfectly balanced masterpiece. Elsewhere, Gold has said he knows the difference "between something that speaks my truth and something amusing to fit between the advertisements" and in that statement one may detect a tinge of apology for his amusing work. But — and this is not to deprecate the stories that speak Gold's truth — artists

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are notoriously the worst judges of their own work, and posterity plays puckish tricks: the serious plays of Gilbert and the lofty operas and oratorios of Sullivan are dead and unlamented today while *Pinafore* and *The Mikado* still hold the stage; C. L. Dodgson's *Euclid and His Modern Rivals* is to be found on few library shelves now, but not so his *Alice in Wonderland*; and so on. But why carp at all? Gold's first collection is a solid, a varied, an entertaining, and probably an important book.

•

It may be that England's Angry Young Men are getting middle-aged and gentle as a half pint of porter. Take John Braine, erstwhile teeth-gnasher and acerb chronicler of a social climber in *Room at the Top* (*Playboy After Hours*, January 1958). In his latest novel, ***From the Hand of the Hunter*** (Houghton-Mifflin, $3.75), Braine exhibits little save benignity and low voltage. The yarn centers on one Dick Corvey as he lies awasting in a TB sanitarium with practically no will to live (WTL, as his doctors call it), and a host of ill-begotten memories of his middle-class past. Among the haunting ghosts are an imaginary woman of evil he has dubbed Nelly, and the coterie of little green monsters, called Vodi, she keeps around her skirts. These unholy figments of Dick's disquieted imagination have plagued him all his life – and have been, he almost believes, the sources of his current agonies. Enter Nurse Evelyn Mallaton, crisply uniformed and exuding warmth. The picture changes, slowly, steadily. The WTL returns on faltering steps, between fevered flashbacks involving Nelly and those accursed Vodi. As his recovery becomes more rapid – thanks to the British nurse and his love for her – he gradually discovers the Real Dick Corvey, destroys Nelly and her imps, and faces up to the world realistically, only to be kicked in the tail by fate at novel's close. Braine writes of sanitarium life with sensitivity and compassion, but with a minimum of the power, force and stark drama we have come to expect of him. Still, in a season of pallid fiction, this is worth a couple of hours' reading time.

•

"Being a cheap, ordinary guy, I have an instinct for what an ordinary guy likes." So says fictioneer John O'Hara, and his latest novel, ***Ourselves to Know*** (Random House, $4.95), thumpingly supports that contention. It is agonizingly detailed, dull as dust, haphazardly organized and ordinary as head lettuce. O'Hara, who was born in Pottsville, Pa., returns to a small town upper crust setting (as in *Appointment in Samarra*, *A Rage to Live* and *From the Terrace*) to examine the life cycle of Robert Mill-

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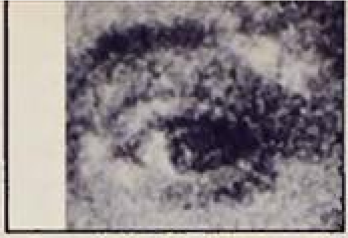
houser (born in 1855). O'Hara skips around in time to bring the devoted reader *every* key moment in Millhouser's case history, plus introductions to a horripilating horde of townsfolk. The two events in Millhouser's life that seem to set him apart from most dullards are a trip abroad during his youth with an arty homosexual pal (Millhouser doesn't spot the guy's deviation) and the uxoricide of his eighteen-year-old bride (he marries at fifty-one), prompted by her cuckolding tendencies. O'Hara barrages the restless reader with points of view: Millhouser as a boy, Millhouser in middle age, Millhouser as an old geezer. Then we have Gerald Higgins (the narrator, who chronicles Millhouser's life for a college assignment) as a young man and Gerald Higgins at forty-four. O'Hara's craftsmanship in dialog (which makes some of his tightly knit short stories far more readable than his sprawling novels) does not compensate for the plodding mass of the book. The painstaking annotation of it all – lacking desperately needed insights – makes the reader wonder if Millhouser matters one whit. He survives, you should be warned, to the age of eighty-nine. Your patience will expire much quicker.

DINING-DRINKING

The fancy-booted cattlemen marching on Chicago to unload their herds know their beef – on hoof *and* hot platter. For just that reason, they're counted heavily among the clientele of the **Stock Yard Inn** (West 42nd and South Halsted Streets). In the Texas-Tudor setting of the Inn, two top eateries – the Sirloin Room and the Matador Room – cater to full houses of beef fanciers nightly. The Sirloin Room guest may select his own steak from a bed of cracked ice, burn his brand on it and await the broiled-to-order serving. Or he can just tell the waiter what he wants. For a lip-smacking gustatory experience, try the room's special: sixteen ounces of marbled sirloin, served with French fried onions, potatoes, salad, rolls and butter ($5.75). In the *Corrida de Toros* atmosphere of the Matador Room, you can devour the aptly termed *El Supremo:* a superb prime rib dinner ($5.50). The Matador is as beef-oriented as the Sirloin Room, but yellow rice – cha-cha-cha – accompanies all entrees. Only U.S. Prime aged cuts make the tables in both rooms. And, of course, there's an array of wines and bar concoctions to complement those man-sized meals.



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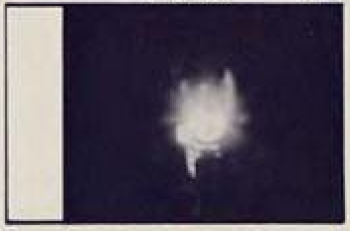

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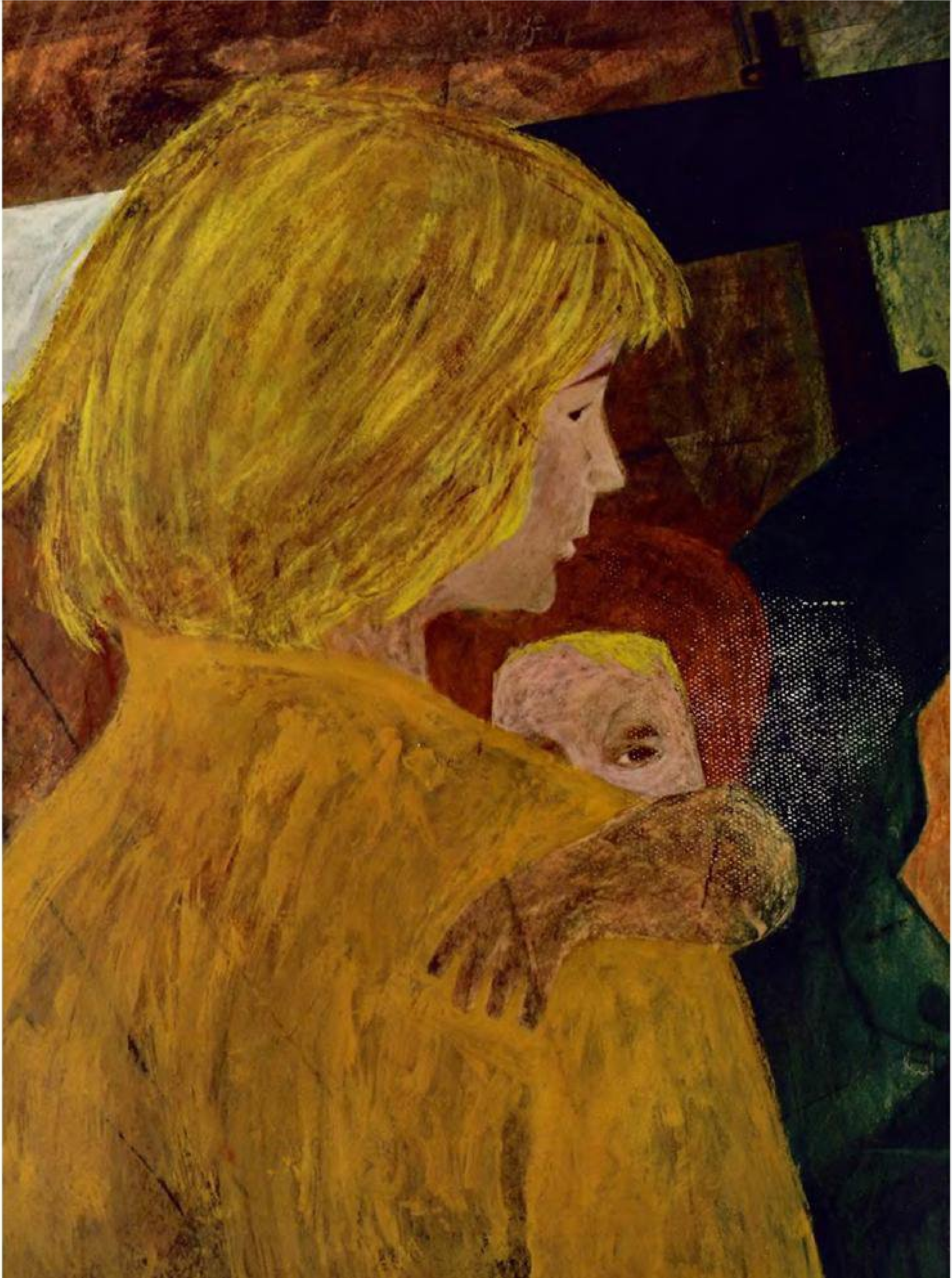

BOB CHRISTIANSEN

THE BARGAIN

a strange marriage was forged out of hunger and lust

a novelette **By EDWARD LOOMIS**

"I'LL TAKE YOU and your family across the river, ma'am," Willy said, "but it'll cost you."

At evening, a crowd of women and children rallied uncertainly at the east bank of the little river, the Mulde, because it was an international boundary. A mournful whispering moved in the crowd; they were watching the sentry march his post on the pontoon bridge.

"I'll be glad to help, ma'am," Willy said. Heavy and powerful, he was leaning forward, talking to a German girl who was carrying a baby on her hip. "When we're on the other side, then you come with me," Willy went on. "*Mit mir, verstehen?* That's the way we'll work it."

The girl shook her head; I saw that she was pretty. Behind her was the family that depended on her, two older women and two small girls, watching timidly.

"No," she said, quite distinctly. "That would be infamous." Then she turned her head and looked back to the east. Her throat was exposed in a supple line, and the effort of holding the baby caused her breasts to rise, buoyantly; her expression was hard. To the east, in the fading light, was the high smoke of advancing war. It smudged the eastern heaven above the Russian soldiery as, in other centuries, above the wild horsemen of the steppes in their leather jackets. The girl looked at that ominous haze, and then pointed with her free hand at the two little girls. "And Inge?" she said. "And Johanna? My two little girls? Would you leave them here for the Russians to eat?"

"I'll be glad to help," Willy said. "But the order says no Germans can cross this bridge here, and so

I'd be breaking the law if I let you across. Ma'am, I'll break that law for you, but I won't break it for nothing. Listen, all I want is a little loving. What's that to a pretty girl like you?"

"It is wartime," the German girl said coldly, "but I owe something to the memory of my dear husband. I cannot listen to you. What you say is—terrible!" She turned back to her family, and the two little girls hugged her legs.

"Don't go away mad," Willy said mildly. "You just think it over awhile, now."

The girl was saying something to the two women, who looked as if they might be a mother and grandmother; then, briefly, she stared over her shoulder at Willy. Something bitter and cold flickered out at Willy then, and I fancied I saw the girl's nostrils widen.

Willy smiled, and then came over to me and got out a cigar. "She'll come around," he said. "She's got to. There ain't no way to swim those old ladies and kids over this river. She'd swim it, though, you bet." He clipped the end of the cigar with his pocketknife, and then lit the cigar with one of the three lighters he always carried. "There, now," he said. "I want to let my evening meal set a little."

Willy was our Texan, twenty-two years old at that time. He was well made and strong, and if he had gone to college he would very likely have played football—at Baylor, say, or Texas A. and M. He had a blunt-featured, Western sort of face, with ruddy cheekbones, and pale blue eyes looking mildly out at the world he meant to plunder. He came from Dallas, but he was a country boy in his origins; he had followed a plow, he had picked cotton, he had gone out on many a cold morning to fetch the cows for milking.

He was married; he had taken a wife when he was seventeen, and got two sons and a daughter on her; and, so he told us, got caught cheating just after the birth of the daughter. He came to be, as he put it, "unhappily married"; no doubt he had seen the phrase in a newspaper. "I love my wife," he used to say, "but I'm unhappily married. She is *such* a goddamned bitch." She had even dared, after his departure for the Army, to take up with other men, and then written Willy about her exploits. He sometimes read her letters to me. Willy, naturally enough, occupied himself in that last spring of the war with revenge on his wife. Any woman would do for that, and so he had known all kinds, young and old. He came to be an expert on the German women.

"That one belongs to the quality," he said now. "I can tell it. She's got some breeding to her, got some hot blood. But she'll come round—she's a widow, you heard that."

I did not go to the bridge the next night, for I was reluctant to see the girl's surrender, which did indeed seem inevitable. As Willy said, "It's not as if she was alone. She's a Christian. She's got to think of others!" She did not appear at the bridge, however, and the following morning, Willy became a little uneasy.

He talked to me; that was his way. When he was in action, he kept silence, but when he could not act, he became gloomy, and often he came to me, for he respected my education—my three semesters at a small Ohio college. I had words, and Willy found them soothing; and of course we had some things to remember between us. During the fighting we had been good comrades; Willy had been a fine soldier, and had even saved my life on one occasion, as, perhaps, I had saved his on another. So we believed, anyhow, and respected each other.

Willy talked anxiously about the German girl, whose name was Elfrida, he had learned. He thought he understood her, but she was not answering to his expectations; he had missed her for a day, and a day is a long time. He claimed that she did not really dislike him. "In fact, she likes me pretty well. I can tell. A woman likes you or she doesn't, and this one likes me. She hates being in a corner, though. She can't stand that. Goddamn her, she could have found a boat, or a raft."

It seemed possible that the girl might have managed something, and so I went down to the bridge that evening, hoping not to see her; but she was there, carrying her baby, dressed in the normal fashion of refugee women, in a heavy knee-length coat, with a dark-brown skirt showing beneath it. She came to meet us with a smile on her face, and clearly she had a policy. She was ready for us; and Willy began smiling kindly, so that he should appear to triumph gracefully. I stepped aside, and she smiled at me—a minute, independent smile, as if it did not really count. Then she composed herself before Willy, and said, "I am ready to bargain with you, but not for myself. Do you understand? I have money; we have decided to sacrifice it. My mother and grandmother agree that it is better we should be poor than that I should yield to you . . . to your . . . advances!"

I marveled at her, for she spoke with only a slight accent, and that not German. She sounded English, in fact, and so she intimidated me a little. Willy, too, was somewhat startled. "Money?" he said. "Where would you get money?"

"We are not a poor family," the girl answered firmly. "Ah, so, but where would I have learned to speak English in a family of bankrupts? You must not be naive!"

"Well, your money's no good anyway," Willy answered sullenly. "Your marks are *kaputt*."

"Excuse me. I am not offering marks. I am offering American dollars—here, you may see them." And she held out a leather wallet thickly engraved, which Willy took because, clearly, it was the only thing to do. For a moment, his big fingers moved awkwardly on the wallet, and then they came to themselves, and bent the wallet in such a way as to open the folding. For a moment Willy stared. "It looks all right," he said. "How much is there?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars, and quite genuine. Feel free to inspect it, if you wish."

"I don't have to inspect it," Willy said.

"Insist upon your rights! I am not a cheat. I do not wish to be thought such a one."

"It's not that," Willy said, and his voice was aggrieved. "Here, take your purse—your wallet." He pushed it toward her, and she quite coolly accepted it. "Put your money away," Willy said roughly. "Put it away! What's money alongside of love? And love is what I'm after."

"Don't be a fool," the girl said.

"And don't get the wrong idea about me," Willy said. "You think I'd take money from a woman? Listen. I made my offer, and you can take it or leave it."

"It's outrageous," the girl said. "You're not an officer . . . how dare you refuse my good American money!" For the first time since I had known her, the girl sounded as if tears might be possible for her. "Oh," she said. "You are . . . *unmöglich*." She turned, and ran toward her family. When she reached them, she seemed to gather them up, and draw them along with her, and in a moment she had moved them out of sight in the crowd of pilgrims at the riverbank.

After that, we did not see her for two days; and then she turned up on the American side of the bridge, in the custody of two MPs from regimental headquarters. The MPs, looking unhappy, delivered Elfrida and her family to the east side of the river, where Elfrida promptly led the way into the willows; and then the MPs came back to the American side, where we got the story from the older one, a staff sergeant. "Oh, you know her—that girl with the baby? Listen, take some advice, and don't get to know her too well. I'll tell you——"

"But what did she do?" Willy asked.

"Well, not much," the sergeant said. He paused; he was a man in his thirties, with a mustache, and must have seen something of life. "She just happened to be crossing the river with her family in one of our engineer's boats when the colonel was out for his constitutional. You know how he is; he goes for a walk every morning at five o'clock. Well, he asked her where she got that boat; it's

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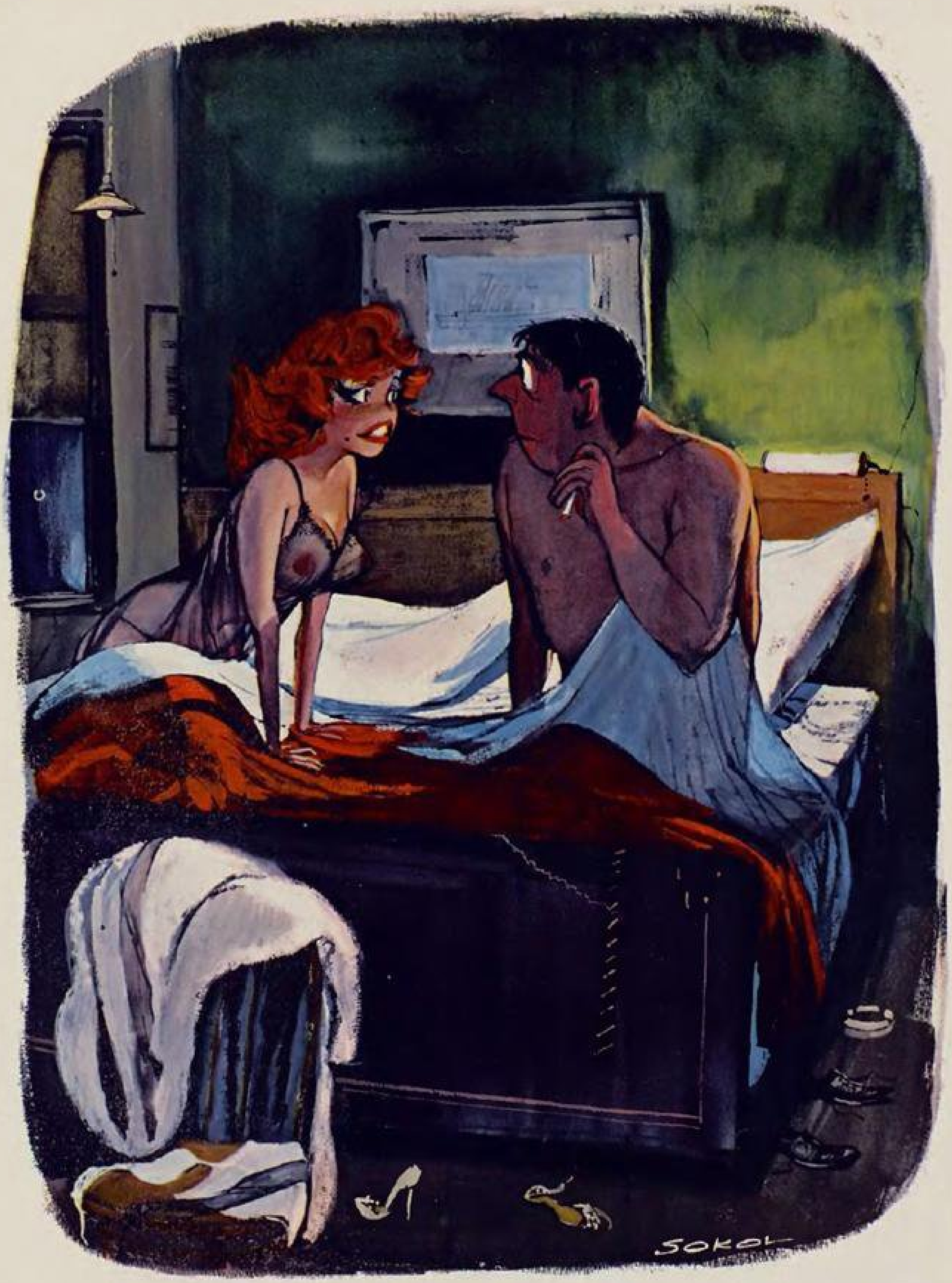

"You mean you're from the vice squad too?"

BARGAIN

(continued from page 30)

painted O.D. and has all sorts of serial numbers on it. She said it was an estate boat — belonged to a friend. What did she do? Well, what about that?

"So the colonel took it up with her, of course, figuring she'd bribed somebody. When she began to get a little uncomfortable, she tried to bribe him. She had American money, two hundred and fifty dollars of it — confiscated now, naturally. What could he do? Now if she'd offered that nice body, the colonel might have . . .

"But let that go. The fact is, as we were coming out here, I offered to see what I could do, just in a personal sort of way. I may have put my arm on her shoulder, in fact, and she damn near cut my throat with her fingernails . . ."

Willy and I were left with a sense of having been involved in something larger than we had expected; and even Willy began to be a little impressed. "She's lost her money, anyway," he said. "That'll make her come around . . . a little sooner . . ." But he did not sound convinced; and I began to feel sure that the girl would in fact never come around. I respected her, and was already half in love with her; and naturally I wanted to believe well of a woman I loved. The thought came to me that perhaps I might do a favor for such a woman and her family; I had only to speak to the sentry. Later I might have to fight Willy, for he had made the first claim on the property which Elfrida was, but I was willing to do that. I might even, so I imagined, enjoy doing that.

I had an intention, but unfortunately I did not execute it in time. Elfrida, grown desperate, came down to the bridge that very night and accepted Willy's offer, to be accomplished on the next night. I was there on the next night; I had come to a decision, and was ready to enter the lists, but I was just in time to see Willy have his triumph.

As you know, a pontoon bridge floats on the water; it is low there, and buoyant; in the gathering dark, our bridge looked like a boat closely moored. Coruscations of current rippled downstream from it; breezes moved in the willows along the bank, and occasionally there was a harsh stirring in the high old elms that grew along the east bank. I sat down with my back to the trunk of one of those elms, and wondered how it would feel to make a generous offer to a beautiful girl like Elfrida; I thought it would feel fine. Elfrida, pleased, might then reward me with love, and that would be right: virtue deserved such an answer.

Before me were the pilgrims, restless. Russian patrols were on our side of the Elbe; some had been sighted not five miles from this spot; and the main body would close to the Mulde in two days, so it was rumored. A desperate time for the German women! The crowd of them looked like a Doré illustration of a scene from the *Purgatòrio*. They wore long coats that looked like sculptured robes in the evening light; they seemed to be leaning to the west, while on the bridge, the sentry, a boy in a helmet, quietly marched his post, step-stop, the restless feet! To be sure, I was a little sad; and then Willy and Elfrida appeared out of the crowd.

Elfrida was carrying her baby, and my only thought was that I did not yet know whether the baby was a boy or girl. Behind Elfrida came the mother and the grandmother, and each of these carried a suitcase and led along a little girl. The crowd fell away, and the family moved alone with its benefactor.

It was clear that Willy knew what he was about. His uniform was clean, he was wearing a necktie, and he had borrowed somebody's pistol and belt for the occasion, so that he could have both hands free, no doubt. He was wearing his combat infantryman's badge; his helmet was tipped back, jauntily.

He paused at the bridge, but only to wave the family on ahead of him. He patted the little girls on the head, and they ducked away, skittishly, in a normal child's fashion. Willy came on, forcing the family ahead of him. The sentry, who was a good friend of ours from the third platoon, marched his post on the other track, and did not even look at what was happening.

By this time, I had gotten to my feet, and made my way to the middle of the bridge, and there I stayed for the remainder of the scene. I was feeling sad, hopeless, a little deranged, but I was alert, you may be sure!

Elfrida held the baby in the crook of her right arm, much as the pioneer Kentuckian held his Pennsylvania rifle. She had her weight on both feet — her feet were apart, like a boxer's. Willy spoke to her, and paused; Elfrida did not move; and then Willy gently put his hands on the baby, and took the baby from her arms. Those arms for a moment followed the baby, the fingers opening and closing. Willy whispered something to the invisible face of the baby, of which a faint crooning was audible to me, and then gave the baby to the grandmother. "Thank you, Ma'am," he said. "You're real obliging."

Then briskly he took Elfrida's arm, and started walking her toward the deep grass that grew along the riverbank to the south of town.

He was moving successfully; and then Elfrida pulled away, and said sharply, "No! I won't go!"

She stood apart from him, angry, ready to fight. Her head was swaying, and her arms moved catlike; her right hand formed a claw, suddenly, and with it she reached out, hooking. Willy did not move, and Elfrida's nails raked his face. She screamed, lightly. Still he did not move.

"All right," he said. "That's in the bargain too, just this once. What do you think it got you?"

She stood quite close to him, with her hands on her hips. Her head was back; her chin out; her bosom was heaving — ah, she composed! She knew she was creating an effect!

"You are a beast, to hold a lady to such a bargain," she said.

"No, I *ain't*," Willy said. "But a bargain's a bargain."

"A beast. A wicked, sinful — illiterate, too!"

"Say what you like. You can't hurt me. Honey, can't you see I'm just full of love for you?"

"Oh!" She shuddered, and stepped away.

Willy shook his head, his cheek showing marks now, curving lines; and then looked down; but his big body was poised, I noticed, ready to go. "Well, I love you, honey. Don't make a fuss, now."

"It's impossible," she said. "You are too crude. Now, please, if you will excuse me —— "

Then Willy caught her left arm; he seemed to reach across an enormous space; her upper body moved jerkily, like a puppet's staggering walk. "Come on," he said, and started off down the riverbank, where were willows, high grass, the dark that would make them sweat. She was with him, all her protests vain; her head went down, but I noticed that she managed once, quickly, to look at Willy, look him up and down, as not every girl would be able to do in a situation like that. She appraised him, I think, and even nodded, as their figures grew dim, and became one large figure instead of two small ones — a giant huddle, merging with the night.

I remembered the bottle of brandy I was carrying — I had thought to comfort Elfrida with it. Now I got it out, and drank. I was feeling like a rejected lover; I was astonished at Willy's brilliant action, and the brandy did not make me brave. I sank into myself, wanting time to pass, but time would scarcely move. I felt abandoned, like something dropped by a careless proprietor — a feeling of youth, surely — but of course in a little while I got used to it, and began to look around me.

In the foreground was Elfrida's family. I watched them for a while, that little cluster of souls, and then went over to them. The grandmother seemed almost asleep; her eyes were closed; she held the baby, and with it was quiet as

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THE OSCAR SYNDROME

article **By DALTON TRUMBO**

hollywood's annual popularity contest goads and dominates the film industry

IN THE OLD DAYS IT WAS FUN. The annual revels of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences were private affairs, generally held in the Ambassador ballroom, and there was no television to inhibit gaiety. Each studio picked up the tab for all its nominees, the food was good, the liquor abundant, and the people fun – and they even joked among themselves without the aid of a teleprompter.

I have reason to remember one occasion, on which Donald Ogden Stewart was nominated for his screenplay of *The Philadelphia Story*, and I for mine of *Kitty Foyle*. Mr. Stewart, who is a wise and kindly man, approached me before the announcements and suggested the following charade: if I won the Oscar, Stewart would rise from his seat at the MGM table, cross to mine in RKO territory, and tell me frankly he thought he'd been robbed. Then, went the plot, I would answer him in scalding words, and the argument would continue on a rising note till management intervened. If Stewart won, I agreed to reciprocate.

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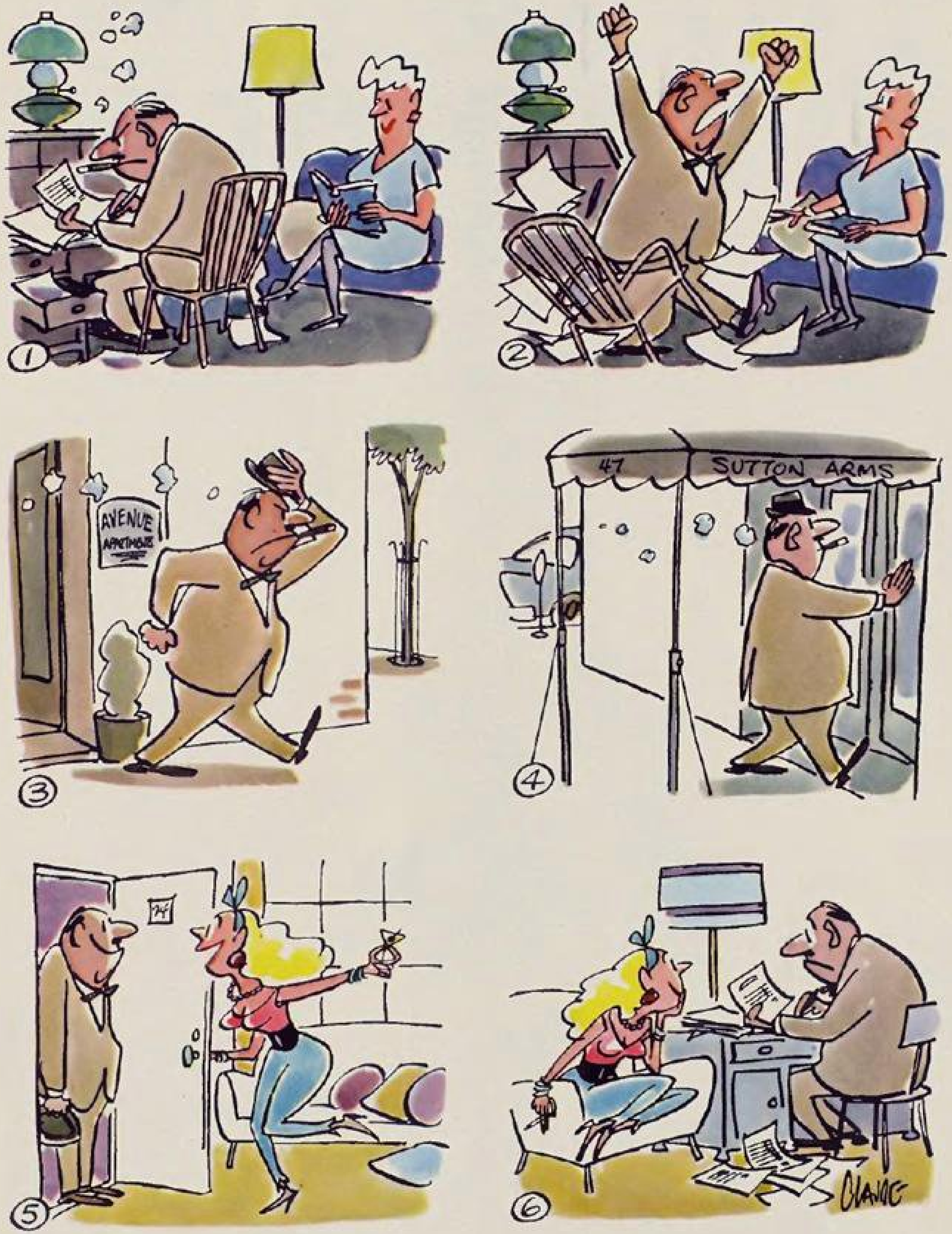
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THE GIRL WITH THE BEAR RUG EYES

as the old adage says: them as has, gits

fiction

By REX LARDNER

"CALL FOR YOU on two, Mr. Forrest. Mr. Hank Bullett. You have a luncheon engagement with him at one at the Golden Spoon, sir."

"Thanks, Marilyn . . . Would you please ask one of the girls to pick up the report in my box and pass it on to Mr. Wainwright? . . . Put Mr. Bullett on, please."

"Yessir."

"Hello, Hank?"

"Hi, Phil. That operator of yours got a mighty cuddly voice, you know?"

"I never noticed . . . Listen, Hank, don't we have a lunch date? I want to drop something off with you."

"Yeah, we had one. But listen, old buddy. I got to beg off. I'm hung up."

"Well, OK. I know how busy you educational-TV writers are. How's the show coming?"

"Pretty messy. We're doing mostly schlong stuff now and very little cerebral."

"What the hell is schlong?"

"The messy stuff that you have to wear a raincoat. Pies, flour, soapy water, dripping chocolate. Ratings go up in proportion to how damaged the contestants get. With this new stunt I thought up, we ought to field a twenty-seven. It's a series of races between two husband-wife teams. There's these different-type beds, you know? Cot, sofa, hammock, Louis the Fourteenth with a canopy yet. Which wife can blow up the balloon first and bust it and then the husbands sprint and dive into the beds. Starts out quiet, but they get progressively gooier. Taffy, mud, glue. Screams."

"Who's in shape to do all the diving, for God's sake? A gymnast couldn't do it."

"You'd be surprised at the country's athletes when there's coupons for iceboxes and trips to Hawaii on the line. And schlong gets 'em in the tent, Phil. We're selling plenty skin lotion."

"Where are you now, Hank?"

"In the sack, composing witty lines for B girls. How's this? 'I like older men bec —' "

"What the hell are you doing in the sack at noon? Why aren't you at the office, stirring hot pitch for the husbands of America to fall into?"

"Because I'm truly beat, man. Kerouacked. Like whooo! That's how come I can't make lunch."

"Affair of the heart?"

"Mostly the back. We got this new dark-haired production assistant that just came on the show day before yesterday. One of these girls that carries a clipboard like it was Brando's shirt. And the minute our eyes clashed yesterday, I knew it was a thing. Clickarootie! So after the talk-down session yesterday afternoon I asked her out for a drink. Guess what she ordered! Some kind of Chablis, whatever the hell that is. I figured, Oh boy, a non-alcoholic, she's a basket-hanger, you ain't never going to get this chick boiled, Hank. So we're unlaxing, talking TV and Akiyoshi and Cannonball Adderley – she was to the Newport thing, turns out – and sex and Zen —"

"And sex."

"And sex, and then all of a sudden she passes me on the curve. She's making these statements, way out. I mean this girl sounds real far out, *real* far out. So I'm heavy-footing, I'm talking bold and she's keeping up – very frank stuff, Paul —"

"Phil."

"Phil. Jesus, why did I make that slip? What's with me these days?"

"Ask your shrinker."

"Listen. Don't think I don't need it. I got the evidence. Anyway, the reason I'm not making it today is account of that chick. I'm supposed to show for the talk-down at five, but I don't know how the hell I'll make it. I'm a wreck. Listen, do I sound funny?"

"Rosen and Jacoby are funnier."

"I mean my speech. Because I got this swollen lip on one side makes me look like Cheetah. I put myself on a liquid-type diet."

"Your labials are a bit sluggish. But, like the announcers say, it's the vowels that express your personality."

"And I still got good vowel movement, thank God. Hey! Throw me a cover line, quick!"

" 'Thank you, mother.' 'I know there are people out there because I can hear you breathing.' 'I'll fire the s.o.b. that wrote that one.' "

"You should do our warm-ups. Your cover lines need cover lines."

"So what happened?"

"I'd tell you, Phil, but I know that cuddly operator of yours is listening in . . . Hi, peaches . . . OK (Did I hear a click?) . . . Anyway, we're relating, like the social workers say, and she's sober but talking *mucho grande* and I say all of a sudden, 'Do you dig Mitch? Because I got a great waxing of an oldie, *The Yellow Rose of Texas*, that should glom many spins turntable-wise.' "

"Do you honest to God talk like that to production assistants?"

"It's love-talk, man. Don't knock it. Shows them you think you're with it."

"What's she look like?"

"Well, she's healthy enough upstairs,

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OSCAR

(continued from page 33)

He won. I rose and approached his table. In those days Leo the Lion really roared, and his keepers were Schenck, Mayer, Mannix and Thau. Together with a full covey of Metro stars, they were huddled over Mr. Stewart, fondling him and his Oscar and calculating profits. A chill silence fell over the company as I addressed my complaint to the victor. Apparently Mr. Stewart didn't understand. He begged my pardon, obliging me to repeat in even stronger terms my opinion the best man hadn't won. A look of almost insane sympathy settled over his face. He rose, in the midst of terrible stillness, draped a consoling arm over my shoulder – and gently agreed. He was so moved by my disappointment he almost cried, and I put on a good performance of actually doing it.

Nothing like that could happen now. There's no more liquor, no tables, no Donald Ogden Stewart (he lives in London), and no such gall. But there's a good reason for it. The instant Academy presentations became public events comparable in audience rating with a Presidential inauguration, they became pompous. Not that a film academy hasn't the same right to pomposity as the Academy of Arts and Sciences (Boston) or the Academy of Arts and Letters (New York) – and perhaps a better right than the Academy of Allergy (Milwaukee). It isn't a matter of rights, it's a question of innocence and spontaneity; and they, so immensely more important than public dignity, are forever lost.

For it was innocence and spontaneity, blended with cheerful extroversion and open competition, that made the film community centered in Hollywood not only one of the most amusing and cultivated (the word is quite intentional) in the world, but also one of the most influential. For twenty-five years the American cinema sought out, and formed a loosely cohesive community of, the most attractive personalities and talents that Europe could offer. It was a cosmopolitan society that worked hard, played hard, and raised the American film to first competitive position practically everywhere in the world.

But now senescence has set in. Many of the most talented actors, writers and directors have fled abroad to avoid either taxes, the blacklist, or the frightful gerontic problem of the community, and sometimes all three. Five of the seven major studios have fallen by default into the hands of aging accountants. Their rambling public remarks, always, unluckily, quoted in the press, are so incoherent as to completely panic the stockholders of any other business. Leading men of fifty-five and even sixty fornicate – at least on the screen – with lasses of scarcely twenty-two. Grandmothers stride across Vistavision in fierce pursuit of happiness, usually sexual. The *belles dames* of the press corps are almost Biblical in their longevity. Dignity, as a result, is everywhere. It's almost all the town has left.

The Academy was founded in 1927 by, among others, Richard Barthelmess, Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford, Milton Sills, Irving Thalberg, Louis B. Mayer, a pair of Warner brothers, and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., who served as its first president. Among its stated purposes was that of "encouraging the arts and sciences of the profession by . . . awards of merit for distinctive achievement."

The militant statuette, later christened Oscar, was designed by a founding member, the late Cedric Gibbons. "To the public," declares a recent Academy brochure, "an Oscar is a badge of distinction. To its recipient, the film maker, an Oscar means even more. It is his most valued possession because it represents what every creative mind prizes highest: the respect and admiration of his peers."

However inflated the winner's evaluation may be, the Academy, in section fourteen of *Rules for the Use of Academy Award Symbols*, takes a more realistic view of Oscar's worth when it contracts that the winner "shall not sell or otherwise dispose of it nor permit it to be sold or disposed of by operation of law without first offering to sell it to the Academy for the sum of $10; and this provision shall apply to the heirs and assigns of Academy Award winners who may acquire a statuette by gift or bequest."

Thus hedged about with more conditions and restrictions than the Nobel, Pulitzer and Goncourt prizes lumped together, the man who owns an Oscar is bound to feel that the responsibility of the thing outweighs its pleasure. He's stuck with a public trust that cost the Academy approximately $100 on the day of presentation, which can only go down in value, and which he can't turn loose of until it hits bottom, and he along with it. In the old days before dignity hit town, the minute you laid hands on an Oscar it was yours. You could hock it, shoot craps for it, or boil it down to pot metal. The town's best procuress, who was a flesh peddler in the community long before MCA came onto the scene, once had three of them in forfeit on her boudoir mantel.

The first Academy Awards were handed out in 1928. In exactly four minutes, thirty-two seconds. They were given, however, for performances viewed in the Los Angeles area during the preceding year, which was, of course, 1927. The Best Film of that year, as voted by Academy members, was *Wings*, although it did not contain the best acting (Emil Jannings for *The Way of all Flesh* and Janet Gaynor for *Seventh Heaven*), nor the best direction (Lewis Milestone for *Two Arabian Knights* and Frank Borzage for *Seventh Heaven*), nor even the best writing (Ben Hecht for *Underworld* and Benjamin Glazer for *Seventh Heaven*).

To the Academy mind, it is possible – to a mind-boggling degree – for the whole of a film to be so much greater than the sum of its parts that, in 1936, although Victor McLaglen copped an acting Award for *The Informer*, John Ford received a directing Award for *The Informer*, and Dudley Nichols walked off with the writing Award for *The Informer*, the Award for Best Film went not to *The Informer* but to *Mutiny on the Bounty*. The following year, 1937, Paul Muni was named Best Actor for his contribution to *The Story of Louis Pasteur* and the writing team of Sheridan Gibney and Pierre Collings were Oscared for their fine work in creating the script of the same film; Best Film of the Year, however, was a musical "spectacular" called *The Great Ziegfeld*. There is the charitable notion that the Award donors had some idea of spreading the wealth, or the uncharitable explanation that Hollywood is the last place on earth from which to expect consistency. However, if consistency is a virtue – and the evidence is far from in on that score – it shone most brightly in 1947. *The Best Years of Our Lives* won Awards for writing (Robert E. Sherwood), direction (William Wyler), the Best Actor (Fredric March), the Best Supporting Actor (Harold Russell), the Best Editing (Daniel Mandell), the Best Dramatic Music Score (Hugo Friedhofer), and was, oddly enough, adjudged the Best Film. As this is written, the 1960 score is not in, but this in no way invalidates or alters the conclusions to be drawn from the form sheets thus far.

It has always been an open question whether the Awards, in the Actors' division, for example, represent actual merit, or whether other factors come into play. The argument for merit is substantially supported on the roster of Award-winners by the names of such gifted artists as Walter Huston, Charles Laughton, Katherine Hepburn, Helen Hayes, Paul Muni, Bette Davis, Alec Guinness, Spencer Tracy, Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, Marlon Brando, James Cagney, Fredric March and Ingrid Bergman.

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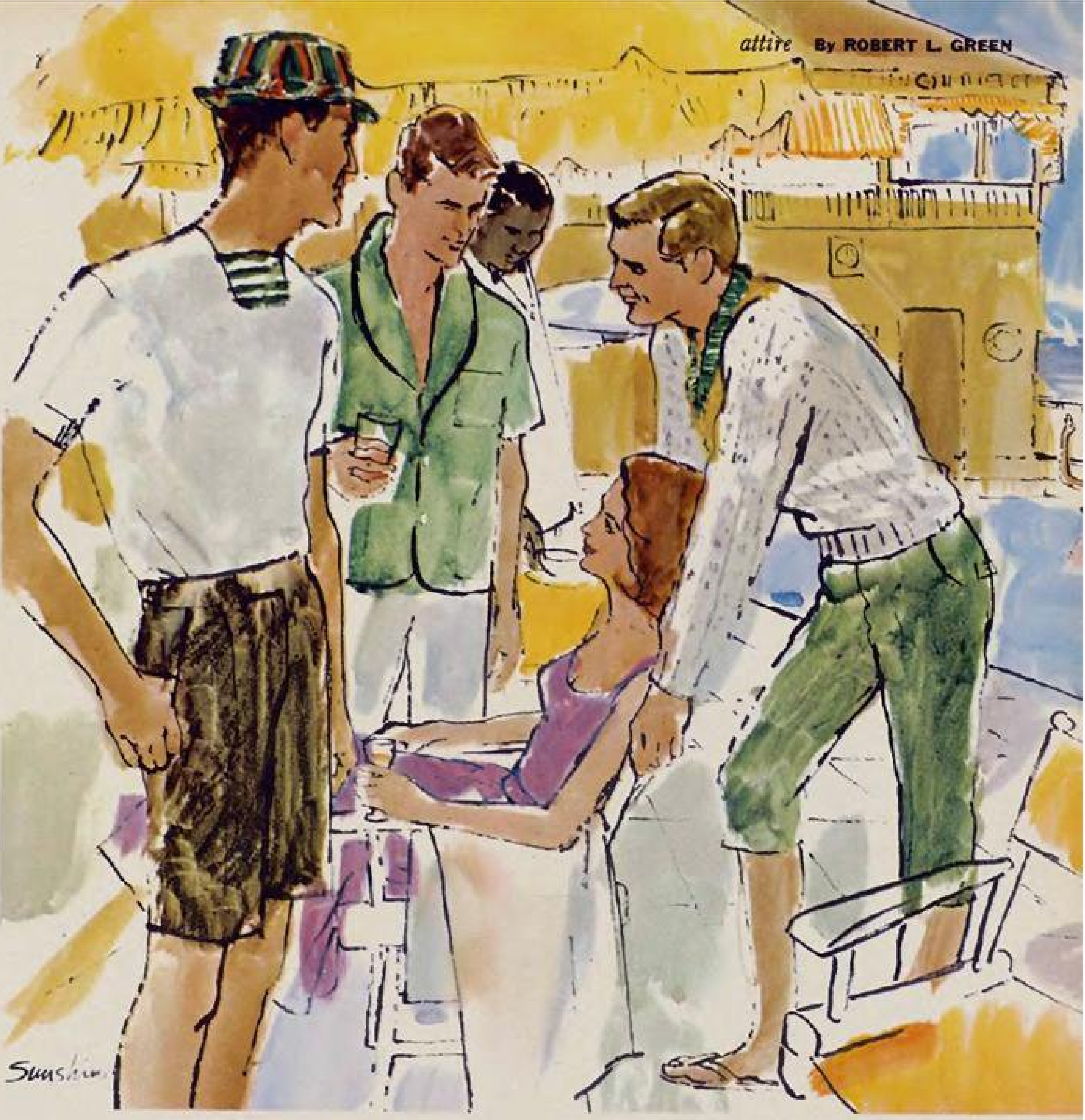
attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN**



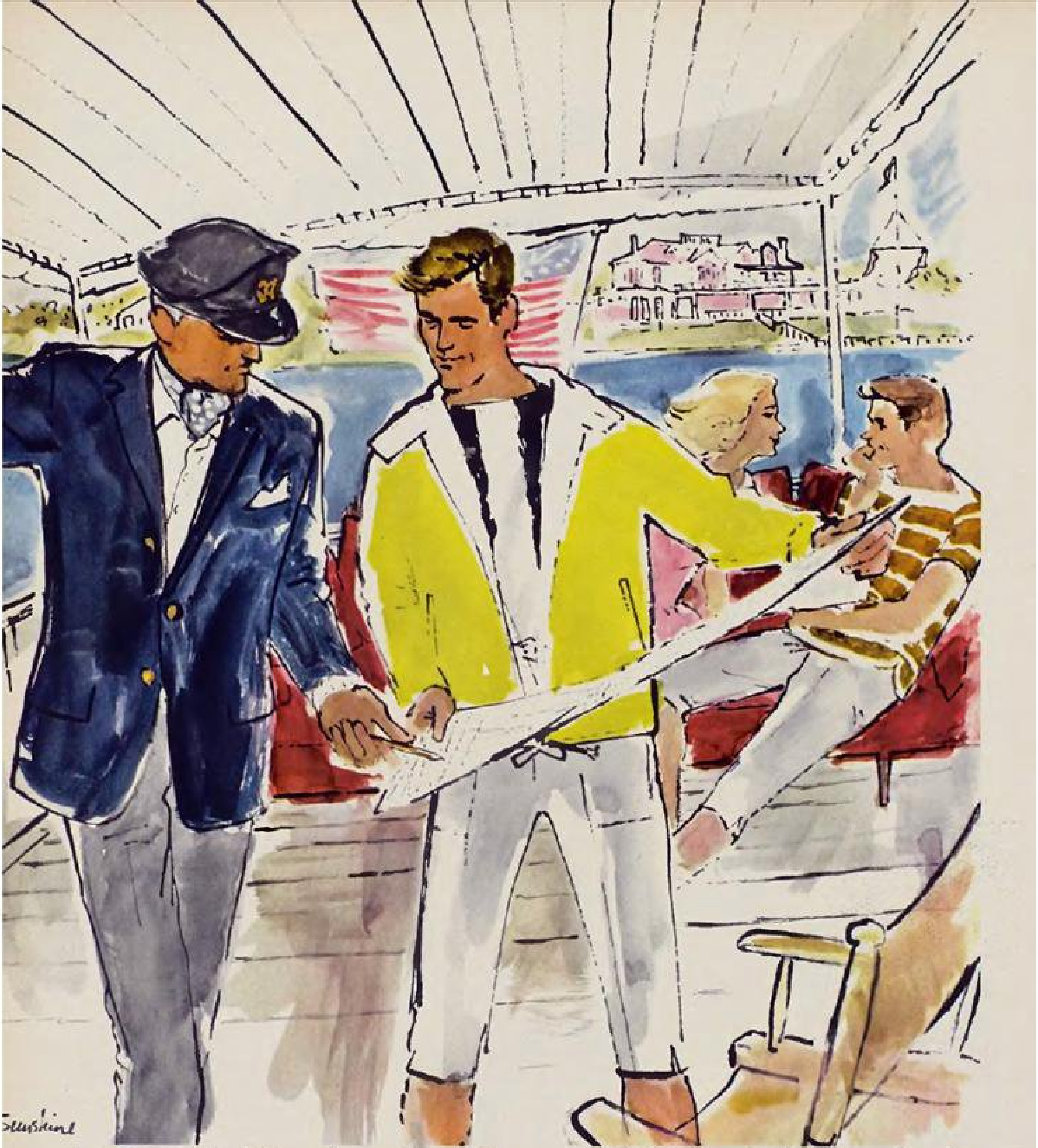
BEACH CLUB: the member at left wears a white cotton pullover shirt with an olive and white striped set-in, by Himalaya, $4, black-olive walking shorts, by Manhattan, $7.95, and a rollable, crushable cotton muted striped hat, by Flip-It, $3.95. The chap at center sports a cotton beach blazer with piping, patch pockets, shawl collar, by Catalina, $8.95, and cotton gabardine trousers, by George W. Heller, $22.50. At right, the guy is garbed in a white Orlon cable-stitch sweater with an olive and gold V-neck, by Himalaya, $15, and loden Topflax deck pants, by Brentwood, $7.95.

MEET ME AT THE CLUB

right raiment for three sporting propositions

THAT NIFTY SPORTS CAR running from the city on a sultry spring Saturday morn with the two-suiter in the trunk and the carefree smile on the driver's face is probably purring toward a private club. Whether it be a green-gowned country club, a harborside yacht club, or a surfside beach club, the club scene is bulking bigger than ever with the urban executive seeking a weekend of gentlemanly sport, relaxation and boon companionship away from the city's crowd and crush.

And contemplating a casual, comfortable time, he'll be taking casual, comfortable togs. Colors will be brighter, patterns a bit more striking, and styles more imaginative and personalized than those of his daily duds. There'll be mild trends and taboos at every club but, on the whole, you'll find a much wider and freer expression of fashion taste

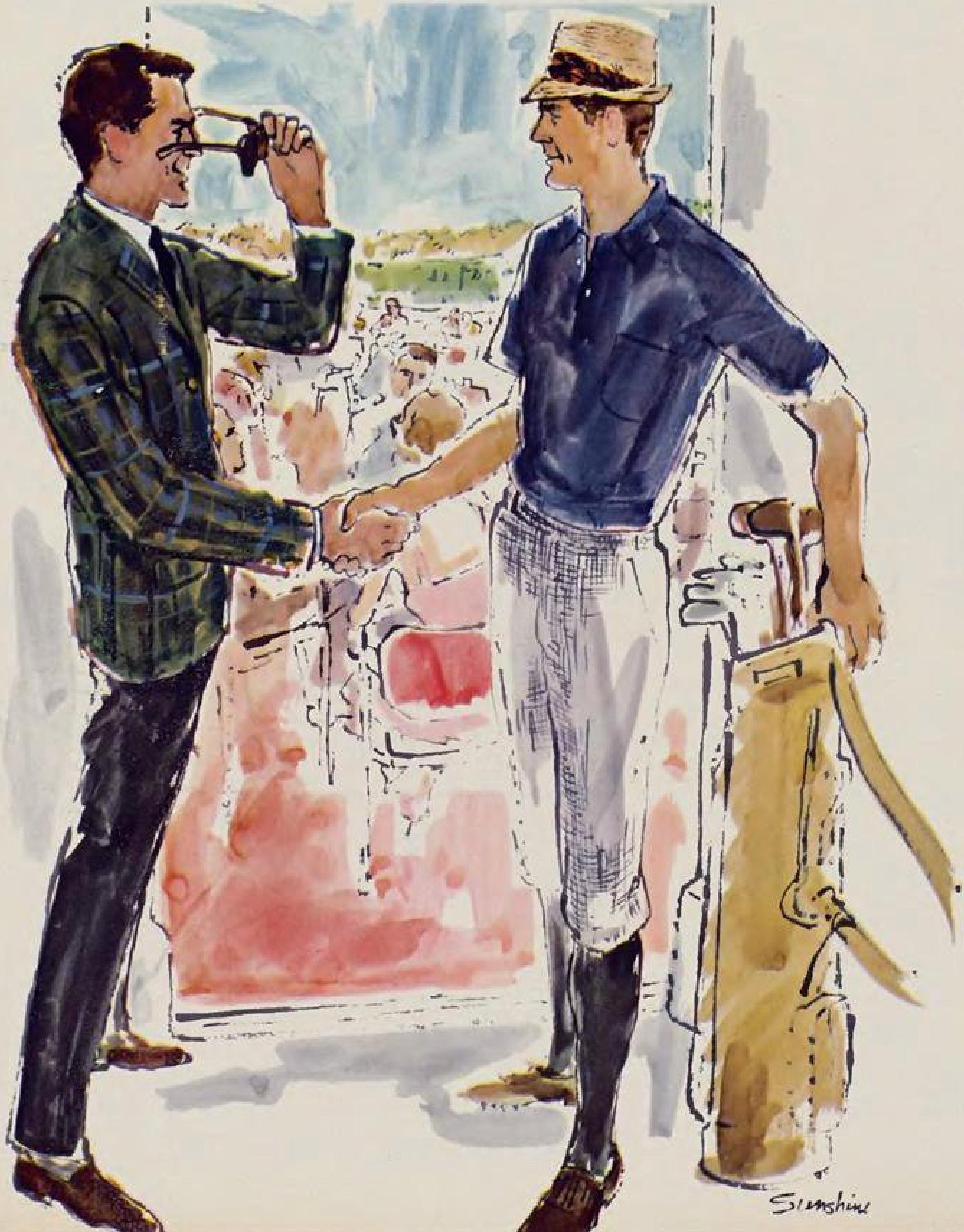


YACHT CLUB: the captain at left sports a navy blue cashmere blazer, by Bernhard Altmann, $95, with gray wool flannel trousers, by Batany, $15.95, a medium spread collar Excello, broadcloth shirt, $5.50, Handcraft silk shantung ascot, $5, and Cavanagh yachting cap, $15. His Corinthean crew wear (center) a terry-lined yellow waterproof hooded slicker, by Mighty Mac, $25, three-quarter-length boat-neck knit shirt, $6, and white duck deck pants with rope belt, $7, both by Jantzen, and (right) a cotton knit boat-neck pullover, $3.95, and gabardine deck pants, $5.95, both by Catalina.

in and around the clubhouse than anywhere city-side.

For the participating sportsman, new clothing ideas will be accepted only if they really pan out on the playing fields. The country-club golfer, for example, will shun all save waist-length sweaters and windbreakers. He won't want to burden his backswing with the extra weight of a longer-hanging garment, and he'll want nothing to impede his wrist or body movements. He may select classical slacks — or Bermuda shorts and high hose. Or he may try golf knickers. Long worn by top linksters, knickers (also dubbed plus fours) will be fairway favorites with many Sunday *(concluded on page 101)*

COUNTRY CLUB: the chap with the sunglasses is comfortable, cool and correctly attired in an Ivy jacket of Indian Madras with antiqued buttons, by Mavest, $35, and blue-black slacks of blended Acrilan, rayon and acetate, by Haggar, $9.95. His navy silk tie, by Matt Nickels, $2.50, complements his blue cotton buttondown oxford shirt, by Arrow, $5. His golfing acquaintance is togged in a three-button pullover charcoal knit shirt of cotton and Dacron, by Himalaya, $5, and narrow wool plus fours in a black and white hound's-tooth check with Velcro fastening leg bottoms, by Peter Jay, $22.95. His black ribbed nylon stretch hose are by Gilbert, $1.50, and his red and black banded natural straw hat is by Hopkins, $6.50.



BARGAIN

(continued from page 32)

statuary in a garden. One of the little girls leaned against her; this child was perhaps five years old, plump and dark, with brown eyes that looked vaguely toward me, and then quickly away. The mother stared brightly at me through spectacles, and fluttered her eyelids. Clearly she was frightened, but she was trying not to look so, for fright might seem an insult to the American, who was a lord of life and death there at the bank of the international river. The mother's face was blurred — she looked like anyone's mother. Her hand rhythmically gripped and relaxed on the hand of the smaller girl, and this child was drunk with sleepiness. In a little while she would have to be put down to rest on the damp ground, among the cold grasses and flowers.

The women had no significant expression to use on this occasion of their family's dishonor. Weary and bored, they were waiting for the next thing to happen; indeed, the older women of any nation are likely to know what it is to wait outside the bedchambers of the young. It was nothing to these women that their daughter's bedchamber would be a hollow space under a willow tree.

Soon these veteran ladies would be able to resume their journey, and if dishonor went with them, they would surely not die of it. Very likely dishonor would prove merely excess baggage on such a journey. At that very moment they might be thinking how fortunate they were to have a handsome daughter who could please the fierce young men at the bridge. The Russians . . . ah, the Russians were very close, the drunken peasants bent on rape and plunder . . .

I wandered off, thinking not to return until everything was over, and I got a little drunk, but when I came back much later, I discovered Elfrida's family in the place where I had left them. A blanket had been produced from somewhere, and the two little girls were asleep on it, under a tree. They lay on their backs, and the toes of their shoes protruded upward.

The sentry was quietly marching his post, and on the other side of the river the pilgrims were settling down for the night. A murmur of voices crossed the river from their rude beds, but there was no activity; even their fear had grown inert. Looming over them was a sourceless glow in the eastern sky — a pale red that would not have been out of place in a sunrise. I looked at my watch, a large Swiss pocket watch, loot from a prisoner. It was twelve-thirty. The Russians were burning villages and haystacks, probably on our side of the Elbe; the peasant boys were capering jubilantly in the firelight, just as I would caper there if I belonged to that army.

I sat down in shadows by the bridge abutment, where I could be dark. I had a drink — it tasted strong, like the air, on that night of the blossoming Saxon plain. I thought it odd that the brandy should taste good to me after so much of it, but that was the way of things in that season; even life had a pleasant taste, as it came thronging the roads from the fiery east. I was at that stage of drunkenness where vision is penetrating — the eye can burn its way in. Or so I felt. I was ready to watch Willy and Elfrida, and quite naturally I was hoping for discord. I was angry at myself, and discord could be my medicine; and discord there was.

They came back suddenly, the lovers. They appeared on the road from town, and I surmised that Willy had taken Elfrida to a house there. He could have ordered the Germans out; that was a thing we did not mind doing. I grimaced: Willy could enjoy her more immoderately in a house, in a bed . . . They were not together any more, however, that was plain. Elfrida manifested a distance between them; she was haughty, in the starlight. With great dignity, she walked toward her family, while Willy, tired perhaps, came slouching along behind her, in his country way.

When she was beside her mother and grandmother, who were clumsily getting to their feet, she turned to face Willy, and said, "Have the decency to keep your distance from my mother."

Willy stopped, obediently. "Whatever you say, honey," he answered.

Elfrida spoke furiously to her family; she took up the baby, and restored it to the crook of her arm. The mother and grandmother bent to the children, and started waking them. Restlessly the children held to sleep, burying their faces against the summons.

"Peasant!" Elfrida said then, with her head down. "What do you know about love?" She took a menacing step toward Willy, as if she might again scratch him, and said, "Love is — beyond your comprehension!"

"Yes'm," Willy said. "But I'll show you yet."

"Ah! But I hate you! And I will make you pay! Your filthy bargain . . . I'll make you pay!" she screamed, and then bent down to one of the children, speaking rapid German, torrents of command, exhortation, rage. The family rose around her, and suddenly took her in; and, as it began moving, it seemed clear that she was safely away from Willy, who was still standing at rest, slouching. He had a cigar going, and its glow faintly lighted up his blunt features, returning them to my comprehension. He was just Willy, after all, my old friend, an honest soldier. I concluded that I ought to rise and go to him, and so I did, and offered him a drink from my bottle, which he was willing to take.

He was glad to see me, but of course his thoughts were with Elfrida. "I found 'em a place for the night," he said. "I showed her where it is, and I reckon they'll go there. It's right nice."

"After all that?" I said. "After what she said? She's on her way to Cologne right now!"

"That talk?" he said mildly. "That don't matter much — that's just something women do. That's the way they *are*."

"But she hates you, Willy!"

"She don't hate me. Listen, she's a passionate woman; I didn't rape her. Old Willy Fletcher ain't never raped a woman yet." He looked at her, dimly, through the reddish light of the cigar, and said, "Come to think of it, she loves me. She scratched me again, but she scratched my back, and you know what that means."

There was nothing for me to say. In a moment, Willy turned away from the river, and said, "I'm tired. Let's go home." And then we went away; I finished my bottle while I lay on my back in bed, in the big country house where our company was quartered, and the next morning I woke with a headache which I was able to welcome.

I felt I had it coming; I desired punishment, and in due course it came. After breakfast, Willy went off to Elfrida, "to see about my woman," as he put it. We had scarcely any duties, and we were free to go where we liked during the day, so long as we did not run away. I chose to stay in the big house, gloomily hoping that Willy would have a disaster; but when he did not return by noon, I went into the town looking for him.

The town was very small, and it had not been fought over; it was intact, and full of people hiding. The doors of the houses were always kept shut against wandering soldiers, even during the day, and the only signs of life were the children who occasionally got outside of the houses to make a racket in the street. I feared I had an impossible task, for if the family was holding itself within doors, I could never find it. I felt defeated, in a preliminary way, and so I was striding along rather angrily; and then I came across Elfrida's two daughters, in a minute front yard, playing in a sandbox. They looked up at me, expectantly and fearfully, like puppies. I slowed my walk; their eyes followed me, the heads perplexedly turning. The girls had brown eyes perfectly dispassionate; their expressions were such that I knew they had stopped having a good time because I had come near them.

(continued on page 70)

fiction **By KEN PURDY**

it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy

I HADN'T HEARD OF OBIE PRUST'S DEATH until I read the *Times* this morning. I was surprised at the length of his obituary. There was nearly three quarters of a column of it. I hadn't realized that Obie had been so prominent a citizen. Of course he had been important on radio for years, and his television show was a fixture on the American scene when he died. I used to watch it now and again, not because I cared so much for Obie, but to marvel at the grace and speed with which so fat a man could move.

The *Times* was circumspect, but a couple of the other papers characterized Obie as "the greatest chef in America" and "this country's foremost authority on fine food." I suspect that's overdoing it. I don't question Obie's status; he was a fine cook and a notable gourmet and I imagine he did as much to try to wean Americans away from devotion to hamburgers-and-French-fries as anyone, but still, I wouldn't call him the greatest chef in America. What about Louis Havely? If it comes to that, what about Gustav Wackenhut?

Yes, I have dined at Obie's table, not as often as I was invited, perhaps, but often enough. The last time was only a few months ago, and I remember it very well. We had a *pâté* of wild boar with an ice-cold beach-plum sauce, an authentic *consommé double*, and a dish of chicken which Obie called *poulet à la mode de Pouilly*, although we were given to understand that it was original with him: chicken cooked in champagne and served in a sauce *velouté* that had the faintest suggestion of cinnamon about it. I can't say I cared for it. I think chicken should taste of chicken, and of nothing but chicken. I prefer Chinese cookery. The Chinese understand the preparation of fowl.

However, Obie's other guests were pleased. There were eight at table. I will admit to being happy with the dessert. I think Obie Prust's fame as a creator of desserts was deserved; I suspect his flair in that direction was one of the reasons for the immense popularity of his television program in a country devoted to the conspicuous consumption of sugar. Every time I saw a fat woman on the street I used to mark her as one of Obie's devotees. At any rate, he gave us poached Bartlett pears on a bed of vanilla ice cream, with *eau de vie de poire* poured over, and a touch of unsweetened whipped cream. It was very good indeed.

Did you ever watch the man on television? Then you may recall that at the end of each program he disclosed the cost per plate of the specimen meal he had prepared. Over coffee that night a featherheaded young lady asked Obie what the *poulet à la mode de Pouilly* had cost. I could see that Obie was glad she had brought the matter up, and I suspected that if she had not, he would have done so himself. His little blue

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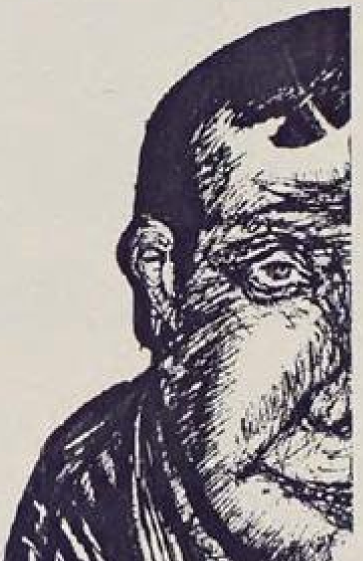
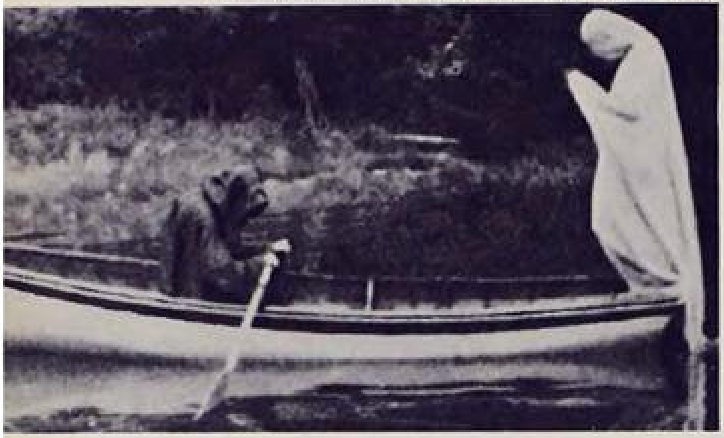


JURGENS

EPITAPH FOR OBIE

Left to right: a scene from *Oramunde*, Emil Etting's film of the Thirties; Maya Deren in *Meshes in the Afternoon*; a frame from Sidney Peterson's *The Cage*.



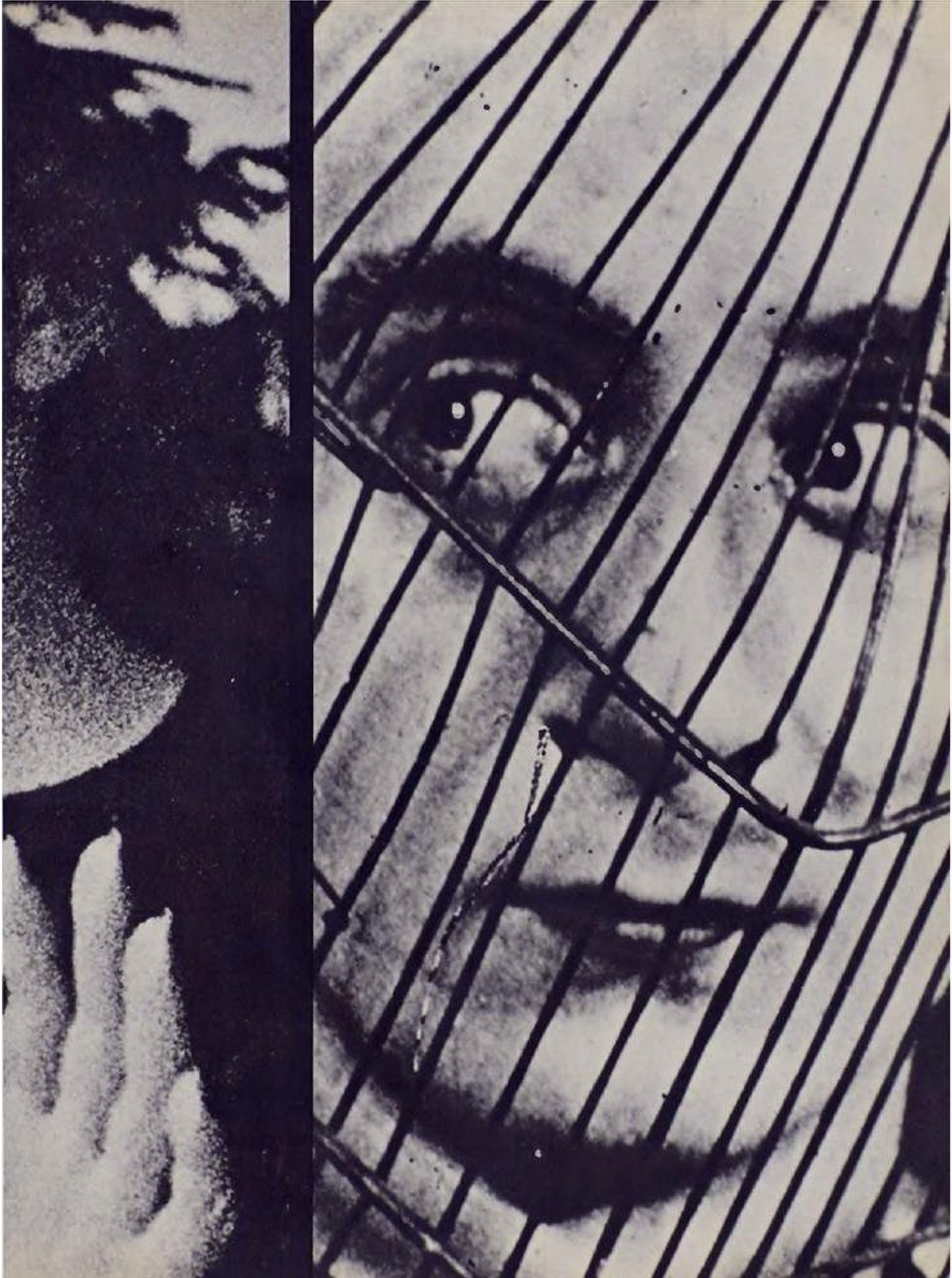
article **By ARTHUR KNIGHT**

THE FAR OUT FILMS

often beautiful, sometimes shocking, always non-conformist, experimental movies are the beat generation on celluloid

IN A LITTLE THEATRE just north of Greenwich Village, a group calling itself the Gryphons recently put on a series of showings of member-made avant-garde movies. One, *Geography of the Body*, explored the human form in such extreme close-ups as to make skin textures look like craters on the moon, a nipple like an extinct volcano. In another, *Wedlock*, a (presumably) married couple made love – only the whole thing was shown on negative film. In still another, after some scenes of his very pregnant wife in a bathtub, the young film maker went on to show in detail, intercut with shots of the bath water, the birth of his own child.

The audiences that assembled for these performances received the pictures, and others on the same program, with mixed emotions. Predominantly, it was a Village crowd, with black sweaters, ponytail hairdos, blue denims and thonged sandals very much in evidence. They had come on the promise of an evening of offbeat film art, and many seemed to like what they saw. Others, attracted for the same reason, booed and hissed and whistled their indignation. They found the films pretentious, amateurish, an arrogant assumption of the cloak of art to conceal both technical and intellectual poverty. "Man,



Above: a still from Kenneth Anger's *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome*. Below: a now classic scene from Dali's *The Andalusian Dog*.

Above: Jean Epstein's 1928 film, *The Fall of the House of Usher*. Below: a touch of Freudian symbolism from *L'Age d'Or* by Dali and Bunuel.

they were the filmic equivalent of Ike's speeches," one irate attendee reported.

The Gryphons – Willard Maas, his wife Marie Menken, Stan Brakhage and Ben Moore – are typical of a new kind of film maker on America's movie scene today. They call themselves the experimenters, the film poets. In sharp and conscious reaction to the conventions of Hollywood (or commercial film studios anywhere in the world, for that matter), they make pictures that are plotless, obscure in meaning, often shocking in content. In both their attitudes and their choice of themes, they strikingly resemble – and a few actually are – the writers and poets of the Beat Generation. They are non-conformist, "far out." And they like it that way.

Unlike their literary *confrères*, however, their actual impact on our society has been relatively slight. Their films are more often talked about than seen, for not even the artiest art theatre would dream of booking one. Managers know that either the cops would be down within the hour, or the lobby would be crowded with customers asking for their money back – or both. Just about the only place to catch an art movie is at one of the 450 film societies currently dotted about the country. But unless you live in one of the larger metropolitan centers, where the groups can afford to advertise for new members, your chance of even finding a society is fairly slim. You have to be "in" to get in. Occasionally an art museum or a university will organize a showing for its members. And occasionally, as with the Gryphon screenings, the film makers themselves will put the show on. However the screening comes about, though, you have to move quickly. There are no such things as continuous performances or six-week engagements in this field.

And what do they look like, these far out films? What causes the excitement in some hearts, the consternation in others? Most of them, quite simply, are concerned with self-revelation, with the externalization of the torments, anguish, angers and frustrations of their makers. Like the literary beatniks, they make little effort to comment on the social scene. They may resent its conventions, but they would sooner flout them than fight them. Sex, on the other hand, is of primary importance. Fornication, barred from the commercial screen, is either shown or graphically suggested in many of these films. Perversion is featured in many more – to such an extent that Jonas Mekas, the editor of the magazine *Film Culture*, was moved to inveigh against what he termed "the conspiracy of homosexuality" in the experimental field. It is, he wrote, "one of the most persistent and shocking characteristics of American film poetry today."

Perhaps the most flagrant film of this stripe ever produced is Kenneth Anger's *Fireworks*, a fifteen-minute study of homosexuality and sado-masochism. In it, as Anger states in his spoken introduction, "Inflammable desires, dampened by day under the cold water of consciousness, are ignited at night by the libertarian matches of sleep." More plainly, it is the dream-wish of a pervert, filled with his ambivalent fear of and desire for the male. From the first shot of a monster erection under the sheets to its final, horrifying sequence in which a gang of sailors mercilessly beats and tortures the hero (with a strong suggestion of castration as well), the images have a compulsive, nightmare quality. A brawny sailor exhibits his muscles at a bar, then attacks the boy. Another sailor lashes him with chains. Still others break his nostrils, slash him with broken glass, pour a trickle of suspiciously symbolic cream over his bloodied face. At the climax, a single sailor, tall against a black background, stands for a moment fiddling with his fly. It falls open, and what seems to be a huge phallus appears. The sailor holds a lighted match to its tip, and, as the thing shoots off sparks and flame, we see it is only a Roman candle. The final shot reveals that "it was all a dream" – but the specific nature of the dream is underscored by a view of the sailor lying prone, inert on the hero's cot.

It would be inaccurate, albeit tempting, to dismiss *Fireworks* as a pornographic film, an indecency thrown together for a fairies' smoker. Pornographic movies, no matter how well they are done, gratify a single urge – simple voyeurism. They show explicitly and in detail whatever refinement of copulation their creator has predetermined. Anger's film – and, for that matter, the films of most of the experimentalists – has none of this. There is an extensive use of symbol (an African fertility god, a ring deep in the young man's entrails); but far more is suggested than actually shown (the Roman candle, for example, with its suggestion of an ejaculation, or the implied castration with the camera concentrated entirely upon the hero's agonized face). More basic, however, is Anger's intention: He does not want merely to *show* homosexuality; he wants his audience to *feel* the emotions of a homosexual, to share in his dread and exultation. And in this he has notably succeeded. General audiences are both fascinated and repelled by the work. Several mental hospitals, including the famed Menninger clinic, book it regularly as one of a series of psychological tests on their patients. The late Alfred Kinsey added a print of it to his choice collection of erotica. And, unsurprisingly, Tennessee Williams has called it "The most exciting use of cinema I have seen."

Fireworks illustrates in an extreme form both the interests and the approach of many of today's experimental film makers. They handle

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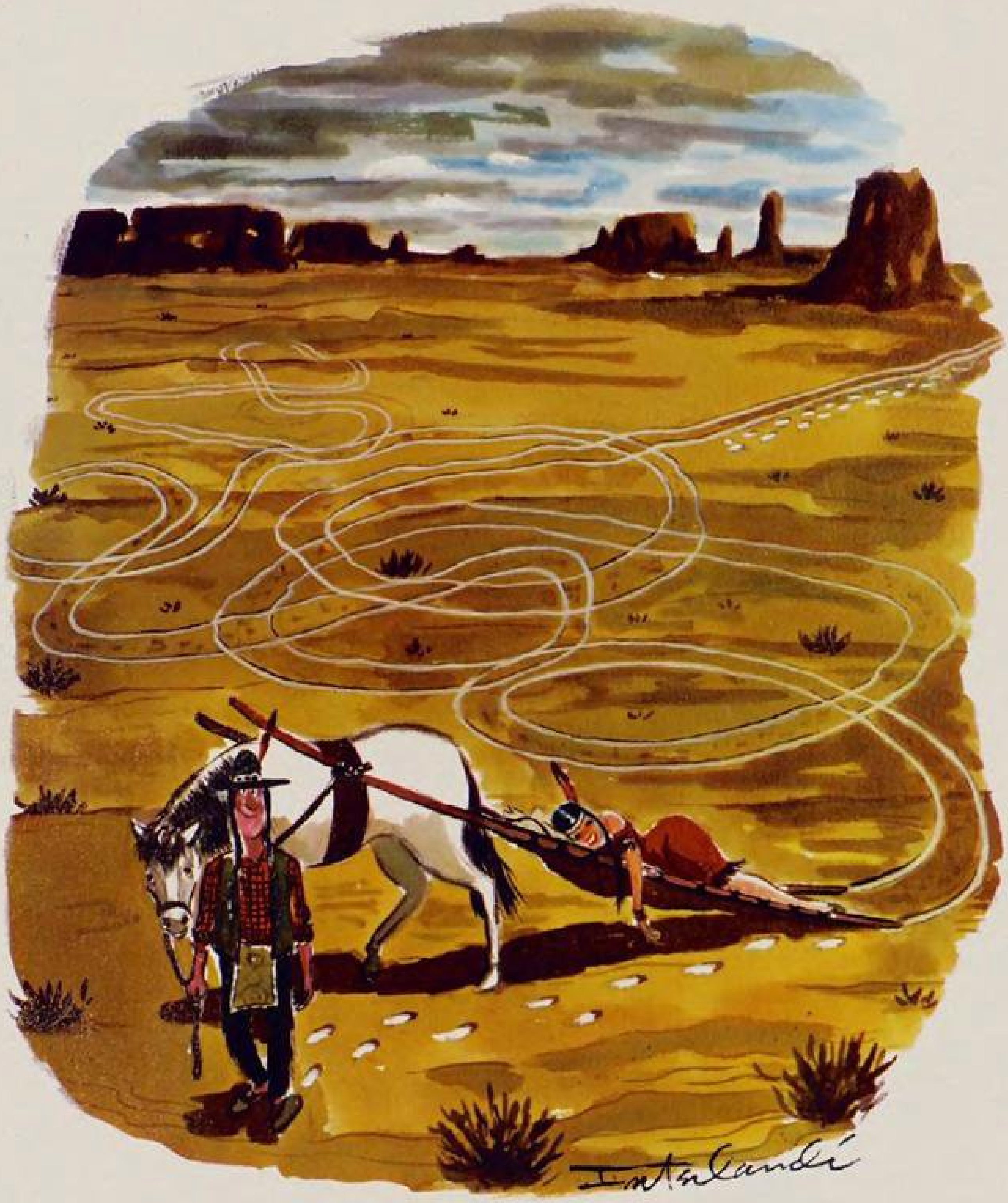
Interlandi

FAR OUT FILMS

(continued from page 44)

the "forbidden" subjects, the themes that are at once too special and too shocking for the mass-appeal, multimillion-dollar movie. And they handle them in a manner that suggests a unique blending of Sigmund Freud, Krafft-Ebing and Allen Ginsberg. In them, one will find Ginsberg's desolate alleys and crumbling tenement flats, his marijuana dreams, and outraged howls against thick-skinned conventionality. But the imagery, the choice of symbols — knives, ladders, telephones, gushing water — is definitely Freudian, while a distinct aura of the psychopathology of sex surrounds much of the action itself.

The Mechanics of Love, by Willard Maas and Ben Moore, for example, is virtually a handbook of Freudian sex symbology. A nude girl is seen in bed; a young man strips off his trousers, then his shirt, and advances upon her. As they nuzzle, the progress of their love-making is vividly illustrated by a veritable hail of phallic and vaginal symbols: pens, pencils, scissors, a cactus plant, a telephone pole; an upturned hat, a letter box, a pot of boiling water. Coition itself is suggested by quick shots of coal being shoveled into a furnace, a knife cutting into a loaf of bread, and the stitching action of a sewing machine. The final shot shows the slow drip of a leaking faucet. It is just possible that Maas and Moore were consciously kidding when they made this film. In any case, the hipper audiences roar at the unequivocally specific nature of their symbols. For others, the laughter is just a bit nervous. Perhaps they are aware that Krafft-Ebing cites a number of cases wherein people have preferred to consider the sexual act amusing because they were incapable of performing it themselves.

All too clearly, many of the experimentalists look upon their camera as a substitute for the psychiatrist's couch. Through vivid — and often disturbing — images, they work out their fears and obsessions. *Mother's Day*, a surrealist film by the San Francisco poet James Broughton, is an elaborate valentine *against* Mother. Mother, "who loved everything beautiful," keeps her children infantile (adults are seen playing childhood games — but tinged with a wholly adult sadism and sexuality), emasculates her husband (she pulls off his beard in great handfuls), and assumes the dominant position in the household (the final shot shows her posed imperiously with bowler hat and riding crop). Broughton's commingled admiration and resentment of this glamorous, terrifying creature underlines his every image. In Curtis Harrington's *On the Edge*, a length of wool extends like a vast umbilical cord from a young man wandering through a wasteland to a woman who sits impassively knitting with outsized needles. Self-destruction recurs as the obsessional theme in the films of Robert Vickrey, self-mutilation in the films of Stan Brakhage. In two of Brakhage's pictures, the eyes of the protagonist are scratched out — metaphorically in *Way to Shadow Garden*, where the hero gouges out his own eyes and the remainder of the film is seen in negative; quite literally in *Reflections on Black*, where Brakhage has scraped away the film's emulsion whenever the eyes of the blind hero are shown.

Brakhage, at once the most prolific, talented and daring of the experimentalists working today, seldom fails to incorporate into his pictures moments of sheer, provocative nastiness. In his *Desistfilm*, a young man is totally absorbed in picking lint out of his navel. A teenager smooches hungrily with a young girl, and their writhings are watched through the window by a gang of adolescents who lick their lips in naked prurience. *Flesh of Morning*, in which a young man (played by Brakhage himself) finds himself surrounded by poignant souvenirs of the girl he loves, climaxes in a very specific masturbation. Even in *Window, Water, Baby*, the film that Brakhage composed on the birth of his child, he cannot refrain from repeated shots of his hand caressing his wife's distended belly.

But if the new avant-garde is obsessive about sex, that is by no means its sole obsession. Terror courses through these films, a terror compounded of deep, personal insecurities and the rejection of all social norms. *The Cage*, by Sidney Peterson, is wholly symptomatic. The hero, his head trapped in a bird cage, chases through the streets of San Francisco after an elusive eyeball. But as he runs forward, all the people and vehicles race backwards. The young man, in his single-minded pursuit, is moving *against* the world. Robert Vickrey's *Texture of Decay* is quite literally a study in fear: a teenager, fleeing from a gang, rushes into a sumptuous, abandoned ruin where every scarred plank, scabrous wall and shattered mirror bears its own menace. Finally brought face to face with his own image, the boy commits suicide. In Vickrey's *Appointment with Darkness*, the terror is that of a young woman who fears pregnancy and the pains of childbirth; she too chooses suicide. In many of the films, the terror is of a more tangible nature — the terror that comes from either witnessing or receiving a savage beating. And invariably terror leads to abject flight, with the hero running from he knows not what to he knows not where. Again, Kerouac, Ginsberg and the other beat laureates are called to mind. They too are on the road fleeing and searching, but always in vain. Unless death be an end in itself.

It is an attitude of mind calculated to produce nothingness, zero. Everything is challenged, and dismissed; everything is suspect, nothing acceptable. Bourgeois morality is loathesome to the "beats," but neither are they satisfied with the scabby existence that comes with its rejection. All of this is almost painfully apparent in the recent *Pull My Daisy*, the first admittedly "beatnik" film to be produced in this country. The work of photographer Robert Frank and action painter Alfred Leslie, this half-hour plunge into the new lower depths is based on an unpublished play by Jack Kerouac — and accompanied by a spontaneous, unrehearsed narration delivered by Kerouac himself. As friends of the author — Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, painter Larry Rivers — drift in and out of a Village tenement flat, pausing to drink beer, blow trumpet, puff marijuana, or jibe at an incredibly young and callow bishop who has improbably turned up in their midst, Kerouac's raspy voice either comments on their actions ("Doing things and saying good-bye, saying good-bye and doing things are almost the same. It's time to go now") or supplies lines for them ("Let's go and play by fires in the Bowery"). There is a sense of improvisation not only in his words, but in the action and even the plot of the one extended scene that makes up the entire film. The mood of the piece is "what the hell" — and it is quite impossible to decide whether Kerouac is pulling his daisy or your leg. But just under the absurd surface of its comings and goings, just under the seeming irrelevancies of Kerouac's running commentary, lurks the uneasy suspicion that *Pull My Daisy* is providing us with our first hard look at a sickness of our times.

Not all of today's experimental film makers, however, are concerned with pathology and despair. Some, like Maya Deren and Shirley Clarke, have experimented in the creation of a new kind of dance film, using the distortion potential of the camera and the editing process to produce effects impossible in the theatre. In one of her early films, Miss Deren has a dancer begin a leap in a sculpture court of the Museum of Modern Art, continue it across an open field, and end it on the mantel in a living room. Mrs. Clarke, in her *Moment in Love*, emphasizes a passionate climax with a long, lovely series of double and triple exposures in slow motion that echo and extend the moment of fulfillment. Her *Bullfight* film intercuts a solo by Anna Sokolow with documentary footage shot at an actual *corrida*.

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ON THE SCENE

YVES MONTAND:

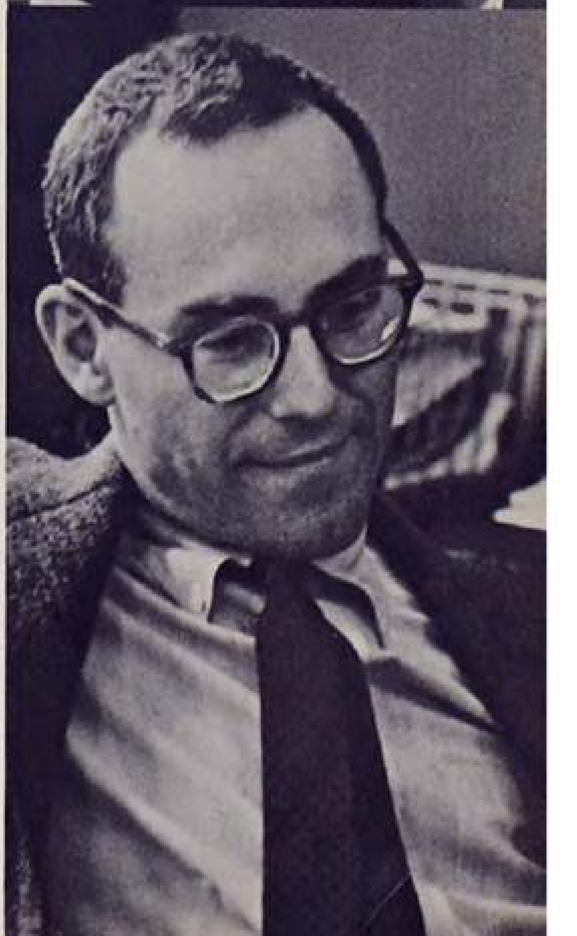
a wink of the voice

GREGORY PECK WALKED OUT of the movie *Let's Make Love* because co-star Marilyn Monroe's part kept getting padded by Monroe's husband, unofficial script-doctor Arthur Miller; Rock Hudson, who yearned to fill the Peck brogans, couldn't because of contractual entanglements; the fellow who landed the lucky assignment was a 38-year-old French song-and-dance man who coincidentally had starred in the French film version of Miller's *The Crucible*: name, Yves Montand. No Peck or Hudson in looks, Montand is nonetheless extremely popular in Europe, gave the U.S. its first taste of his Gallic charm last September as a $15,000-a-week New York nightclub performer brought over for his American debut by Norman Granz, the jazz impresario who so effectively promoted Ella Fitzgerald. "Montand's voice," declared *The New York Times*, "shakes your hand, slaps you on the back, winks at you!" Combining Continental polish with casual virility, Montand mesmerizes audiences from Moscow to Manhattan by zestfully acting out each number—dancing, juggling, mugging with hair-trigger timing. Of Italian stock, he grew up in the Marseilles harbor district, worked as longshoreman, waiter, welder, at 18 was imitating Trenet and Chevalier in smoky French bistros, by 1944 had caught the eye and ear of Edith Piaf who asked him to join her at the Moulin Rouge, soon developed a unique vocal style ("a mean, sexy sound, infinitely attractive," gushed a ladies'-mag editor). Married to gifted, sensuous Simone (*Room at the Top*) Signoret, he has done creditable straight acting in fine French films like *The Wages of Fear* and the aforementioned *Crucible* (opposite Signoret). Montand has waxed several albums here and abroad (dig Columbia's *One Man Show*) and bids fair soon to top his European popularity with a sensational Stateside career.

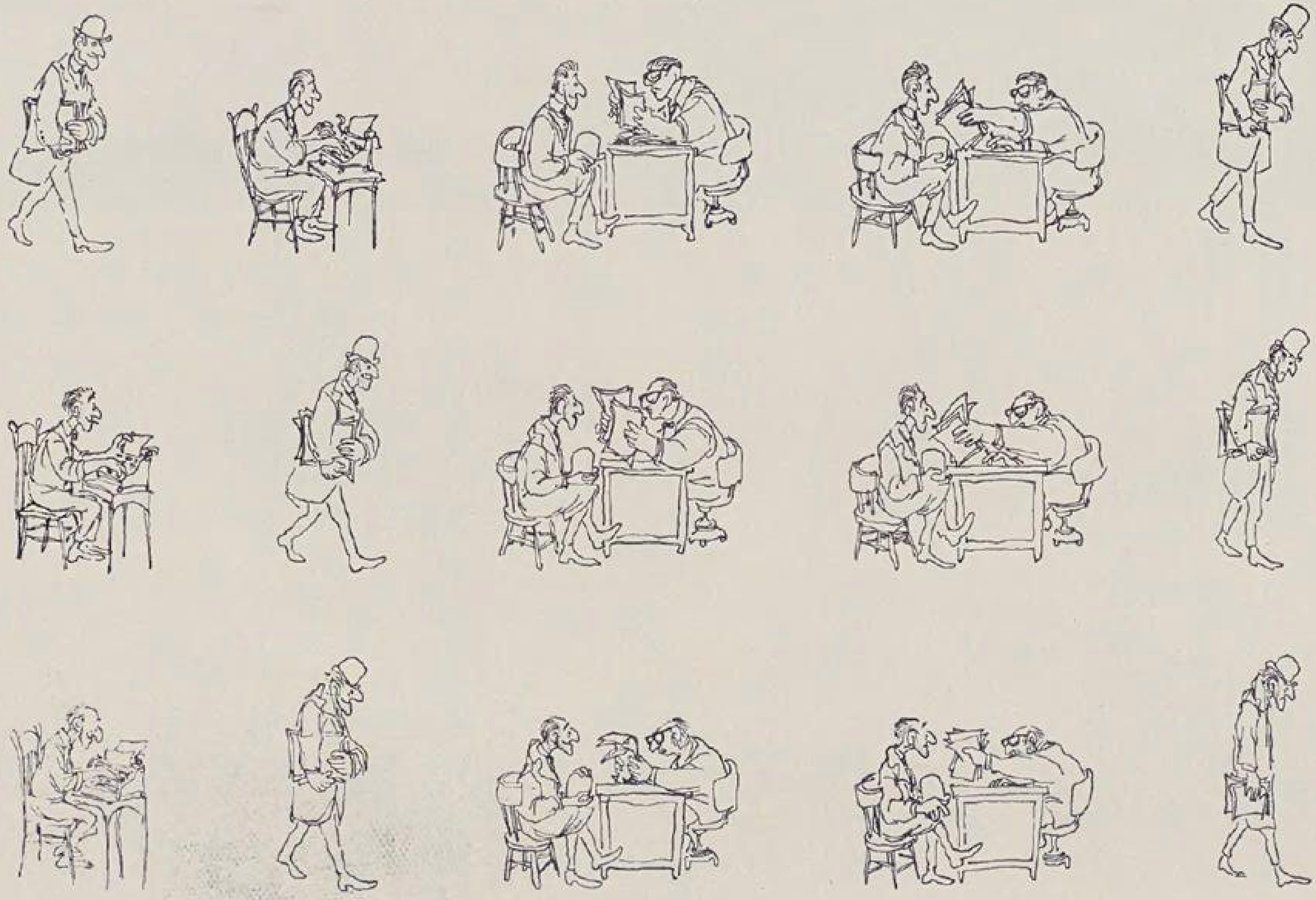
BARNEY ROSSET:

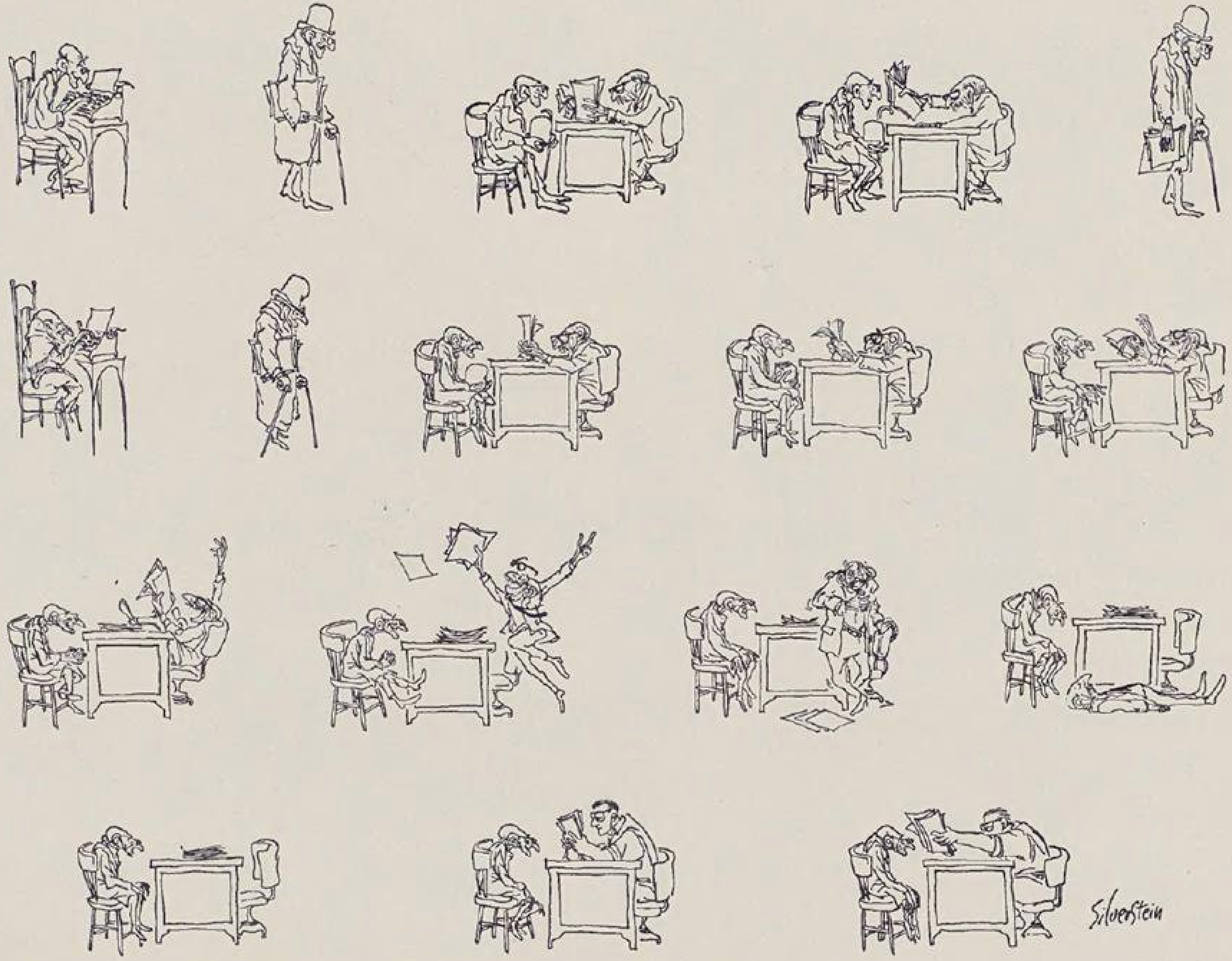
lady chatterley's other lover

IF YOU APPRECIATED the publication of the uncut *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, if you've been digging the better Beat bards in the *Evergreen Review*, if you've recently read Beckett, Breton or Behan, you're in debt to Barney Rosset, the likeable, literate 37-year-old prexy of Grove Press. Bought by Rosset for $3000 in 1952 (his first publishing plunge) and built up from a one-man outfit over an underwear store on lower Broadway to a booming fifty-man operation with posh University Square offices, still-growing Grove's grossing a cool million per annum, is the hottest news in the publishing trade and already one of the country's top four quality paperbackers, fulfilling Rosset's promise to make it "the best off-Broadway house in the book business." Last year Rosset made the front pages and Grove made 140,000 hardcover sales at $6 a shot plus a million and a half paperback sales when they published D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley*, a novel that has always been one of Rosset's literary light-of-loves. Marshaling some $50,000 in law talent, Rosset scored a legal, moral and artistic triumph over the self-appointed (and un-Constitutional) bluenoses of the U.S. Post Office who had declared the Lawrence classic "obscene," thus realizing his "desire to take a crack at censorship on a financially profitable basis." He's made some twenty treks abroad since taking Grove's helm, enlisted Europe's intellectual and literary elite, was the first in the U.S. to publish books by Beckett, Ionesco, Artaud, Behan, Robbe-Grillet. For his stable's shorter works he founded the *Evergreen Review* (circulation 25,000), a slick avant-garde poetry and prose quarterly: the first such magazine in modern times to make it without loot from foundations or universities. Heartened by the encouraging precedent of the *Lady* case, Rosset does not plan to rest on his Lawrence laurels. Determined to thaw the long list of fine books now languishing in the deep-freeze of U.S. prudery, he's now talking about putting Henry Miller's banned-in-America books (*Tropic of Cancer, Tropic of Capricorn*) on his list. Citing Putnam's *Lolita* and his own *Lady*, Rosset shrugs, "It's got to happen."



THE HUMORIST




Silverstein

FAR OUT FILMS

(continued from page 46)

Other experimentalists have used their cameras to create vivid, though weird, impressions of the world around us. Francis Thompson's *N.Y., N.Y.*, a top prize-winner at Venice last summer, condenses a day in New York into seventeen unforgettable minutes by using multi-image prisms and distorting lenses that do not destroy reality so much as give it back to us in new and delightful guises. In one of his prism shots, a man brushing his teeth in the morning is multiplied a hundredfold, producing a whole screenful of rhythmic brushings. In *Highway*, Hillary Harris cuts tricked-up shots of New York traffic to boogie-woogie and blues rhythms for novelty of another kind; while out in California Jordan Belson has set swift-moving, kaleidoscopic glimpses of mosaics, gardens, sidewalks and tapestries to a sound track of searing jazz.

Still another section of the avant-garde rejects reality altogether. These are the "art-for-art's-sakers" of this generation, concerned entirely with the exploration of various ways to produce abstract, animated designs (often in counterpoint to a musical score, either classical or jazz). For them, technique is everything. In their number are several recognized, serious artists who have been attracted to the medium by their love for form and color, and intrigued by the possibility of mobilizing these through the camera's bag of tricks. Carmen D'Avino, for example, builds exuberant patterns by adding dabs of paint to his semi-abstract designs, photographing each new dab with a stop-motion camera. When the film is run off, they seem to sprout and climb like a luxurious growth of multi-colored ivy gone mad in the hot sun. James Davis, who originally made his reputation as an artist in plastics, creates striking patterns of shifting color by photographing the reflections and refractions of light as it bounces off the variegated surfaces of his plastic forms.

Perhaps the best known and most inventive of the experimenters in this particular field, however, is Canada's Norman McLaren, a shy, humorous Scot who frequently paints or scratches his abstract designs directly onto clear 35mm film. Sometimes he even draws his own sound track as well, using brush or pen to produce different qualities of sound. Several of his little pictures — notably *Begone Dull Care*, with a lively accompaniment by the Oscar Peterson Trio, and the amusingly earnest *Neighbors* — have achieved a distinction all but unique among the art films: they have been exhibited by some of the more advanced art theatres in this country.

When created by men of taste and artistic sensitivity, such films can be truly stimulating, even exhilarating. They charm the eye with new color and spatial relationships. When music is added, two of the senses are gratified simultaneously, and the effect is *more* than twice as pleasing. In less delicate hands, however, these abstract films can quickly degenerate into rather tedious doodling that may amuse the artists, but has no business being inflicted on a paying customer. In a very special way, these too reveal the intense narcissism of today's innovators. Dedicated they may be to their art, but underlying all is their conviction that because they have chosen to play around with a camera, everyone must want to see the results. They admit quite readily that communication is not their purpose — but they want their lack of communication to be admired.

It has become fashionable among certain film historians to regard these so-called — and often self-styled — experimentalists as simply an extension or a repetition of the movement that sprang up in Europe during the Twenties. They point to similarities in techniques, content and approach. Some have even suggested that "*après-garde*" might be a far more suitable appellation. Actually, despite these superficial resemblances, there is a very real difference between the two movements. During the Twenties, recognized artists such as Dali, Marcel Duchamp, Fernand Léger, Man Ray and Moholy-Nagy briefly embraced the film medium as another area in which to explore their concepts of Dadaism, Surrealism and the other artistic -isms of the day. They made a film or two, then promptly moved back to their brushes, still cameras or chisels. Today's experimentalists are unabashedly claiming that film is an art form in its own right, and *the* form that gives them the utmost freedom for self-expression.

The catalyst of this postwar avant-garde was Maya Deren, a gifted young woman with flaring red hair, the face of a Botticelli virgin and a will of iron. Married then to Alexander Hammid, an expert documentary cameraman and director, she made with him three short film poems on 16mm, *Meshes in the Afternoon*, *At Land* and *Choreography for Camera*. Early in 1946 Miss Deren organized a showing of her pictures at New York's historic Provincetown Playhouse (seating capacity, 200), billing them intriguingly as *Three Abandoned Films*. When she arrived for the first screening, there was such a crowd milling about in the street that, as she later put it, "I felt sure the theatre must be on fire." This first triumphant showing developed into a series, and the series led to screenings and lectures at universities and museums around the country. Everywhere she went, in everything she wrote, she proselytized for the new form, for 16mm film as a medium of personal expression.

And because 16mm equipment is relatively inexpensive, because it can be handled by an individual without the necessity of studio-sized, union-scaled crews of cameramen, assistant cameramen, electricians, gaffers, prop men, hairdressers, and all the other crafts and skills required for standard 35mm production, a movement quickly sprang up in her wake. On the West Coast, in Los Angeles and San Francisco, informal groups came together to make, show and discuss experimental films. In New York early in 1947, and as a direct consequence of the Deren programs, Cinema 16 was formed. The nation's largest and most successful film society, it now numbers well over five thousand members and shows on a regular basis the pick of art pictures from all over the world. Because of this showcase, more young people became film makers. Similar, if smaller, organizations began to spring up elsewhere, particularly in those colleges and universities sponsoring film societies or film appreciation courses. By 1958, when the Brussels World's Fair held an International Experimental Film Festival competition, with cash prizes totaling $15,000 to spur the entries, the United States not only submitted the most films (over a hundred), but had the highest number of entries accepted from any single country (fifty) — and walked off with six of the eleven prizes.

The Brussels Experimental Film Festival did more than demonstrate the superiority of America's postwar movement, however. It emphasized that what has been happening in the United States is no purely local phenomenon. Entries came from France, England, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Argentina, Israel, Japan, Austria and, from behind the Iron Curtain, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Yugoslavia — more than four hundred films in all. (Russia, it was rumored, submitted ten documentaries as experimenals, all of which were rejected.) Even more surprising, a Polish film, *Dom*, took the top honors, while the Bronze Medal (third prize) went to another Polish experiment, *Two Men and a Wardrobe*. Commenting boldly on the social scene, they revealed an independence of spirit and vision as fresh as it was unexpected by western observers.

No less surprising, to the American contingent especially, was the extent to which production of this kind has obtained state support throughout Europe. The Polish films were completely financed by the government. In England, France, Germany and Italy, financing

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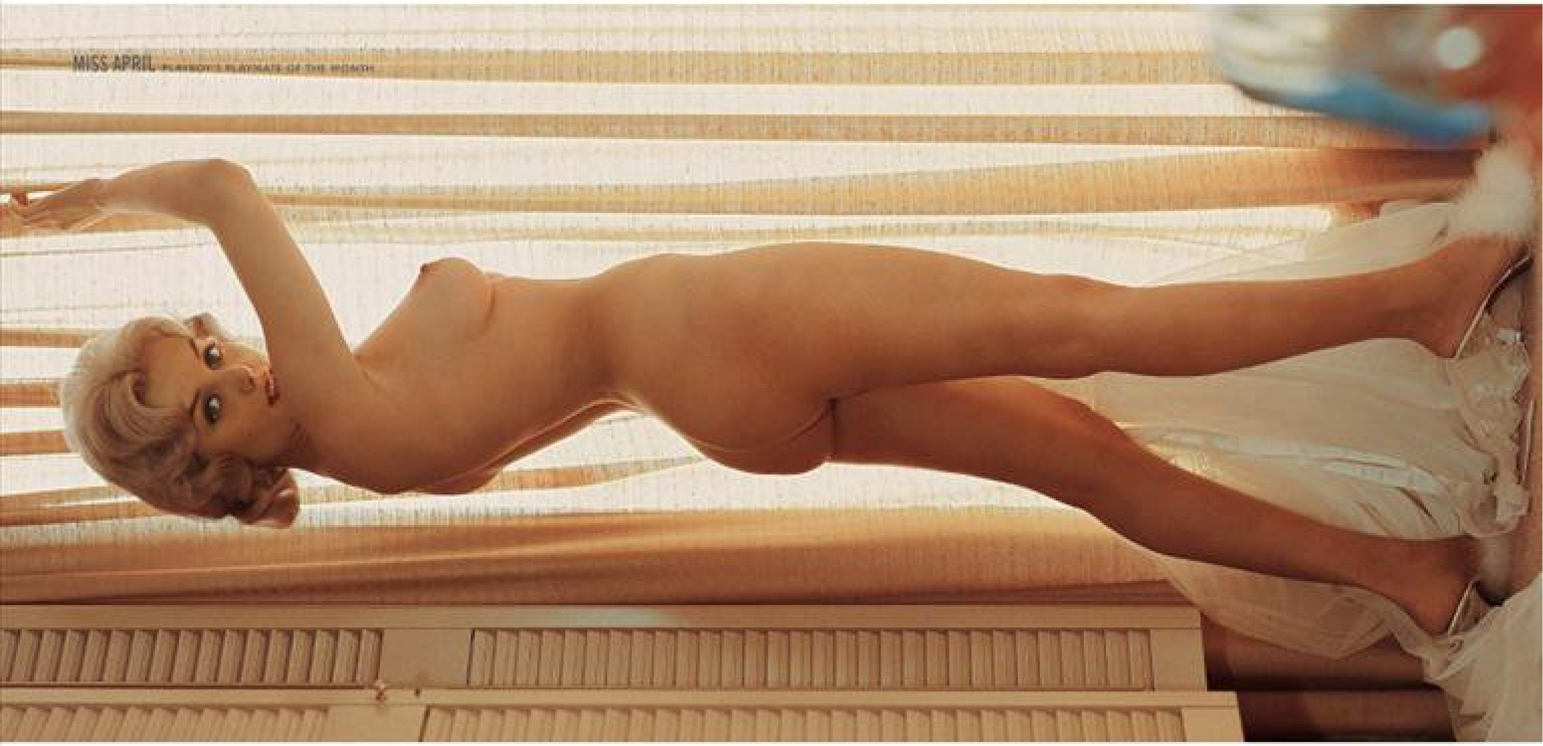
a pretty pittsburghian lightly turns our fancy

SPRING SONG

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI



MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

In happy pursuit of her hobby, antique collecting, lovely Linda Gamble is unaware that her modern beauty provides a pleasant contrast to the artifacts of the past.

NOBODY HAS WRITTEN A SONG about April in Pittsburgh and perhaps nobody ever will, but if one concentrates on inhabitants rather than euphony and poesy, one can find inspiration for an infinite number of notions almost anywhere, no matter what the season. This, of course, is precisely our *modus operandi* at PLAYBOY, as we engage in our happy search for the best in beauty. So it was not surprising when, in the musty confines of an antique shop, we came across an enticing example of young enchantment, Linda Gamble. Linda is an amateur antique collector who says her enthusiasm makes up for the fact that she's a beginner. In Pittsburgh she's a private secretary, and here and now she's our admirable Miss April.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When she found out that the handsome young millionaire was fond of hunting, Joyce told him she was game.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines:

anatomy as something that everybody has, but it looks better on a girl.

bore as a guy with a cocktail glass in one hand and your lapel in the other.

cooperation as an exchange between a man and a woman in which she coos while he operates.

good clean fun as a couple taking a bath together.

husband as an unfortunate who began by handing out a line and ended by walking it.

kiss as an application for a better position.

Madison Avenue executive as one who takes the padding out of his shoulders and puts it on his expense account.

slip cover as a maternity dress.

Almost as pitiable as the fellow who was tried and found wanting is the guy who wanted and was found trying.

Generally speaking, women are.

When Cleo's parents threatened to forbid her to see her boyfriend unless she told them why he'd been there so late the night before, she finally began to talk.

"Well," she said, "I took him into the loving room, and — "

"That's 'living,' dear," her mother interrupted.

Said the happy girl, "You're telling me!"

These days the necessities of life cost you about three times what they used to, and half the time you find they aren't even fit to drink.

A girl with a well-developed sense of fashion realizes that bare skin never clashes with anything she's wearing.

In the new jet planes, you know you're moving faster than sound when the stewardess slaps your face before you can get a word out.

History credits Adam and Eve with being the first bookkeepers, because they invented the loose-leaf system.

A man who looked like a high-powered business executive began to drop in at Milton's Bar regularly, and his order was always the same: two martinis. After several weeks of this, Milton asked him why he didn't order a double instead of always ordering two singles.

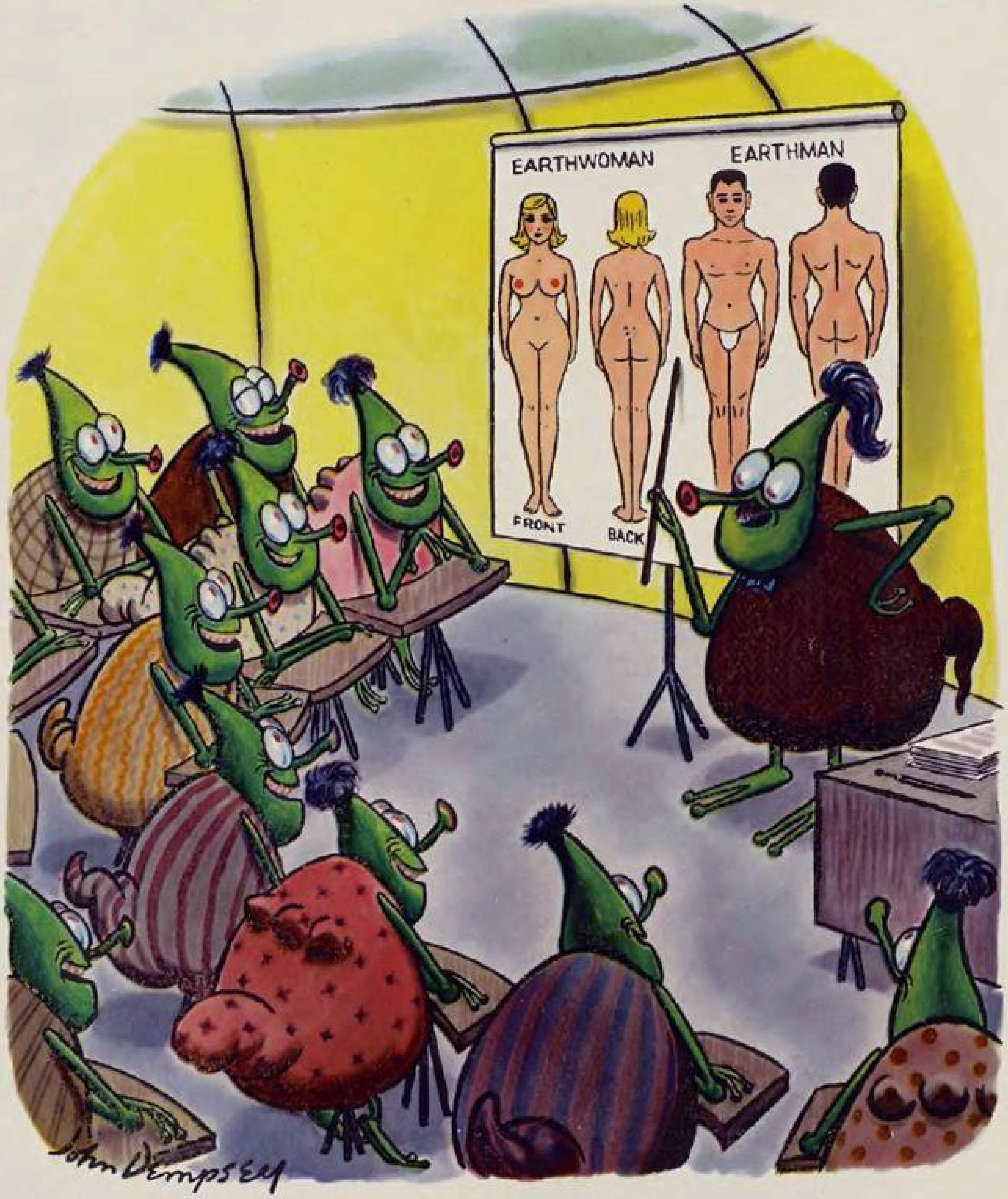
"It's a sentimental thing," the customer answered. "A very dear friend of mine died a few weeks ago, and before his death he asked that when I drink, I have one for him, too."

A week later, the customer came in and ordered only one martini.

"How about your dead buddy?" Milton asked. "Why only one martini today?"

"This is my buddy's drink," the man said as he gulped the martini down. "I'm on the wagon."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy $25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*



EARTHWOMAN
EARTHMAN
FRONT
BACK
John Dempsey

"All right, all right, class — now that we've had our little laugh . . ."

FAR OUT FILMS

(continued from page 50)

often comes from special taxes levied on commercial films, or from rebates from movie houses showing art shorts. In the United States, on the other hand, scraping together the money to make a picture is strictly a private affair. Apart from the Creative Film Foundation, an organization started by Maya Deren a few years ago to channel funds to deserving film makers, there is literally nowhere to turn.

As a result, America's would-be film makers either have to be reasonably well-heeled themselves or be prepared for a rather rough time of it. Some, in the tradition of the garret artists of another era, live literally hand to mouth, devoting every extra dollar to the purchase of precious raw stock and equipment. Their studios are the basement of an East Side tenement, or five flights up in a Village cold-water flat. They support themselves by writing, teaching or taking on commercial art assignments, or simply by doing whatever handyman work comes their way. Sympathetic friends supplement with invitations to dinner, a spare bedroom or loans that they never expect to see paid back.

Others, more blessed with worldly goods, can afford to approach film with something of the attitude of a Sunday painter. For them it is a part-time activity, an avocation. Valentine Sherry, whose *Coney Island, U.S.A.* has won prizes at Venice and Edinburgh, is a diamond merchant who mastered cinematography and editing to convey his own vivid, highly personal impression of New York's shopworn Lido. Francis Thompson, a successful documentary director and cameraman, spent almost ten years composing his kaleidoscopic *N.Y., N.Y.* Ian Hugo is the pseudonym of a New York banker; his *Bells of Atlantis*, set to the cool, silvery poetry of his wife, Anais Nin, captures in shifting, multilayered images the lure and mystery of that fabled city beneath the sea. Shirley Clarke, another Venice prize-winner, is the wife of a prosperous New York businessman (and sister of Elaine Dundy, author of *The Dud Avocado* and wife of drama critic Kenneth Tynan).

But for all of them, rich and poor alike, the problem remains the same. Although the cost of a 16mm experimental film may vary from a few hundred to a few thousand dollars (in contrast to the hundreds of thousands or even millions that it takes to produce a 35mm commercial feature), it is still a considerable drain when it all comes out of one private pocket. Amortization, the earning back of merely the negative costs on an experimental film, is inevitably a matter of years – if it comes about at all. And showing a profit is out of the question. Not surprisingly, therefore, many of the people most active in the establishment of the new avant-garde in the years just after the war are now conspicuously absent from the lists. Curtis Harrington, with possibly the finest camera eye of them all, has become an assistant to Jerry Wald at 20th Century-Fox. James Broughton, whose surrealist *Potted Psalm* and *Mother's Day* rivaled Maya Deren's pictures in the storms of controversy they aroused, now devotes himself to writing plays and poetry in San Francisco. Francis Lee, an abstract designer, draws television commercials. Sidney Peterson, Kenneth Anger, Ian Hugo, Gregory Markopoulos – all of these and more – have gone for years without producing any new works.

But if the hard facts of finance eventually dampen the enthusiasm of individual film makers, nevertheless the ranks of the avant-garde continue to grow. For some, there is the hope of recognition, the possibility that genius will be rewarded with a big fat contract either in Hollywood or with one of the television networks. For others, the sole concern is the opportunity that the medium affords to make a personal, independent, sincerely felt artistic statement on film, or to explore with their own sensibilities a form that is still fresh and new. And there are still others, it must be admitted, who are complete charlatans. They have discovered a field where shock, sensationalism, perversion and downright bad taste can masquerade successfully in the guise of art because audiences have not yet learned to differentiate the good from the bad, the real from the phony.

Charlatans have also invaded the field because they have discovered that an avant-garde label can be helpful in their love-life, whatever form it may take. Their work becomes a means to an end, and that end is not necessarily celluloidal. Perhaps they have seen a number of experimental movies at film society showings, movies in which undressing or being undressed play an important part. It all looks so simple! Before long they have convinced themselves that they too can be art film makers. After all, what do you need beyond a 16mm camera, a few lights, an available apartment and a willing girl (or boy)? It's such a good approach, too. An invitation to star in an avant-garde movie is so much more impressive than an offer to enjoy etchings.

Fortunately, few of the films made under such inspiration ever reach the screen. Few of them, in fact, ever get beyond the crucial scene that was their original *raison d'être*. For making a movie – any kind of movie – is hard work; and when coupled with the chronic lack of funds that seems to beset most young experimental film makers, it can become doubly frustrating. Discipline is required – discipline, and a sense of dedication.

Because there is rarely enough money to cover anything more than the cost of film stock – and not always enough for that – the actors in avant-garde films are frequently personal friends of the director, or friends of friends. Often they are actors or dancers who are temporarily "at liberty." (What true actor could resist the opportunity to appear in a movie, even though it be for free?) If the film maker is relatively solvent, he may provide for them a light collation of sandwiches, coffee and beer; more often, however, the performers must fend for themselves. And because money is scarce, these productions are generally made with fantastic economy. In Hollywood, the studios think nothing of shooting ten, twenty, even fifty times the footage they need to make a picture. Most avant-gardists consider it an extravagance to shoot more than three-to-one, and often squeak by on two-to-one or less.

The experimental film maker with any experience at all soon comes to rely upon improvisation and the "happy accident" to guide the development of his pictures. Indeed, the very nature of these films makes a detailed shooting script out of the question. Too much depends on the inspiration of the moment, or on the physical resources at hand. Often a prop, a setting, or an unforeseen disaster will dictate the handling of an entire sequence. In one of Maya Deren's films, *At Land*, a nightmarish episode involves Miss Deren crawling the length of a sumptuous banquet table under the very noses of the startled guests. To stage it, she persuaded a friend of hers, a long-time resident at one of New York's fashionably faded hotels, to coax the management into letting her shoot in one of their large, private dining rooms. The manager agreed, the date was set, and at the appointed hour Miss Deren moved in with camera, lights and two dozen "guests." She outlined the action, rehearsed her cast, then set up for the first shot. And blew all the fuses. The hotel's antique wiring just could not take the load necessary to light the scene properly. Undaunted, Miss Deren dispatched her cast in all directions to buy up all the fuses they could find. With a stop watch she timed how long it took for a fuse to burn through. Then, rearranging the sequence in her head, she went on to shoot the scene – in thirty-second snatches. Incredibly enough, through adroit intercutting the scene plays as smoothly as if it had been planned that way from the start.

(concluded on page 85)

NOBODY OWES ANY PUBLIC DUTY to pay more than the law demands; taxes are enforced exactions, not voluntary contributions. To demand more in the name of morals is mere cant." Thus spake Judge Learned Hand in one of his learned decisions, and PLAYBOY heartily endorses his words. Feeling partial to the salaried male, we offer here some pointed pointers on how he may go along with the dictum of the good Judge Hand, legitimately but meaningfully cutting down on his yearly yield to the feds.

For the unattached salaried male, Transportation and Entertainment (T & E) constitute the most fertile field for tax trimming – but this is also the area wherein the revenue agents seek, and find, the most flagrant cheating. Until 1958, expense accounters were required to report all T & E reimbursements as income. They were then to deduct their expenses against such income. Not so any more. Under the new rules, if your expenses and reimbursements are equal – and if you account to your employer for these expenses – you don't have to report them at all on your tax return. This is a highly desirable procedure since it enables you to file a clean return, that is, one with no unusual deductions to arouse suspicion and invite the eagle eyes of the auditors. Sadly, this is seldom the case: most salaried employees seem to incur expenses in excess of the reimbursements received from their employers. It's the nature of the beast. If this is your situation, you will have to report your total reimbursement as income – as you did in days of yore – and list all of your expenses on your return. And you must be able to submit evidence of such deductions if your return is examined, to prove these expenses were a required part of your job.

But there is a legal way around this. Let's assume that your employment requires you to incur expenses for which you are not reimbursed. (It is practically impossible to list every phone call, taxi trip, luncheon, cocktail, hat-check tip, etc., paid out during the course of business – yet these are legitimate expenses, and deductible.) Your employer can aid you with your expense reporting by adjusting your salary downward and supplementing it with an expense allowance equal to the salary adjustment. You then account to him for these additional expenses, but he probably won't insist on an extremely accurate accounting, since your total take has not increased and the money is in a sense coming from your own salary anyway. With this happy arrangement, you can avoid the sometimes sticky job of supporting your deductions, since neither reimbursements nor offsetting expenses need be reported on your tax return. You'll also increase your weekly take-home pay immediately by this arrangement, since no payroll taxes will be withheld from your expense allowance. It works like so: say you draw a salary of $15,000 a year and incur $3000 worth of business expenses for which your boss reimburses you and $3000 worth of business expenses for which he *doesn't* reimburse you. Ask him to lower your salary to $12,000 a year, with an allowance of $6000 for business expenses. (He loses nothing, since his total outlay is still $18,000.) Then you furnish him with chits for your $6000 in expenses and report a taxable salary of only $12,000, your $6000 expenses having been offset by $6000 in reimbursements so that neither item – according to the new law – need be reported.

But if for some reason your employer refuses to go along with this, and you still have to deduct business expenses that have not been reimbursed, there are still ways to reduce Uncle's tax bite.

article BY JULIAN WEINER
TAX VOBISCUM

tips on shaving your income taxes without getting nicked

As long as you can show business justification, practically every conceivable type of entertainment is deductible. The usual entertainment deductions include tickets to the theatre, sporting events, cost of meals, drinks and club dues. You can deduct your costs of entertainment at home as well as at a club or similar place. But if you entertain at home be sure to keep detailed records on what you spend and on whom you spend it, and above all be prepared to prove you entertained for business, not for pleasure.

In the past you could deduct all your entertainment expenses – including the amount you spent on yourself. Now you'll find that revenue agents will try to disallow the cost of your own entertainment on the grounds that it's a personal expense, since you would have spent the money anyway. For example, if you took two customers to lunch and picked up an $18 tab, the agent might disallow one third of that expense, or $6, as the amount covering your luncheon cost. However, you can counter this line of attack by claiming you spent more than you customarily would on yourself because you were out with clients. In this case, you could deduct the amount in excess of what you would normally spend.

Tax agents may also try to disallow the cost of your own tickets when you entertain for business purposes at theatres, sporting events and the like. In such cases you may retain the deduction for your own ticket costs by showing that you don't usually go in for such entertainment.

Travel expense isn't as vulnerable to Treasury attack as entertainment. But true to form, the Treasury frowns on mixing business with pleasure (e.g., attending conventions or trade meetings that happen to be held in resort areas at the height of the season). You are allowed the travel expense deduction only if you can show the trip was primarily for business, not pleasure. So if you plan to attend a business convention in Hawaii lasting one week, don't spend another three weeks vacationing there – unless you have probe-proof evidence that the first week was strictly biz – or you'll find that the entire trip may be considered a pleasure jaunt. Your business-travel deductions can cover expenses for transportation, telephone, telegraph, tips, samples and display material, hotel rooms and, of course, stenographic services. You can also deduct your meal costs if you are away from home overnight. And you can take your secretary along and deduct her expenses, provided *you* pay for them and she performs essential services – businesswise.

Uncle Sam will absorb a portion of your auto expense, too, if your job requires the use of a car. You can deduct the depreciation of the car, insurance, gas, repairs, parking, car washes and all other required outlays. Depreciation will generally be your greatest auto expense deduction. You're ordinarily allowed to write off the purchase price of the car – less its salvage value – over a four-year period. For example, if you paid $4400 for the car, your annual depreciation, on a straight-line method, would be $1000, assuming a salvage value of $400. But you can speed up your depreciation deduction when you buy a new car and take advantage of an accelerated method of calculating depreciation: such as the 200% declining balance. Under this fast write-off, using a four-year life for the car, you can deduct 50% of the cost, or $2200, in the first year. In the second year you can deduct 50% of the remaining balance ($2200), or $1100. In effect, under the fast write-off method, your depreciation rate is double that of the straight-line method. Thus, by taking a higher depreciation deduction in the first year of car ownership, you get an assist from Uncle Sam in financing your car through tax savings. Because this write-off rate is applied to the undepreciated cost of the car each year (instead of the original cost), if you regularly buy a new car every three years, you may legitimately use a three-year life in calculating depreciation on your car. Under the fast write-off method this would result in a depreciation rate of 66⅔%. Based on an auto cost of $4400, the first year's depreciation deduction would be about $2900 as compared to $2200 on the basis of a four-year life. The salvage value would also be higher, and this would cut your saving a little.

It is a known and sad fact that *homo sapiens non domesticus* (bachelors) cannot qualify for many tax reducers open to their married brethren – no joint return, no deductions for dependent wives, no trust funds for kiddies, etc. But there are several methods by which the bachelor can garner some of the benefits available to married folk, and a little bit more. If the single fellow purchases a cooperative apartment, for instance, he can claim the real-estate tax and mortgage interest deductions available to homeowners. If he pays more than half the cost of maintaining a household for his parents, he can figure his tax from a special rate schedule which gives him many of the advantages that a married couple gets from a joint return. (Incidentally, if he contributes toward his parents' support – even though his father still works – he should apply his contribution to his mother, so that he can claim her as a dependent.) Even if he has an illegitimate child somewhere, he still has a legitimate tax deduction if he contributes to more than half of the child's support.

There is even a way that the bachelor can write off the costs of dating, by employing a so-called "short-term" trust. Say you figure you've been spending roughly $4000 a year squiring a certain young lady around town. If you wish, you can transfer some real-estate holdings – which give you an annual income equal to your dating outlay – into a short-term trust, in the name of the lady. (She receives only the *income* from this trust, not the assets, which revert to you on the termination of the trust.) Under this arrangement, the $4000 income is no longer taxed to you, and this means an annual saving of $2000, if you are in the 50% tax bracket (single people reach the 50% bracket when taxable income tops $16,000). This type of trust can also be used to transfer income to parents you may be supporting.

Estate planning is another legitimate means of reducing taxes. This usually involves arrangements whereby an individual gives away part of his estate during his lifetime to reduce his estate and hence estate taxes payable at his death. But younger guys can take advantage of a form of estate planning that works on the reverse principle. Here an individual gives away assets to an older person who he believes will predecease him, but who will bequeath these assets back to him.

To understand how these tax savings operate, it's important to know that the "tax basis" for assets owned at one's death is their fair market at the time of death – not at the time of purchase. A tax basis is the figure subtracted from the selling price of an asset that determines whether a taxable profit has been made. For instance, if someone buys stock for $10,000 and it goes up to $30,000 before his death, he pays no taxes on the paper profits. He only pays taxes if he sells it. If he sells it, his tax basis is $10,000 – the price he paid for it – and he must pay capital gains taxes on his $20,000 profit. But if he dies and you inherit this stock and sell it for $30,000, you pay no taxes because in an inheritance the tax basis is the fair market value at the time of death, or $30,000. Subtracting the $30,000 tax basis from the $30,000 selling price gives a taxable profit of zero.

Planning with this principle in mind, let's suppose you own stock which originally cost $10,000 but which has increased in value to $30,000. You've paid no taxes on your paper profit, but will have to pay taxes if you sell the stock. Instead, you decide to give the stock to an elderly aunt with the *tacit* understanding that she'll will it to you on her death. (This agreement must not be in written or contractual form, or the government may get you for tax fraud. If you merely have a tacit understanding, you should be able to get by with no trouble from the government.) You pay no gift tax on the stock, since you are entitled to give $30,000 of tax-free gifts in a lifetime. And, meanwhile, your aunt will be reaping the stock dividends. She wills the stock to you. If her estate is below $60,000, there is no inheritance tax to be paid. Since you've *inherited* the stock, the tax basis is now $30,000. You've saved yourself several thousand dollars in taxes, since – if you hadn't made such an agreement – the stock would still have a tax basis of $10,000 (your purchase price), and when you sold it for $30,000 you would have had to pay a capital gains tax on your $20,000 profit. Depending on your income bracket, such a tax could run up to $5000.

• • •

Long-term capital gain provides the most desirable form of taxable income in terms of enabling you to reduce your taxes. If your regular income is subject to a tax of 50% or under, then only *half*

(continued on page 62)

attire **By BLAKE RUTHERFORD**

Left row, top to bottom: zipper-front jacket is 55% Kodel-45% Topel. Checked golf slacks are 75% Dacron-25% cotton. All Acrilan worsted socks. Center row, top to bottom: 100% Zefran plaid jacket. Bondyne sand-color walking shorts. Gold shorts are 50% Vycron-50% cotton. Right row, top to bottom: green shirt is 50% Corval-50% Orlon. Mustard-color shirt is 60% Arnel-40% cotton. T-shirt is all Cotron.

TEST TUBE TOGGERY

an amazing yarn: new man-made fabrics for the jet age

AS CONTEMPORARY AND COMMODIOUS as first-class jet service, synthetic fabrics are flying high in the Sixties' fashion sky. Once touted as naught but wash-'n'-wear, synthetics now stand firmly on their own, boast a host of special properties which make them first-run fashion favorites. Sure, you can still play rub-a-dub-dub with your synthetic duds, but most guys aren't going to run for the washer at the end of the day. The same qualities that make for easy washability are far more important in other ways: synthetics generally won't stretch or shrink; they hold their press longer, and resist rain and wrinkles; moths have little appetite for the man-made molecules; socks of man-made fibers require no special drying devices; synthetics hold color smartly, surrender it to neither soap nor sun; and stains give up quickly to a damp cloth. All of which makes the synthetic fiber story quite an amazing yarn.

TAX VOBISCUM

(continued from page 60)

your long-term capital gain will have to be reported to the government. Should your regular income hit a tax bracket greater than 50%, then the tax payable on your long-term capital gain would be only 25%.

There are a number of conditions that must be satisfied before you can take advantage of the tax law on long-term capital gains. Capital gain income is only claimable in situations involving the sale of capital assets. Examples of such capital assets are securities and real estate. You must hold the capital asset for at least six months in order for the profit on the sale to qualify as long-term capital gain. If the asset is held under six months, any profit on the sale must be treated as a short-term capital gain, *taxable at the same rate as your salary.*

The sale must also be one that is *not* in your professional line of work. Auto salesmen may not claim the profit they make on auto sales as long-term capital gain. But the private individual who sells his car can. Stamp-shop owners can't call their profits capital gains, but philatelists who decide to part with their collections can put such earnings down as capital gains.

If you don't require investment income for current needs, you can save taxes by investing in stocks that yield stock dividends (e.g., International Business Machines) which are not usually taxable, instead of cash dividends that are taxable in the same way as regular income. Any profit on the sale of such stock dividends, if sold over six months from the time the stock was purchased, would be taxed as a long-term capital gain. By investing in stock-dividend-paying stocks, your investment income is taxed as capital gains instead of ordinary income, which can result in large tax savings.

Certain kinds of real estate offer another route to high-depreciation deductions—and hence tax savings. An investment in real estate, if sound, will generally yield a spendable return of 10% or over on cash investment. (Spendable return is the excess of rental income over mortgage payments, real-estate taxes, and all other costs of operating the property.) While receiving a satisfactory profit on your investment you may legitimately report a substantial loss. Generally, an investment in new furnished apartments permits use of fast write-off depreciation methods that produce maximum depreciation deductions, and hence lower taxes. The government figures four years as the life of furniture in a furnished apartment. The property can be sold several years after purchase, after the heaviest depreciation write-offs have been taken. The profit on the sale is reported as long-term capital gain. If you don't have enough of your own funds, you might form a real-estate investment club to make such investments on a partnership basis, or you may join a club already operating.

For those who might be interested in the tax savings of furnished apartments, but not in the problems of management, there are firms that have undertaken to build ideal tax-saving properties for investors. They will lease the entire property from the investor at a fixed rental which will cover the mortgage, real-estate taxes and other required payments. This arrangement will also produce the tax loss through depreciation, which you may then apply against your reportable income. In addition, they will contract to buy this property from you after four years at a price that will give you a good return on your investment. Some of them even guarantee their commitments by an insurance bond or equivalent collateral, making this a safe and saving way to receive a guaranteed return on your investment on a low-tax capital gain basis, and at the same time reduce your current taxable income.

You can deduct up to 20% of your adjusted gross income for donations to any type of charitable organization. And you can deduct up to an additional 10% of adjusted gross income for gifts to either religious associations, tax-exempt educational organizations, or tax-exempt hospitals. (Your adjusted gross income is the total income shown at the bottom of the first page of your income tax return.)

Everyone knows that a $1000 cash gift to an institution is deductible, but *not* everyone knows that you can satisfy an urge for philanthropy and still make a profit at the same time. Here's how one chap did it. As a grateful alumnus, he gave $1000 annually to his alma mater. At first these contributions were made in cash. Later, however, he donated stock worth about $1000 each year, and often the tax saved on the contribution deduction was greater than what he would have kept after taxes had he sold the stock and retained the proceeds. You can't expect to make a profit on all your contributions of this sort, but you can reduce the after-tax cost of your contribution by making it in stock or other property that has increased in value since purchase—instead of in cash.

If you're able to purchase something—usually an antique, painting or other *objet d'art*—at below its appraised cost, you can donate it to a charitable institution and claim its appraised value as the amount of your donation.

On a $15,000 Ming vase purchased for $5000 and donated to a museum, you can figure the full $15,000 as your deduction. (The appraised value of the gift is all that legally matters to the Treasury agent. Your purchase price need not even be mentioned.) Similarly, if you purchase a painting for $5000 and it increases in value over the years to $20,000, you'll have to pay a capital gains tax if you sell it, but you can claim the full $20,000 if you donate it.

Even life insurance may offer an avenue of tax saving. There is a form of insurance called "special whole life policy" coverage. The insurance companies offering this type of coverage work out a payment schedule which in effect reflects loans against the policy's cash surrender value so as to provide maximum coverage at minimum cost. The premiums are less than one fourth of those on regular life policies. The payments do increase slightly each year, but under this form of insurance, a major portion of your payments actually represents interest expense and can be deducted as such. On the other hand, no deduction can be taken for premium payments on an ordinary form of life insurance. Incidentally, if you now carry a life insurance policy on which you receive dividends, don't report these dividends as income. Such dividends are merely considered to be a reduction of your premium payments.

If you expect your income to be exceptionally higher this year and to place you in a higher tax bracket, you might consider prepaying interest on any loans you have in order to build up your deductions this year to offset the higher income. The Treasury recently ruled that five years' interest paid in advance may be deducted in the year it is paid.

Bunching deductions in one year by prepayment can also apply to your taxes. For example, state income tax (if you're stuck in a state that has one) is normally payable early the following year, but may be paid by December 31 of the year for which the return is filed. The same practice may be applied to your property taxes. If you later hit an inordinately low income year, you can let your prepayed taxes and interest catch up, since the deductions allowed for these in a low bracket year won't amount to much. Then, when another high-income year comes along, you can double up and prepay a year of local taxes and several years of interest.

Other basic deductible taxes are sales and gasoline taxes and your motor vehicle license—although these can't be prepaid. Nor can the prepayment method be used for medical expenses. You must have already incurred the medical expense for the payment to be deductible. But in figuring your medical expense, you can also include the travel costs in going to and from a doctor's

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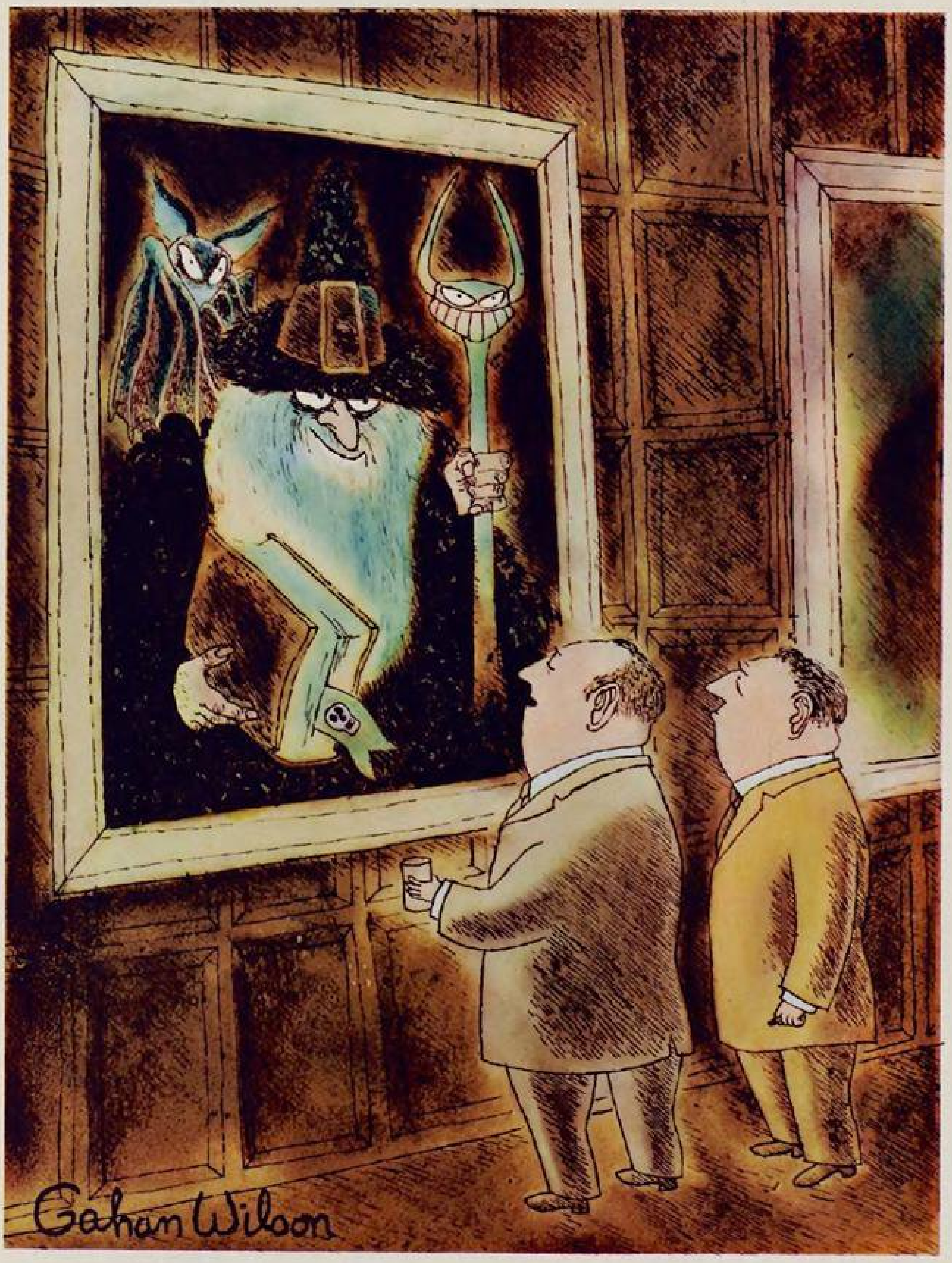
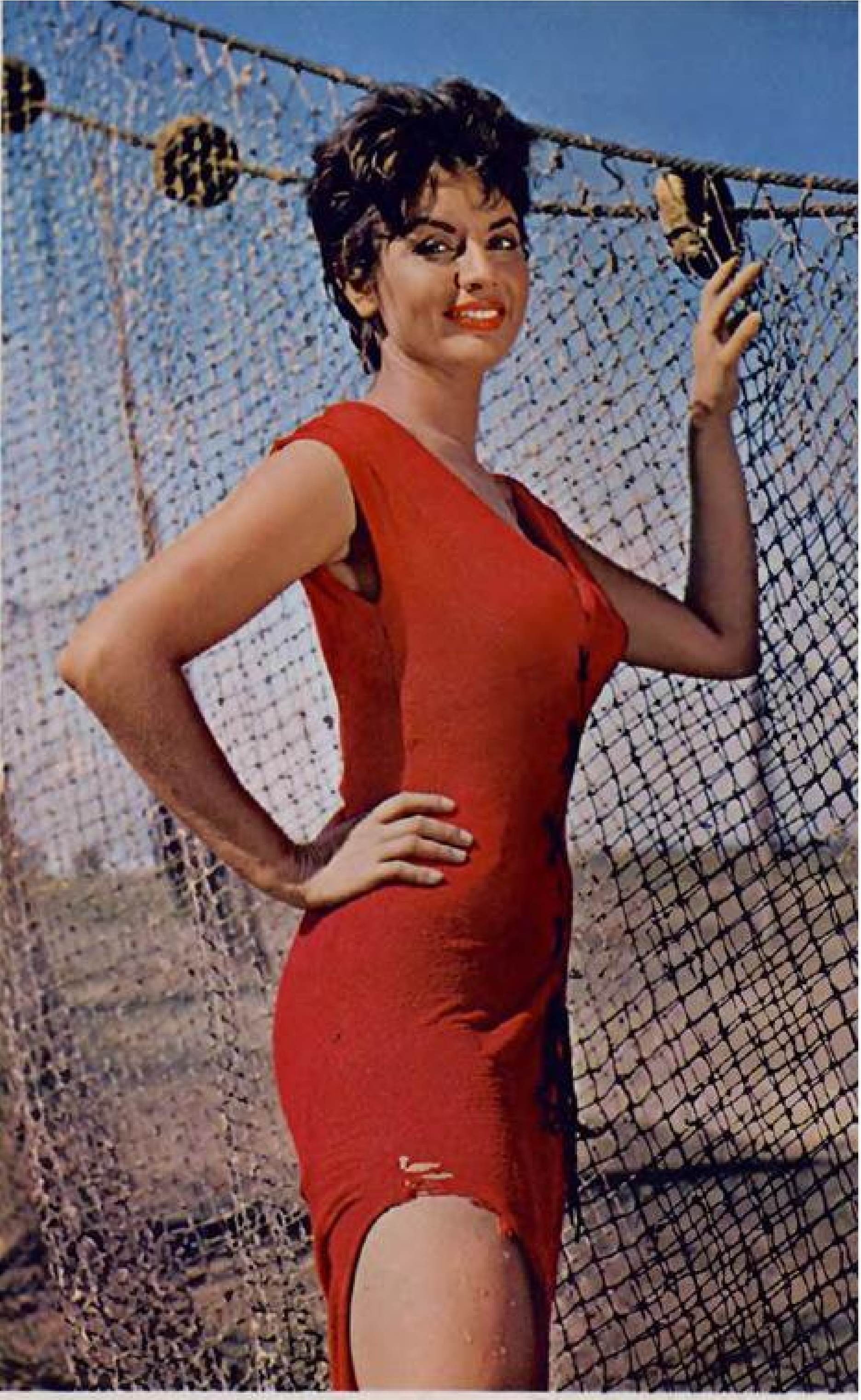


"My great-great-grandfather was forced to flee Europe because of religious persecution."

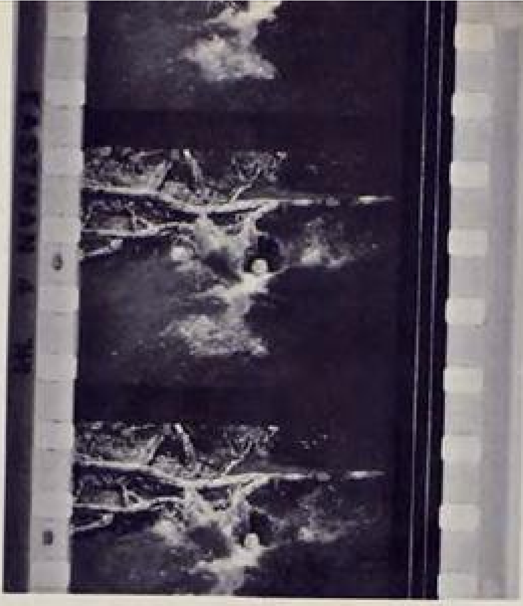
from argentina,
a new challenger for
less-dressed honors

THE WILD BELLE OF THE PAMPAS

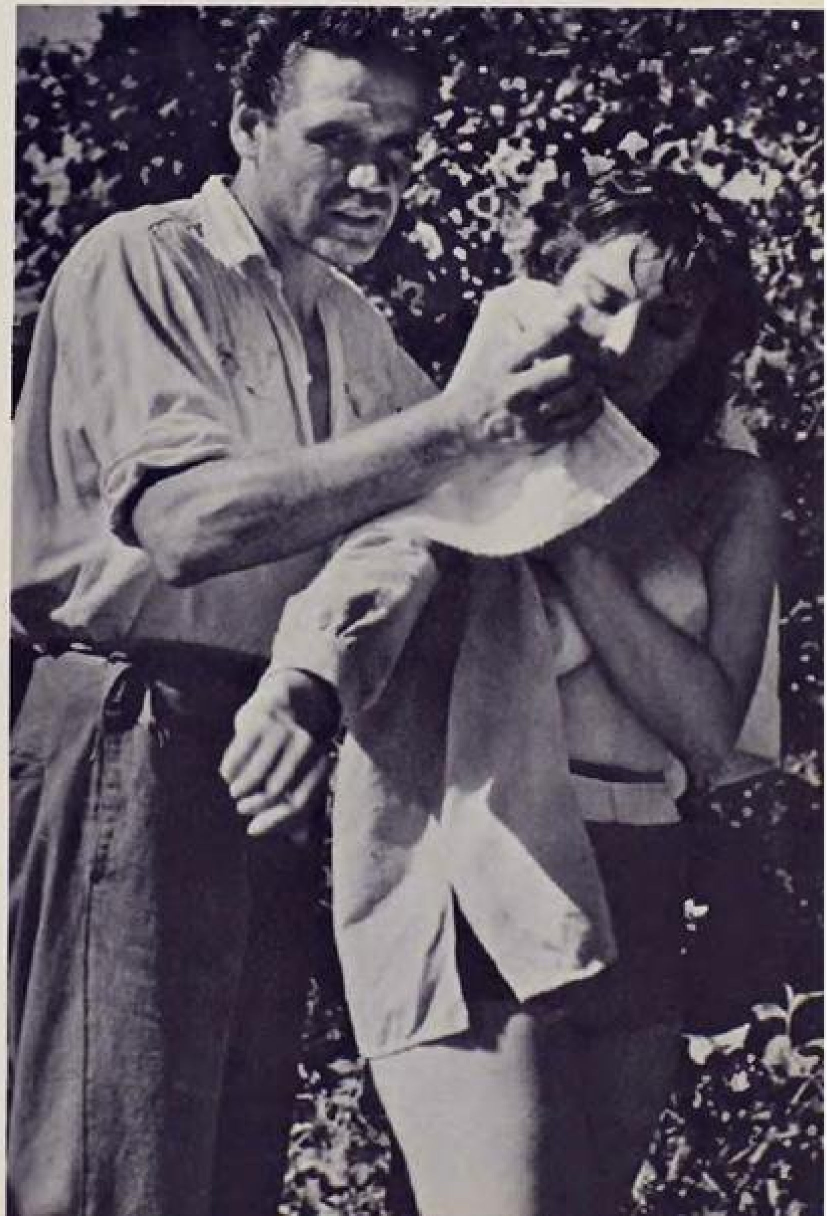


Above: scenes from Sabaleros (*The Shad Fishermen*), Isabel Sarlis' second movie, show the Argentinian film star netting a catch (left) and displaying in silhouette against the net (right) some of the bait that helped her capture first prize in the Miss Argentina beauty contest.

MOST AMERICANS COULD, if pressed, tell you that they've got an awful lot of coffee in Brazil, but few can remember Argentina's claims to fame. This is a condition that should change immediately, the reason for the change being a comely catalyst named Isabel Sarlis. B.I. (Before Isabel), Argentina's film fare was a drab collection of fulsome footage – then, single-handedly, she sparked it into best-selling life. Her method is strongly reminiscent of Brigitte Bardot's: in each of her first three films, little, if any, of the splendid Sarlis structure is left to the imagination. Ardent Argentines have responded by queueing up quickly at any theatre showing her movies, and we can readily see why. To the avid applause of her canny countrymen, we add our most enthusiastic *¡Ole!*



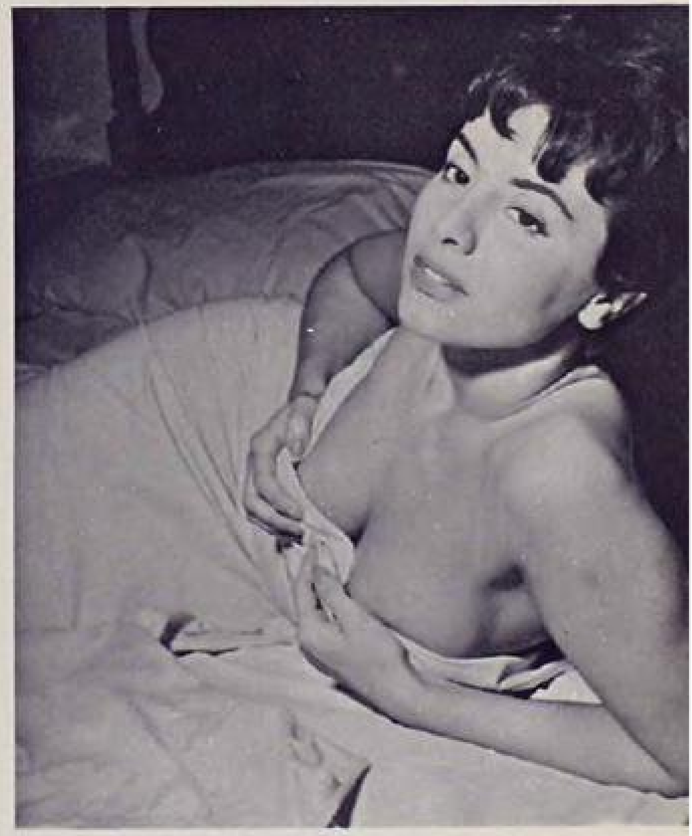
Below: director Armando Bo offers Isobel a helping hand. Isobel's discoverer and mentor, Bo is the Argentine's thin answer to Orson Welles. For the film *Sabaleros* he was producer, director, author and star. He is best known, however, as the fellow who first encouraged Isobel to emote in the altogether.



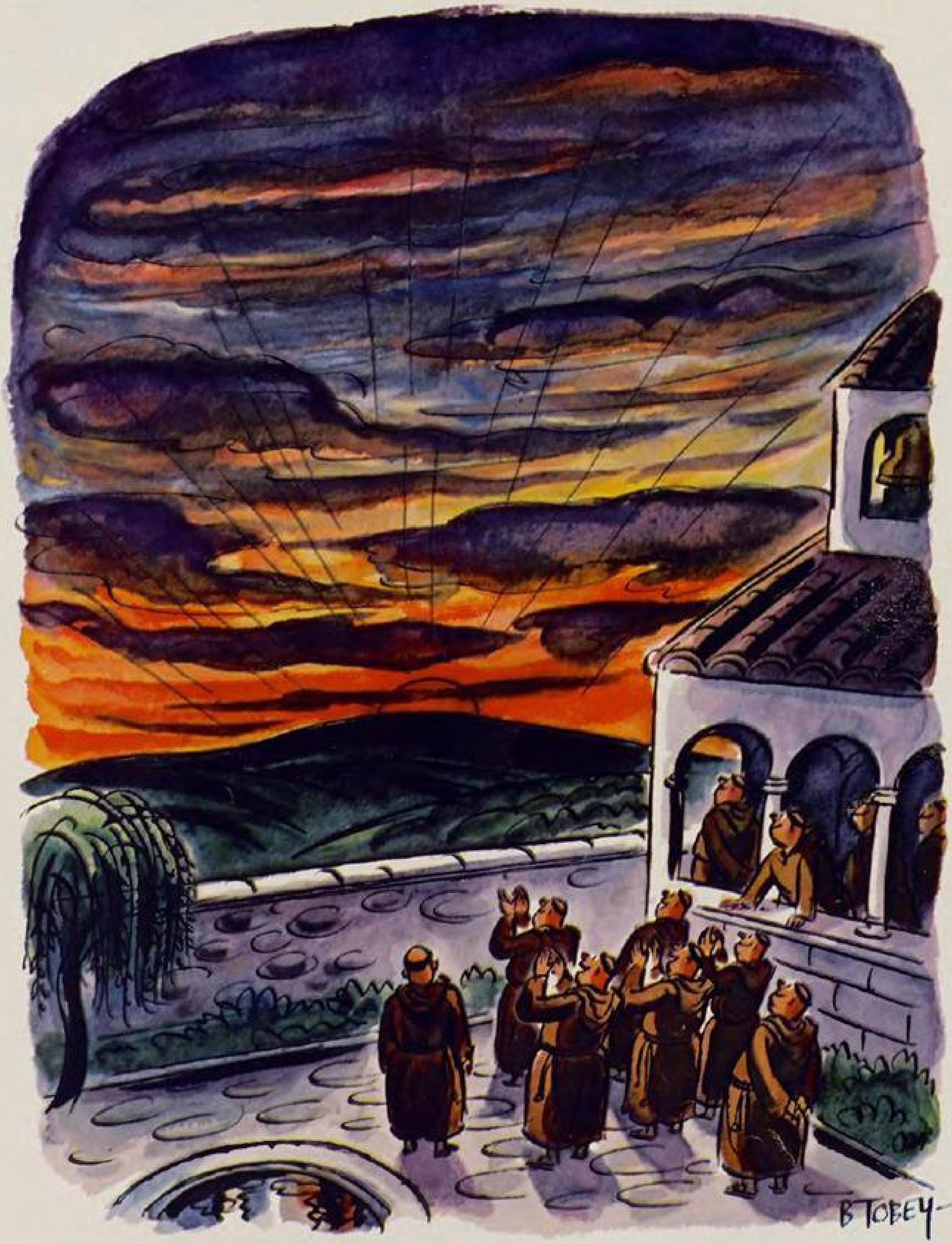
Movie audiences have discovered that a dip in the nude can be tremendously refreshing. Above and below: bathing sequences in Isobel's first movie, *The Thunder Among the Leaves*, made the film an instantaneous box-office smash and Isobel a star. In pointed contrast to the Bardot school of scenery, it is interesting to note that there is virtually nothing childish about Isobel's charms.

F A L S
AGFACOLOR L NEG 3

Above: the Sarlis svelteness bids fair to be the best-bathed body in cinematic history. The film cuttage small by a waterfall is from *India*, Isabel's third movie, and, by coincidence, the third in which she's dunked her form divine.



Far left and left: in *India*, plucky Isabel covered her comeliness with little more than feathers, yet managed to stay unruffled. Above: Isabel's neighborly display of pretty pelt, as when she emerges from a sheet, may become one of the most popular features of the Good Neighbor Policy.



"*Author! Author!*"

THE FUN-EST TIME HE EVER HAD

what joey
did to the
competition
was a
nawful
shame

humor **By A. C. SPECTORSKY**

THE OTHER DAY a new office boy brought me my mail. He was a clean-cut lad and impeccably dressed. His manner was neither obsequious nor too forward as his eyes traveled over my office, assaying the quarters he expected to take over from me within a matter of months, and his answers to my words of greeting and inquiries concerning his background (B.A. in journalism; yes, this was his first job) were models of grammar, rhetoric and diction. When I was alone again, an odd thing happened: memory tugged at my mind, a memory stimulated by the total oppositeness of it to this youth who had evoked it. The image was of Joey Moscow, an office boy of years gone by and in another city. Joey — gangling, wild, eager and largely self-educated. Joey — a lad whose constant abuse of the language was so compellingly evocative, so naturally artistic, that it made the work of expert but conventional writers seem mundane and drab.

Consider the pungent precision of his comment on a salesman who'd returned somewhat loaded from a wet lunch and caused a disturbance in the reception room. "He was drunken disorderly," said Joey — immediately creating a mental picture of the kind of disorderliness the man had displayed. Or his comment on a mild-mannered clerk's puny outburst of temper: "He was rabbit with rage."

Sometimes Joey would beguile me and dispel late-afternoon doldrums with an account of one of his numerous picaresque adventures. Disjointed and improbable though they sounded, the vividness of his unintended Joyce-isms gave the stories a kind of surreal splendor. One such went like this:

"I get home last night and find a telephone message another roomer left for me. So, he writes cockeyed, you know! I couldn't unscrabble the code, morse the pity. But I had an idea it was from this girl, Elnor, a real tall blonde, her built reminds you of that Venus the mile-o. So I'm in competition for her flavors with this rich guy, but she digs me more. He's a nasty type, tiny eyes and shakes hands like a limp fish, but Elnor likes to go out and he's the high bitter so he gets the dates. Usually, the next day, Elnor is sorry and calls me. Like last night, from a phone booth? So I thought to hell with her, I was mad I couldn't read the message, and I called another doll, a young, *zahftig* type, a kind of Earthy Kit — what a titbit! I figure I'll take her to this Napoleontin restaurant — they serve Italian food? — where maybe I'll see Elnor and this guy in his Ivy Lee clothes, and make her jealous.

"It was a lousy meal, even the dessert. I took one taste and wanted to spit it out — spewmoni ice cream. But then Elnor came in with the rich guy and they sit near us but pretend not to see us. He must have caught a piece of foreign madder in his eye — it was red? He tried to ignore it and kept sweet-talking her but she couldn't seem to stop looking at it, you know, because by and by he got this uncontrollable winch in his left eyelet. I couldn't keep from looking at it, either. I tried to look at the doll, I tried to look at other people, but I couldn't keep a strayed face so I gave up. I had a laugh.

"Finally, he excuses himself to the men's and comes back with the eye fixed and then he turns on the old sugar-daddy charm, like some older types can do it? He warms up to the job with this trite and true line, but the hotter he tries, the father he gets from his goal.

"By now my chick is getting restless, but I don't want to leave because I don't want this guy to have the feel to himself. So I send the waiter over to invite them to have a brandy with us at the bar, figuring they can't say no. They join us there and I manage it the girls sit together and him and me on each site, but me next to Elnor. She's talking funny, like those college girls — coettes? But I just keep quiet, I'm listening to this guy giving my doll a line. First he tells her about a best seller he's reading. 'Very mechanical writing,' he says, and I gleam the idea he's talking about that Pulitzer prize winner, Robot-Pen Warren. Then he starts implanting he's rich. To hear him, his house is a mansion — it has so many rooms you have to have a rote map in your mind to find your way around.

"Soon the brandy is doing me good; I feel a warning glow — this guy is going to make it with my date. I know he is trying for sure when he calls the bartender after a couple more rungs of drinks and wants to roll the dice who should pay — him or the house. I told him it was my treat, but he looks at me like I'm a homeless kid and waifs me away, he says it's just for sport. So the bartender wins and the old geezer gives him a sore-buck as if it was nothing. Then he says it's getting late, my date lives out his way and Elnor lives near me and tomorrow's a working day, why don't we split up and save time by each of us takes the other guy's date home? Elnor's now talking like herself, the doll's now talking like a coette, and when the old guy says this both girls couldn't be happier. That rang the bell — I was tinkled pink.

"You know what? This morning, when I got up and went home to shave for work, I laughed all the way. Man, that was the fun-est time I ever had."

Joey Moscow: poet, word magician, *picaro* and ladies' man. When he was fired I was genuinely sorry to see him go, and not merely because it seemed unfair to me. What happened was that the president of the company decided Joey was too much of a wiseguy and that he had a negative, sneeringly-knowing attitude toward organizational conformism. Perhaps so, but when I think back on Joey I can almost hear him saying, "You know what? I think I was more sinned against than cynic."

BARGAIN

(continued from page 40)

I was uncomfortable, and then it occurred to me that I had never before seen a sandbox in Europe — I was looking at an oddity. The sand was damp; the box was a simple affair, nailed together, and had a familiar, American look to it.

"*Wo ist dein Mut*—" I began a question, and then paused. From somewhere behind the house came a sound of hammering, rhythmical and slow.

It was not a sound I was used to hearing in Europe; I was vaguely alarmed. The children were watching me, their mouths open — not afraid, but ready for something unpleasant. I hurried away, along the side of the house, and heard their whispering behind me. I reached the corner of the house, and turned it, and there was Willy, on a ladder, hammering at a plank which he was holding up over a window. He looked down: he had nails between his teeth. He bobbed his head in greeting, and then took the nails out of his mouth.

"I'm patching up this old window," he said.

"I see you are," I answered.

"The glass is busted out, and I couldn't find any shutters to fit—" He nodded, and said, "Just a minute now." He drove two more nails, and stepped down. The window had a look I was familiar with — the look of abandoned houses whose windows have been boarded up against tramps and wandering boys. Houses on the outskirts of town, they have shade from rich antique trees.

"I'll bet you made the sandbox too," I said, and Willy began to look uncomfortable.

"Oh, that," he said, shrugging. "That wasn't nothing. The supply sergeant loaned me the tools and nails." He lifted his hammer: it looked new.

Then the back door opened, and Elfrida came out, looking as women do who have just washed their hair. Her face was tanned — golden, in the faintly dusty sunshine, and as I saw her clearly for the first time, I perceived that she had a fine, highbred look, as, let us say, we would like Austrian countesses to look. She was wearing a cotton dress, light gray in color.

"Beautiful," I murmured.

Willy, at my side, was restless, uneasy, and may have been wondering if he had gone too far in giving comfort to the enemy. Elfrida paused on the steps, frowning, and seemed to nod at me; then she swept past Willy, and went up to the window. She spread her feet a little, and stamped them into the dust. With hands on hips, she tilted her head back, and stared at the blank place where the window had been.

For perhaps twenty seconds she stood so, and then she stepped rather delicately — fastidiously, past us, back to the door and through it, closing the door quite softly. The baby was asleep, very likely; a household had begun to function.

Willy was looking sheepish, not at all the conqueror now. He hefted the hammer, and I noticed that he had a good way with it. "A feller wants to make himself handy if he can," he said.

Silently I nodded.

"She needs me," he went on. "A woman needs a man. Well, damnit, I told you she didn't hate me!"

For quite a while we stood there, Willy reluctant and ashamed, and I trying to get a sense of things. I was once again astonished; I could not keep up with developments, and so I decided to go back to my bottle. I got drunk that afternoon, and stayed moderately drunk for several days. I wanted away from Willy, and I managed it. I did not even see him for three days. When I came to myself again, I was shaky, and startled by things. The Russians had arrived at the river, a whole regiment, so the rumor went, and their presence manifested itself as minor changes in our view. Across the river, there was a trench, perhaps a hundred yards back from the bank; I could see the parapet, a light tan slashing the green of the fields. There were anti-tank guns with black, slender barrels, trained on us, one every two or three hundred yards. Now and then a soldier appeared momentarily on the parapet — a clumsy figure, lifting a pick or shovel. Sometimes a head appeared in silhouette over the parapet, and several times I saw horsemen cantering along behind the trench; and perhaps these were Cossack scouts.

The Russians kept out of sight most of the time, and maintained two sentries at the bridge. These were always friendly boys carrying submachine guns; it was impossible to talk to them. They smiled, they made extravagant gestures, their pidgin German was not like ours.

The pilgrims had vanished, like small animals gone to ground. On our side of the river, there were family caravans constantly setting off for the west, and we had a rumor that the international boundary would soon be moving westward also. Our life had changed, during my drunkenness; we had new oddities, and Willy and Elfrida composed a remarkable one, for they had become fond lovers. I first saw that fondness one night when Willy enlisted my help to move some U.S. Army canned goods to the lady's house; which is to say, I helped him steal these things from our company kitchen. We waited until the cooks had gone to bed, and then invaded the kitchen of the big house. We hauled our plunder to Elfrida in a wheelbarrow which Willy had borrowed somewhere, and all this was a lark, naturally.

We had to become quite solemn, however, when we entered the room where Elfrida was waiting. There were two oil lamps on a table, and Elfrida was standing in their light; on the table was the baby, naked, like a Cupid in oils of the *Cinquecento*. He lay on a white cloth, and beside him was a basin with water in it, from which a light mist was ascending. Elfrida looked at us, observed the nature of our burdens, and said, "I am about to give the baby a bath. His name is Heinrich, and he likes his bath very much." She smiled shyly, and touched the tiny boy. She was sweating, her temples glistened.

The bath was a ceremony, auspiciously begun and managed. Elfrida gently lifted the little body, and immersed it in the water; she held the head above the surface with her left hand, while with her right she accomplished the ritual ablutions. The boy's body had a golden sheen after the water touched it; the arms had currents of white down, and the face held an expression of bliss. The lips were slightly parted — they were not smiling. The eyes were open, but were not seeing; the baby's world was, as it were, printed upon them, and was no more than the touch of warm water, of the mother's cautious hands, of the gentle air.

"He has good color," Elfrida said. "I have always given him baths in the sun — how do you say, sunbaths?"

"That's a fine-looking boy," Willy said. His face was calm, discreet, and it came to me that he could well judge of baby boys. He was a man; he had fathered sons in faraway Texas.

Elfrida raised her head, and smiled at Willy. "It's nice that you should like him," she said. "*Schöner Heinrich!*" She bent quickly and touched the baby's forehead with her lips; and then, straightening up, she took the boy from the water, and set about drying him, and diapering him for bed. Her hands moved comfortably with such work, and Willy and I stood about helplessly. We made a joke about our theft. We laughed; and we understood that for a time we did not greatly matter to the scene we found ourselves in.

When the baby was put away in the next room, Elfrida turned her attention to us, and it was something heavy, something resolute that came to us. First she went up to Willy, and said, "Thank you very much for bringing us food." Her voice caressed the sentiment, making an endearment. Willy blushed. "You're nice," she said, "*sehr nett*," and reached up to touch him lightly with her fingertips where not so long ago

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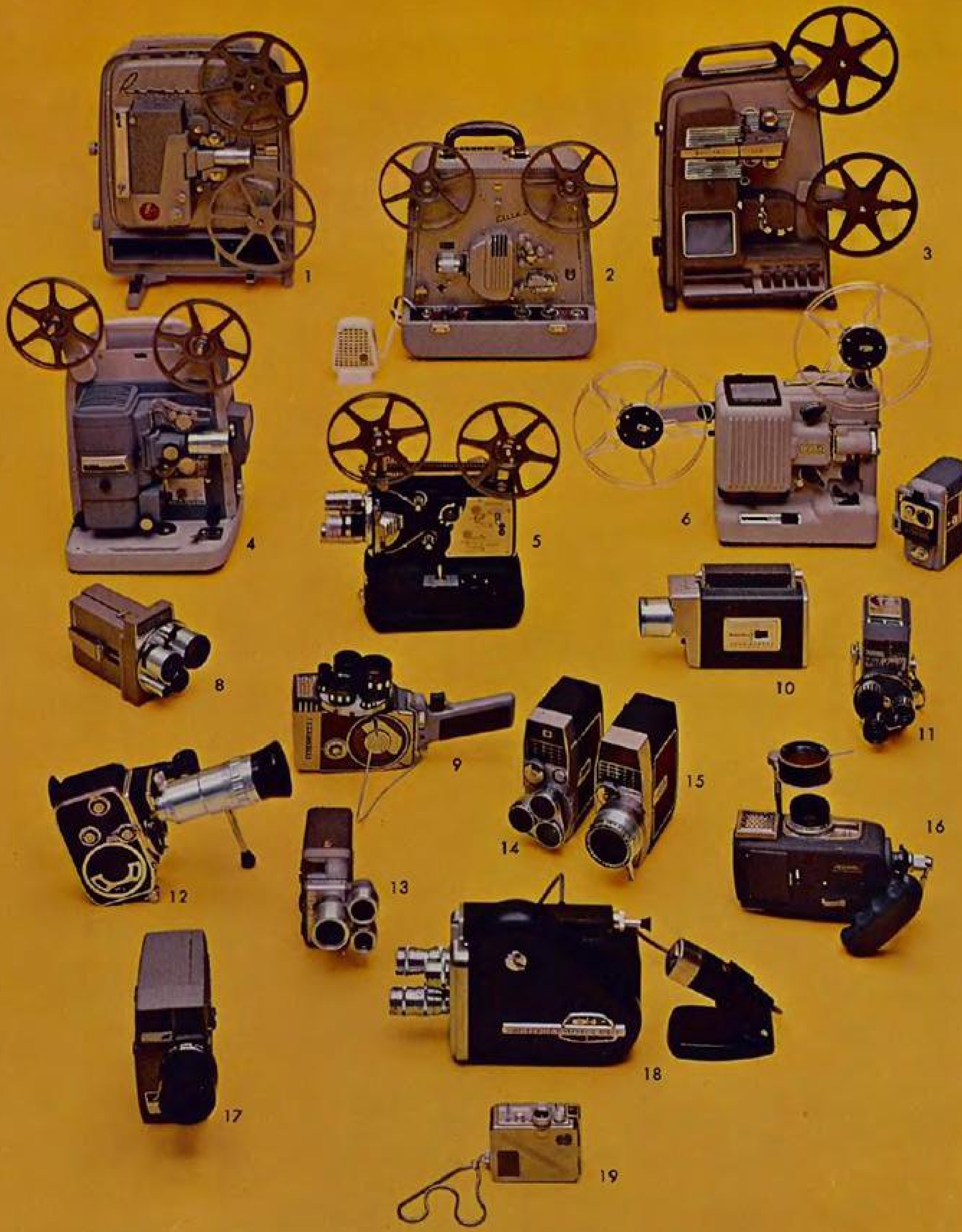
modern living By VINCENT T. TAJIRI

LIGHTS! ACTION! CAMERA!

playboy's guide to what's new and newsworthy in movie cameras and equipment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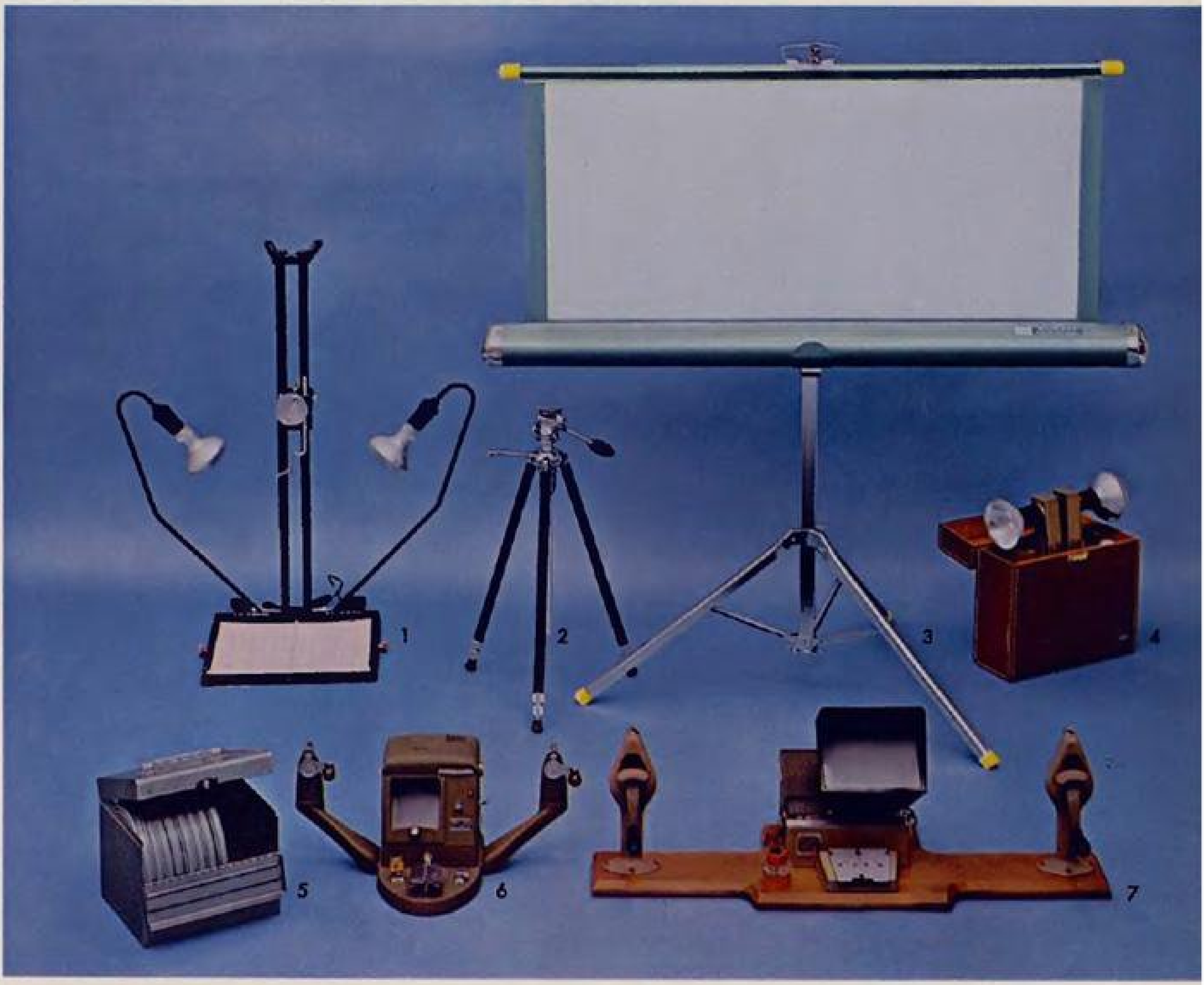
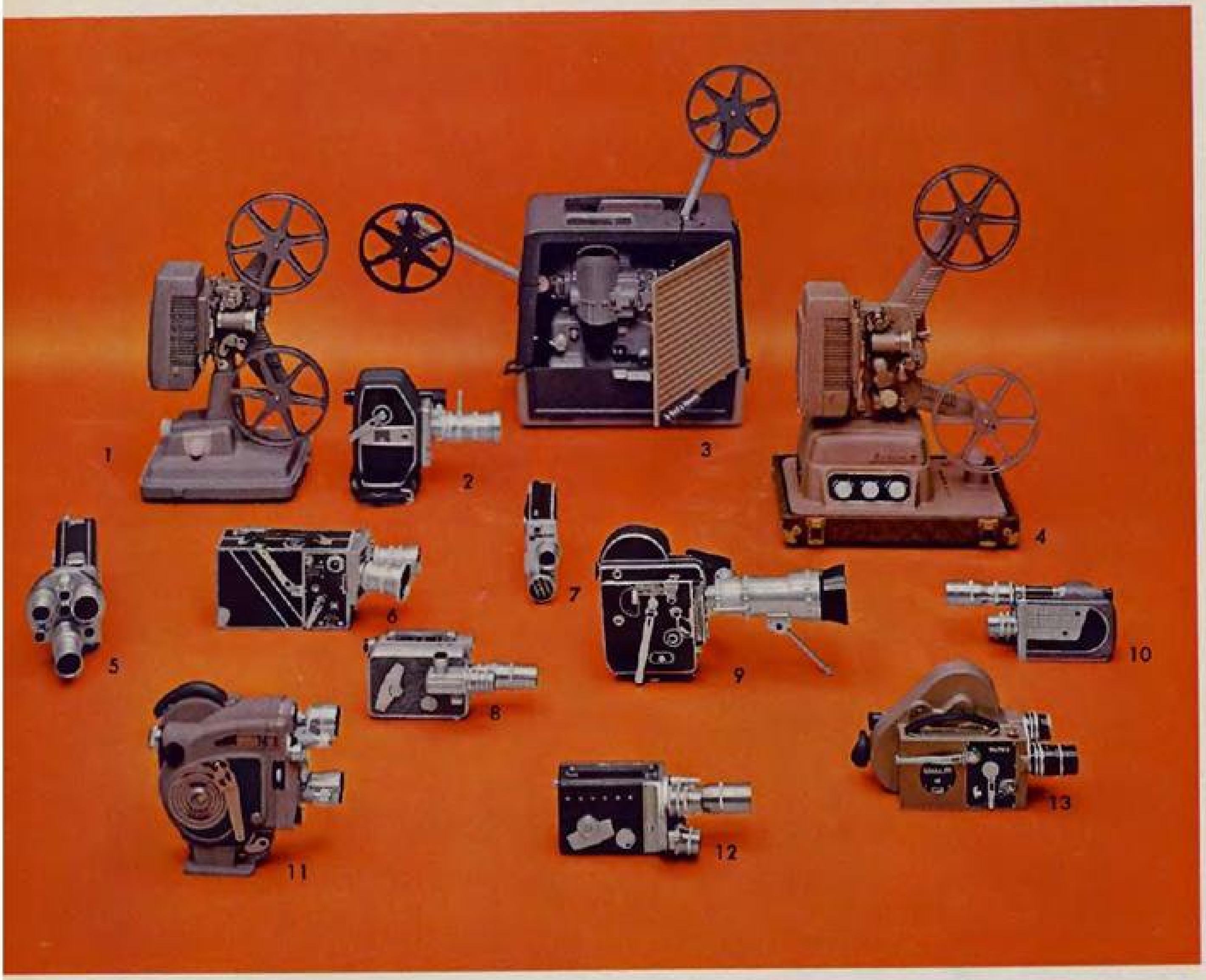
Left: what's new in projectors and cameras for the 8mm movie buff. 1. Revere automatic-threading projector with zoom lens, $148. 2. Elite Talkie recorder-projector with mike, $400. 3. Keystone with built-in editor and splicer, $200. 4. Bell & Howell Super Auto-Load with Filmovaro Zoom lens, $160. 5. Wittnauer Cine-Twin, only combination camera and projector, $290. 6. Eumig Imperial with sound synchronizer for separate tape recorder, $140. 7. Eumig Unilectric battery-driven camera with electric eye, $130. 8. Argus Cinetronic tri-turret electric eye, $150. 9. Yashica tri-turret semi-automatic electric eye, can fade in, fade out, lap dissolve; with pistol grip, $130. 10. Kodak Zoom with electric eye, $140. 11. Mansfield Holiday II with built-in photoelectric meter, $60. 12. Bolex with Pan Cinor Zoom lens has built-in light meter, 3-lens turret, can fade in, fade out, $320. 13. Kodak Medallion Turret with magazine load, $160. 14. Bell & Howell Turret Director with electric eye, $200. 15. Bell & Howell Zoomatic Director features electric eye and optical zoom viewfinder, $200. 16. Konica Zoom is battery powered, has built-in exposure meter, through-the-lens viewing and focusing; with hand grip and Cine-Fader for fade-ins and -outs, $234. 17. Revere Power Zoom zooms by push-button, has electric eye, magazine load, $200. 18. Fairchild Cinephonic, only 8mm sound-on-film camera, tri-turret, battery driven; with mike, $320. 19. Bolsey cigarette pack-size camera, magazine load, $100. Below: 1. Premier titler and copy stand, $38. 2. Hollywood Junior tripod, $25. 3. Radiant Optiglow Imperial Colormaster screen, 40" x 40", $43. 4. Dasco folding light bar, $13. 5. Dasco 8mm carrying case, $5. 6. Bell & Howell 8mm Filmation editor, $123. 7. Craig 16mm Projecto-Editor, $80.



HAPPILY, THE NEW WRINKLES in the 8mm and 16mm movie field are in the cameras and projectors — not in your forehead. All of which makes non-pro movie-making more downright fun than ever before, whether you be living it up at Cap d'Antibes with the lady of your life, taking footage of your new blue Jag purring down the asphalt, or capturing on film a frantic session of party games in your pad. Pulling a neat switcheroo on that wizened old adage, the good words today are: the eye is quicker than the hand. The eye in this case happens to be electric and it spells a quick and painless demise for the bygone days of (a) hauling out the exposure meter, then (b) making your settings on the lens, and being forced to (c) get a new setting each time the sun went behind a cloud or your subject stepped into



For the 16mm movie mogul: 1. Wollensak slim silent projector, $200. 2. Bell & Howell camera with Angenieux Zoom lens, through-the-lens viewfinder, $580. 3. Bell & Howell Filmosound Optical Sound Projector with Filmovara Zoom lens, $538. 4. Revere sound projector, $325. 5. Cine-Kodak tri-turret adapts for fades and dissolves, with Cine Ektar lenses shown, $571. 6. Cine-Kodak Special II Duo-turret for fades, dissolves, mask shots, double and multiple exposures, montages, animations, with Cine Ektar lenses shown, $1580. 7. Bell & Howell with electric eye, $330. 8. Keystone Executive magazine load, two-turret, shown with telephoto lens, $274. 9. Bolex Rex with automatic threading, tri-turret mount, can lap dissolve, with Pan Cinor Zoom lens, $786. 10. Wollensak magazine load, tri-turret lenses, $288. 11. Eumig tri-turret with corresponding telescopic viewfinders, built-in automatic exposure meter, $500. 12. Revere tri-turret with matched viewfinders, magazine load, $352. 13. Pathé Webo M, tri-turret, has continuous reflex viewing and variable shutter for fades, lap-dissolves, $770.

the shade. The gridded-glass, window-like affair that is the electric eye does it all for you, with nary a miss, and leaves you free to line up your subjects and get them moving the way you want.

Here's how it all works: actuated by light entering the photocell, the eye converts that light into electrical energy. This energy triggers the lens diaphragm. Performing a function similar to that of the iris of the eye, the diaphragm controls the amount of light passing through the lens system — guaranteeing the perfect exposure. The magic eye is here to stay and it's available in automatic and semi-automatic models. On the automatics, the eye takes over in a simple aim-and-shoot manner; you lend a hand on the semi-automatics by manually matching a light-measuring needle to

a pointer representing the ASA rating of the film being used.

Competition, healthier than ever, has inspired a flood of electric-eye models, mostly 8mm but some 16mm, and foreign camera firms have bucked stiff import duties to join the fray. Advances in optics and technology – in addition to the eye innovation – have inspired scores of excellent simplified cameras, including several models equipped with effective zoom lenses.

The arrival of the electric eye and the zoom lens are blessings to camera fans, but the most headline-making scene in the history of amateur moviemaking is set for this month. It's the debut of the Fairchild Cinephonic, the first 8mm sound-on-film camera for hobbyists.

This battery-operated Fairchild records lip-sync sound through a mike which plugs directly into the camera at the time of shooting. A transistorized amplifier is right in the camera; a headset permits volume adjustments as you shoot-and-record your own epic production. It takes a special 50-foot spool of double-8 color film (a flip-over spool providing 100 feet of shooting film, twice as much as the 8mm standard). Plans call for a $240 price with the standard f/1.8 lens. About $40 apiece will bring wide-angle and telephoto lenses to fill out the tri-turret. A companion sound projector will also be available.

Sound-on-film cameras at prices the amateur can easily afford are the biggest development the industry can boast of since 1936 when 8mm cameras and projectors were first introduced. However, if you're not ready for sound movies as yet, the market is chock-full of gemlike cameras, each boasting their own special features.

Prior to bouncing into your local camera emporium, let's go over some of the decisions which you'll eventually have to make. Your first choice will have to be between 8mm and 16mm film sizes. To be brief, the 8 is strictly an amateur size, while the 16, sweet in price and performance, is accepted for commercial work. Prices for 8mm cameras start at $40 and go up tenfold for top models; 16s begin at around $125 and from that point on you become aware of the high cost of reliving.

The 16mm film is four times as large as 8; it projects more sharply, with less fuzziness at long distances, than does the 8mm frame. Keep this in mind when considering your zeal for showing movies other than those you take. Film libraries bulge with gems for sale or rental. You can pour over vintage reels of Chaplin, W. C. Fields and Harold Lloyd in mad revolt, or such not-so-whiskered Hollywood fare as *On the Waterfront*, *Death of a Salesman*, etc.; sample Rose Bowl games of the past, or explore the world of avant-garde experimentation dealt with by Arthur Knight elsewhere in this issue. The subjects available in 8mm are numerous, but the 16mm catalog tops them. If you prefer De Sica's direction interspersed with your own, invest in 16mm all the way.

While you're pondering the 8mm versus 16mm matter, face the spool or magazine-load alternatives, too. On the magazine side, for an added outlay, you get the advantage of purchasing one unit that contains film, feed and takeup spools and a film gate – all in a tightly sealed magazine. You forget about hand-threading. You drop the magazine into the film chamber and that's it. Another plus for the magazine is that it permits the instant change of film – say from daylight type to indoor type – as the occasion demands – without your having to wait until you shoot an entire roll of film. Bear in mind that in 16mm size – for which there are more magazine models available – the cameras accommodate just 50-foot magazines, as opposed to the 100 feet of film that's standard on 16mm spool-loads (the 8mm camera film capacity – magazine or spool – is 50 feet). Also, you should be aware that magazines have been known to jam without the user's knowing it, making your prize scenes just matters of memory.

Changing film in a spool-load model means marching into near-darkness. But we think this inconvenience is more than compensated for by the sharper, steadier results you get with spool-loads. It boils down to this: for ease and simplicity, get a magazine-load model; for more professional results, choose the spool-load variety.

We heartily endorse the new battery-operated cameras. The Austrian import, Eumig, should be toasted for this 8mm innovation. The battery-driven motor assures you that shooting won't grind to a halt before you want it to. It's a particular prize for those who can't seem to remember to hand-wind motors after each sequence. However, hand-wound spring-drive motors are – as ever – the most popular. One thing to check while you're shopping is the comparative running time per full wind you get on the cameras you like. If you decide on the battery-operated units, you should try out the Konica or Rexer, Japanese products, or two American models: the new Fairchild noted earlier or the Wittnauer Cine-Twin.

Then, you should observe the differences among lens equipment. The variances here are comparable to those you'll find among bar bourbons. Cameras are designed for single-lens use or in turret models. The latest trend is toward built-in zooms.

For critical work, the best lenses are those developed from optical designs making as few compromises as possible. The most common concessions to perfection are found in fixed-focus lenses, which are made to keep images within tolerable sharpness over an area generally extending from six feet to infinity. The inexpensive zooms and the low-priced converter-type turret lenses are the fixed-focus sort. If you're not a stickler for extreme sharpness, and will accept average quality, they're for you. If you seek the optimum, select a tri-turret model with three prime lenses, or go to a zoom with a reflex system permitting viewing and focusing through the shooting lens (solving the parallax problem inherent in separate viewfinders).

Another decision you'll have to reach concerns fps speeds. Most 16mm cameras provide more than one frames-per-second speed, as do the high-priced 8mm models. The less expensive automatic 8s generally operate only at 16 fps or 18 fps, the latter being the new industry standard for 8mm silent and sound shooting. For most lens-pointers, the standard silent speed is all that's ever needed. However, if you plan to add sound to your film at a later date, remember that the accepted 16mm sound speed is 24 fps, the accepted silent speed, 16. If you dig analyzing football plays, your golf swing or the graceful arch of a high diver, you'll want fps speeds of 48 or 64 to get the best slowed action. For satirizing or reliving the jerky movements of the Keystone Cops era, you should have fps speeds of 8 or 12.

For those who want a compact movie rig, the unique Wittnauer Cine-Twin – a combination 8mm camera-projector – is worth testing, though the battery-operated-motor camera itself is on the hefty side and not as easy to handle as many 8mm models. Its turret mounts four lenses; the fourth is the projection lens. When used with a companion unit which houses reel arms and an electric motor driven by house current, it projects the movies you shoot. And thanks to a clever footage indicator, you can rewind the spool of film you're exposing, slip it from the camera at any time – when you want to use it as a projector, for example – and replace it later at the exact spot. If you decide on another camera, you'll want to go out and get a projector as well, natch.

Our advice: devote as much time and thought to your choice of projector – 8mm or 16mm – as you did to the camera. Test (and test you should) a group of projectors. First, you'll want one that flashes a bright picture even in a well-lighted room. Also, you'll want acceptably bright pictures at varying projector-to-screen distances. Don't demand brightness at drive-in theatre distances,

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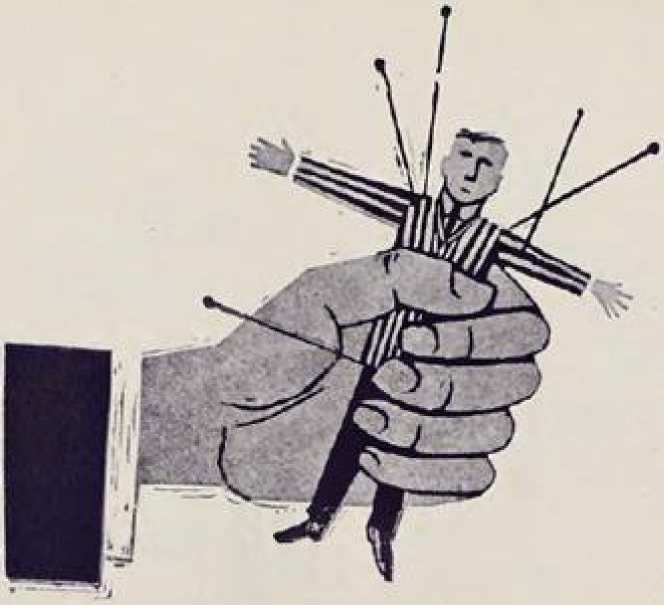

a guide to getting the other guy's girl

A YOUNG MAN IN QUEST OF A WORKING ARRANGEMENT with a girl is able to find, if he is square enough to look for it, a substantial body of literature advising him how to gain his end. Daily columns in newspapers, and indeed entire books, are eager to instruct him in such matters as making a good first impression, proper deportment on dates, how to dress, when to send flowers, how to deal with parents, the good-night kiss, and whatnot.

All of this counsel, in addition to being Pollyanna stuff for kiddies, *is based on a false assumption.* It assumes that your primary task is to win the affections of the young lady. This is not the case. If the girl is worth having, and unless you are thinking of raiding the local junior high, it is very nearly a certainty that the territory you have your eye on has already been staked out. Your primary task is to dislodge the guy who is in there ahead of you. *Only then* do you start to work on the girl.

The advice books and columns have nothing to say about this problem. We propose to rectify this omission. Our suggestions may appear, to the callow or falsely idealistic reader, cynical; actually they are merely realistic, an analysis of the techniques intuitively employed by the men who operate successfully. If you are made uneasy by the calculated nature of these maneuvers, it is helpful to reassure yourself with the old convenient adage about how much is fair in love and war, and with the even more ancient one about what it is that possesses no conscience. These two spiritual supports will see you through the stickiest times in your roundabout pursuit of the girl.

The following techniques are analyzed in terms of effective strategy:

I. The Good Friend Technique. This is basic, though not absolutely essential. You will try to become your opponent's Good Friend or, if possible, his Best Friend. The success of this tactic will depend in large measure on your manifesting an absolute disinterest in the girl – the first good reason why you should not follow the routine advice about belaboring her with a thousand and one little attentions. Nor should you employ the sophomoric Confidential Report gambit: "Don't let George know I told you, Lucille, but he's my best friend, the salt of the earth, and I wish you'd stop leading him on and teasing him the way you've been doing. Why, you've got the poor guy thinking you're some kind of (chuckle) pathological virgin who hates men . . ." While this may work with a few mahogany-headed girls who will hate George for being a blabbermouth and who will feel compelled to prove their sexual healthiness to you, it is too cloddish and transparent a trick to fool the above-average girl – and it is the above-average girl, we assume, in whom you are interested. No, the Thousand Little Attentions and Confidential Report ploys are too much in the

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satire **By T. K. BROWN III**

OSCAR

(continued from page 36)

But what is one to say when the names of Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Mary Pickford, Warner Baxter, Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Loretta Young, Bing Crosby or Jennifer Jones appear in the same category? One answer, perhaps, may be found in subject matter. Clearly it would be impious not to vote for Miss Jones in *The Song of Bernadette*, or for Mr. Crosby in *Going My Way*, just as it would be un-American to ignore Mr. Cooper as the hero of *Sergeant York* and the lawman of *High Noon*. The rarity of comedy and the superb director-writer team of Frank Capra and the late Robert Riskin probably account for the inclusion of Clark Gable (*It Happened One Night*). Nothing short of pure miracle, or a graceful compliment to popularity, can account for the others.

Sometimes it appears that particular Awards are cumulative. Bette Davis' first Award, for *Dangerous* (her second was for *Jezebel*), seemed obvious apology for having ignored her stunning performance in *Of Human Bondage*, just as Ingrid Bergman's second Award, for *Anastasia* (her first having been for *Gaslight*), can only be interpreted as a shamefaced token from a community that had piously immolated her for publicly living as she damned well pleased, a life most of its denizens had tried to live in clammy secret.

If the town was capable of giving Luise Rainer two Awards in succession (*The Great Ziegfeld* in 1937 and *The Good Earth* in 1938) and then forgetting her altogether, it is nevertheless surprisingly responsive to warm-hearted new talent, or to talent from other media appearing on the screen for the first time. When it is remembered that the actors themselves nominate actor-candidates, and that an Oscar is generally considered to be the *cordon bleu* of a certified career, the Awards to Shirley Booth (*Come Back, Little Sheba*), Audrey Hepburn (*Roman Holiday*), Anna Magnani (*The Rose Tattoo*), Ernest Borgnine (*Marty*) and Joanne Woodward (*The Three Faces of Eve*), as well as a dozen similar Awards voted to supporting actors and actresses, reveal an unsuspected streak of generosity in a profession whose individual members are not lacking in egocentricity.

Having curtsied to generosity, and bowed low to deserved Awards voted to talented artists, one is compelled to take another look, this time at the greatest actress the American cinema has ever known, and an actor who is also the only genius it has produced: Greta Garbo and Charles Chaplin. It has been the judgment of their peers, over a period of thirty-two years, that neither of them has achieved sufficient mastery of the medium to merit its highest accolade.

During the years that Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, Loretta Young, Joan Crawford, Clara Bow and Jean Harlow reigned over the American screen, Greta Garbo appeared in *Flesh and the Devil, Susan Lennox, Grand Hotel, As You Desire Me, Queen Christina, The Painted Veil, Anna Karenina, Camille* and *Ninotchka*. And in the first season of the Awards, when *Wings* and *The Way of All Flesh* and *Seventh Heaven* and *Underworld* were being decked with laurel, the Best Film of the Year, and perhaps of several decades, was made by Charles Chaplin. He called it *The Circus*.

The original Board of Governors of the Academy, perhaps anticipating many awkward omissions, created the category of "Special Award," which was changed in 1950 to "Honorary Award." A Special, or Honorary Award, unlike the Oscars, may be conferred by the Board of Governors itself without recourse to Academy membership vote. The first Special Award coincided with the first Academy presentations ceremony. It went to Charles Chaplin "For versatility and genius in writing, acting, directing, and producing *The Circus*." While the Academy's roster of Best Films turns obsolescent, Chaplin's un-Oscared Little Tramp, in all his various guises, still plays to full houses and a third generation of enchanted moviegoers.

Since 1928, something over eighty Special, or Honorary Awards, have been conferred. Chaplin got the first, and Greta Garbo, in 1955, the sixty-seventh. Among holders of the Special Award are, curiously enough, the March of Time, the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, the Motion Picture Relief Fund, the British Ministry of Information, the Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers, the Technicolor Company, RCA Manufacturing Company, Bell & Howell, Bausch and Lomb Optical Company, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corp., not to mention Shirley Temple, Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, Mickey Rooney, Margaret O'Brien, Claud Jarman, Jr., Peggy Ann Garner and Bobby Driscoll. Other recipients, and hence co-equals with Garbo and Chaplin, range from Bob Hope (three times) through Noel Coward and George K. Spoor to Gilbert (Bronco Bill) Anderson and Benjamin Bertram Kahane, among whose current titles may be found those of Vice President of Columbia Pictures, Inc., Vice President of the Motion Picture Producers Association of America, and – of all things – President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Although the air these days is filled with lamentations for what is called a national moral crisis, one thing can be said of the Academy that may not be applied to the major film studios (*vide* distribution, overhead), or to TV (*vide* quiz shows), or to radio (*vide* payola), or to the theatre (*vide* scalpers), or to nightclubs (*vide* the boys), or to Madison Avenue (*vide* fake ads), or to any other organization in the entertainment world: it keeps an honest set of books, conducts an honest vote, and honestly doesn't know who's won an Award until it's announced on the air.

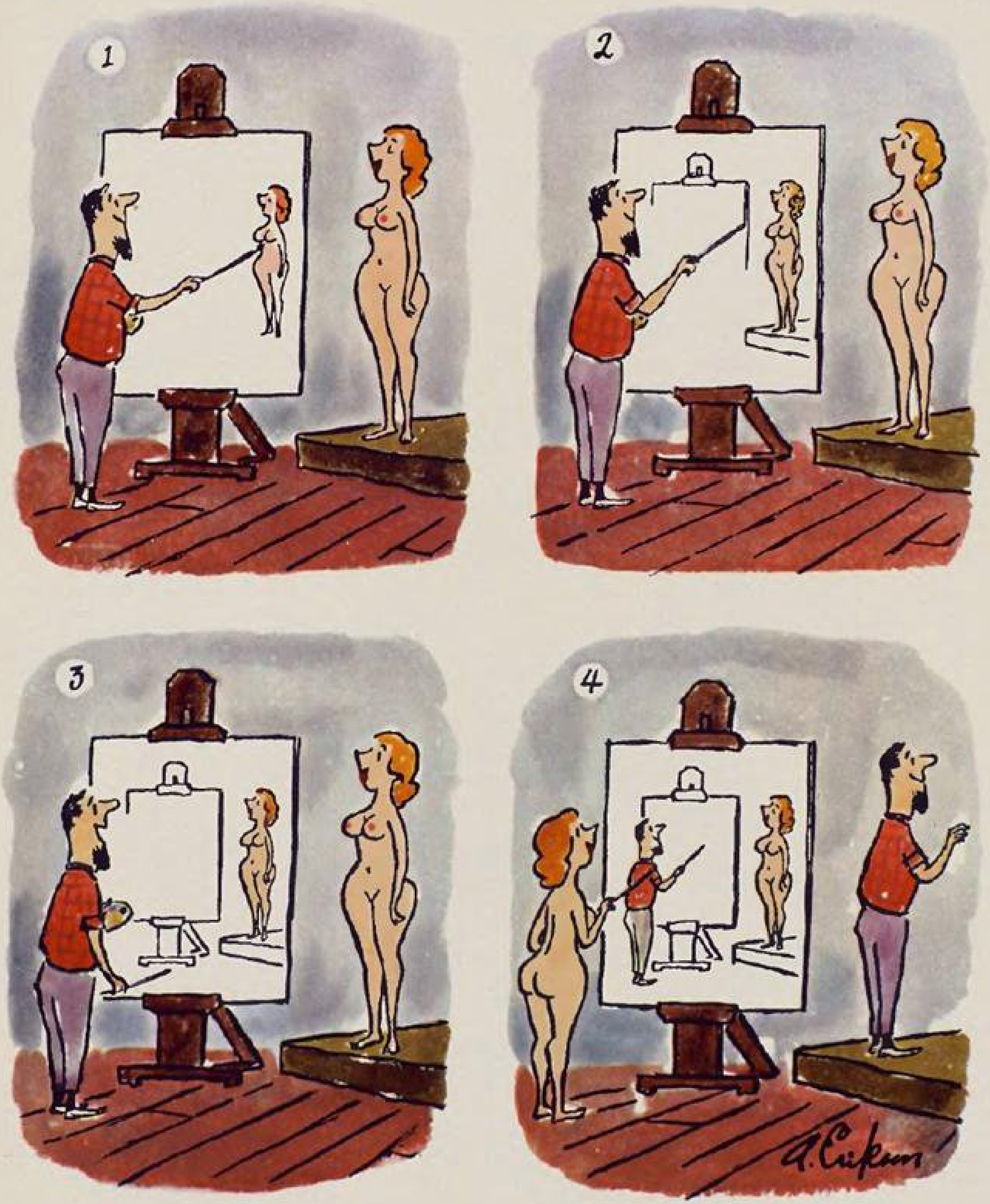
The idea is so refreshing it requires explanation. The Academy, at present, embraces thirteen branches of the various arts and crafts represented in the creation and production of motion pictures. A candidate for membership must be sponsored by at least two members of the branch he wishes to join. If the branch and its Executive Committee find him a man of quality, his name is submitted to the Board of Governors, who have the power of life and death over all, since membership, as they carefully point out, "is limited to those who have achieved distinction in the arts and sciences of the motion picture industry." Some 2300 persons have achieved it, and presently comprise the Academy's roster of electors.

As Award season approaches, a check list of the previous year's work is sent out to the Academy membership. Balloting for nomination – five in each category – is restricted in each category to members of the Academy branch concerned. Thus actors nominate actors, and so on down the line, or up it, as directors and sometimes even writers occasionally assert. The entire Academy membership then votes, again by secret ballot, to determine the final winners.

Balloting is conducted by mail, with the same precautions for secrecy that characterize – or should, at least – balloting for public office. The ballots are mailed by the voter directly to the Los Angeles accounting offices of Price, Waterhouse & Company. There Mr. William Miller, CPA and a partner in the firm, goes to work with a staff of three CPAs. They are isolated in a special office of the firm behind locked doors, and the counting begins. At the end of each day's work the ballots and all papers relating to them are sealed and placed in the firm's vault. Contents of the wastebaskets are burned.

A list of winners is made in duplicate. One set remains on Mr. Miller's person until announced over the air. The other is sealed and placed in the vault, in case

(continued on page 86)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(continued from page 77)

nature of frontal attacks, and will only arouse suspicions in the hearts of both girl and crony. Such suspicions must be avoided.

If they are, the Good Friend Technique is an invaluable implement for scouting the terrain and determining your best point of attack. By closely observing your adversary, his likes and dislikes, his typical behavior, his attitude toward the girl, you can draw useful inferences regarding her tastes and weaknesses.

II. Areas of Dissatisfaction. Even more important, you will learn of her Areas of Dissatisfaction. Very probably your Good Friend will provide you with direct information. It will pay you to invest a good deal of time and liquor in the hope of eliciting confidences, for you may be rewarded with some such gem as this over a fifth martini:

"Lucille is a real swinger — the most. But damnit, ole buddy-buddy, she really is queer in some ways. Last night I had her up to hear some real gone Sonny Rollins records. D'you think she dug that? She did not. Asked me did I have any Mozart quartets, quintets. And what else does she dig? John Donne's *devotions*, for God's sake."

The information you have received is priceless. Your Good Friend is guilty of leaving a large Area of Dissatisfaction, and you are the one who is going to fill it. Lucille is obviously a girl of serious esthetic interests. A little easy research will make you into a man who can quote Donne's devotions — and not just the shopworn "No man is an islande" routine — with fervor and true understanding; and Mozart themes are easy to memorize. Let her overhear you whistling one quietly to yourself and you are already in the finals. Lucille is going to want to know a lot more about you.

Of course, your Good Friend's confidences may reveal a very different picture: he digs Mozart and Donne, she goes for Mantovani and baseball. This poses no problem for you. A gift of the right record, a well-documented disquisition on the latest World Series, and you are in.

This, then, is the most efficacious method of dislodging an impacted competitor: befriend him; learn his weaknesses; exploit them.

III. The Length-of-Tenure Problem. If, as sometimes happens, he does not appear to have any weaknesses, it is by no means unwise to start looking around, right then and there, for another girl. After all, there is no harm in being realistic, and the world is full of girls, thank goodness. But perhaps his girl is the only one who will do. In that case it is important to ascertain whether his tenure in the girl's affections has been of long or short duration. Contrary to what the professional advisors may tell you, your chances are better if he has been around for quite a while. The girl is probably not altogether contented with what he has to offer; she may well be receptive to a change of scenery in her love life. Your task is that of channeling her interest in your direction. Here the proper procedure is to emphasize those aspects of your personality that contrast with your adversary's. A difference of age will be of advantage. If he is a placid type, you will manifest an agreeable verve and gaiety; if he is the vigorous outdoor sportsman, you will ply her with stimulating indoor amusements (theatre, jam sessions, secret and wonderful restaurants); whatever his opinions are, you will offer a refreshingly different view.

On the other hand, in the event that he has been in possession for only a short time, your best bet is to assume that she is still intrigued by what he has to offer, and your proper technique is to outdo him in his own field. If he is placid, you will smoke a pipe and be even more serene — and you will reveal depths of insight and thoughtfulness that make his placidity appear bovine; if he is the outdoor type, a couple of strenuous hikes in the country, during which you refer modestly to your collegiate prowess in lacrosse or water polo, should serve to convince her that you are his equal in this field. Of course, you do not slavishly mimic his strong points: you improve on them, showing yourself as superior where he is only so-so.

IV. Behind-the-Scenes Play. This is one of the strongest methods of drawing her attention to your superiority over him. It is quite likely that he is not above the human frailty of thinking rather well of himself. In such a case you should suggest to him that his girl appreciates a man who has a healthy awareness of his own worth. At the same time, you inject into her the thought that he is perhaps a rather boastful fellow; whereas you, by implication, are the soul of modesty. Sooner or later this spadework will pay off. The time will come, for example, when he is due for a raise. This is when you move in. Intimate to the girl that you have been able to influence the powers in his behalf but that you would prefer — because of your innate modesty — not to have him know of your aid. Thus you create the impression that you are an important guy and that his raise is due mainly to your efforts. When, eventually, the raise does come through and he gleefully boasts the fact, the girl will inevitably perceive what a weak and self-important slob he is, and will admire you, both for your modesty and your puissance. Such admiration can readily be translated into a more practical and rewarding emotion.

V. The Indirect Frame. Once you are on reasonably informal terms with the girl, but before you have shown any overt designs on her, you may be in a position to allow the resident obstacle to hang himself, with only a slight nudge from you. A moderate form of the maneuver is to encourage him to continue when you find him making a bad impression. Suppose it is your good luck that he adheres to some extreme point of view. The chances are very good that the more he has to say in defense of his position, the worse impression he will create. Skillfully spur him on to more vehement pronouncements. Soon he has shown himself to be a complete idiot or fanatic. Or suppose he has some mannerism or habit that irritates the girl — smokes cheap smelly cigars, for instance, or talks with his mouth full, or likes to play practical jokes. With a little ingenuity you can induce him to become much more irritating.

A more ambitious action is to *set up* a situation in which he will disgrace himself. for example, a double date for which, inexplicably, your partner fails to appear. The three of you embark, with you as the third wheel. In the course of the evening you see to it that his glass is always full, while yours and the girl's remain relatively empty. (This is not difficult if you have properly instructed, and rewarded, the waiter. And let it be noted that this is another case in which the unsubtle boob will lose his way, in his naive assumption that the most efficacious technique is to get the *girl* drunk. This is folly: a stewed tomato is good for a merely ephemeral success, at the very best. Much more substantial and lasting is the procedure we are suggesting.) It will not be very long before your opponent is red of eye and thick of tongue, while you are still your scintillating self. It may very well happen that you and the girl then have the job of getting him home and to bed; thereafter, the field is wide open for you to take the girl out and show her what a night on the town is *really* like.

VI. The Inferential Shafting. During such a night, with your enemy at a significant disadvantage, you will find opportunity to execute the Phony Concern Gambit, or Inferential Shafting. It goes like this:

You: George sure is a swell guy.

She: The best.

You: And that's why I hate to see him doing this to himself.

She: Doing what to himself?

You: He used to be — I mean, he still is, of course — well, it's a damned shame.

She: *Doing what to himself?*

You: Well, the way he's hitting the bottle.

She: Yes, I see what you mean.

You: Of course, you can't really blame him, what with the mess he's got himself into.

She: Oh? What mess?

From here on out you play it by ear. Maybe you can get away with, "Well, that girl he got into trouble"; maybe something like, "Well, that horrible boo-boo he pulled at the office" would be safer. In any event, you have implanted two useful ideas in her mind: 1) you are altruistically concerned for his welfare; 2) he is going to hell. From now on she will regard him with a more watchful and critical eye; she will notice little things about his appearance and behavior that she had formerly overlooked. She will want to talk them over with you. This will give you a chance to elaborate on his shortcomings and draw her attention to his physical deterioration: his baggy eyes, his receding hair, his incipient pot.

VII. The Inverse Compliment. It will also be an ideal time to apply the technique of the Inverse Compliment. This consists in appearing to say something in his favor while in effect chopping him down. "Anyway, he doesn't have those callgirls up as often as he used to" is a good one if you can get away with it. "I was worried about those reefer jags of his, but he had the good sense to stop" is in the same class. Probably you will do better to stick to less drastic compliments.

"You've got to say this for old George," you might remark. "He still shows some of his old spirit — like that flare-up of his in the office the other day."

"What flare-up?"

"Oh, it was a discussion of policy and George, brave chap, was a minority of one. You sure have to admire him for having the nerve to call the boss a damned fool right to his face."

"Did he do that?"

"Isn't that great? In front of the Chairman of the Board, too. That's what I like about him — he has temperament and he isn't afraid to speak up, even if he isn't right one hundred percent of the time."

Notice how, in a few wholly commendatory statements, you have managed to leave the girl with the impression that George loses his temper, George is dangerously tactless, George is often wrong. As incidents such as this accumulate, and as she catalogs in her mind the evidence of George's progressive decline, your common solicitude for George will mutate into a more intimate relationship. Especially if you can make that hint about the callgirls stick.

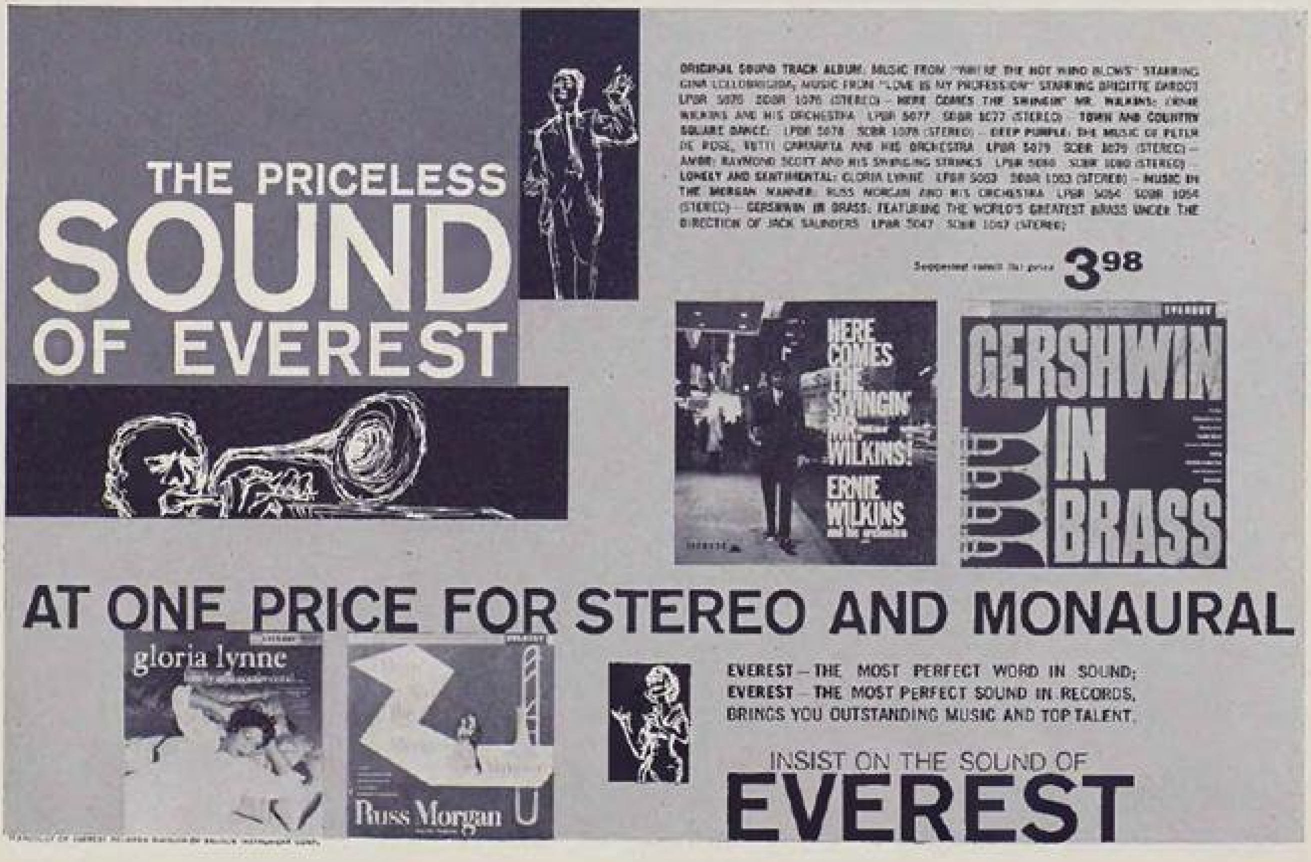
VIII. The Redefinition Principle. This is another method of handling the same material. It differs from the above in being almost its exact converse. Instead of seeming to compliment your enemy on his strong points, you redefine them so that they are revealed as weak points. According to this technique, and supposing that the girl was a bit slow in grasping the implications of your Inverse Compliments, the above colloquy might continue as follows:

She: You're right. George certainly has spirit, temperament. I go for that.

You: Absolutely. And yet there was something disturbing to me about that flare-up of his. Temperament, sure — great! But I found myself wondering whether it wasn't simply that he has never outgrown the infantile tantrum stage. You know, kicking and screaming when you can't have your way.

She: Oh, I don't think it was that sort of thing at all.

You: You're probably right. Yes, of course you are. It's a much more mature



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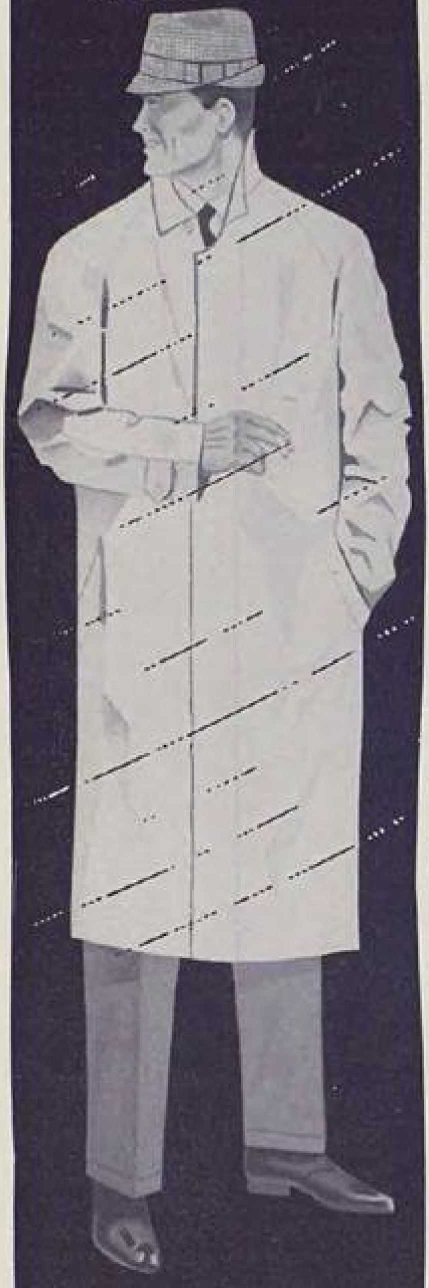

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thing, an adult reaction to a frustration. But the sad part of it is, he doesn't do anything positive to remove the frustration — he goes off in a neurotic outburst of hostility toward the father figure and insults the boss.

This is a fine application of the Redefinition Principle: you have translated the honorific "temperament" into "infantile" and "neurotic." The girl is going to begin wondering whether she has been giving fancy names to qualities of George's that deserve a much more lowly status.

Obviously, in all of these techniques you must adapt yourself to the prevailing realities, foremost among which is the nature of the girl herself. In this example, for instance, if she is an incurable romantic, you will gain nothing by suggesting that George is neurotic. Rather, you must produce evidence that George is disgustingly wholesome and well adjusted, and that *you* are neurotic. You might, then, tell the office story not about him, but about yourself.

IX. The Invidious Comparison. This is a cardinal principle; indeed, it permeates and gives form to all the others. Your whole endeavor, of course, is to make him look bad and you, by comparison, look good: very nearly all of the proposed stratagems have this end in view. The Invidious Comparison is not so much a specific device as a guiding postulate. Consequently, particular examples of this basic principle would largely reiterate points made elsewhere in this treatise.

One device, however, deserves special mention in this context, being an especially subtle and effective application of the concept: the More Acute Perception Ploy. It is not difficult to convince a girl that her deepest nature is not appreciated. Tell her, "I don't know you very well yet, but it seems to me — of course, I may be way out of line to be saying this — but I think you have a very sensitive and secret part of you in which you keep your unhappiness hidden," and the girl is unlikely to recognize this as the sovereign corn that it is. She is going to admit that it is true. She is also going to reflect that it was he who was blind to this, and you who saw.

X. The "Square" Tag. Corollary to this is the technique of branding your competitor as a square. It is very simple: whatever he likes is square. All you have to do is say so with enough authority and it becomes so. He likes good clean fun? That is obviously square. He likes modern jazz and Saarinen architecture and Japanese food? Point out how many phonies are saying the same thing and he is a square by association. If, by chance, he is a devout beatnik and digs Zen — my God, how square can

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you get? The beatniks are the worst squares of all: what could be more unaware and show less insight than to suppose that the beat pose is anything more than a self-defeating fraud?

XI. Engaging the Protective Instinct. This tactic comes into play after you have achieved a degree of intimacy with the girl. It consists of enhancing her interest in you by appearing to need her help. For example, you can let it transpire that you are soured on all womankind because of the cruel treatment you received at the hands of a heartless hoyden in Houston. This will be a challenge to her and she will set out to prove that women are not so bad after all. Or you can make it appear that, because of some terrible inner torment, you are slowly but surely destroying yourself. She will soon realize that what you need is the loving solicitude of a Good Woman, and will bestow therapeutic attentions on you.

Helplessness in domestic matters is an almost infallible method, since it triggers the Nesting Instinct. Let her find you in your apartment, baffled by the problem of how to rearrange your furniture; gratefully welcome her assistance; let her spend an hour shoving sofas around and rehanging pictures. It is quite likely that you will end up jointly occupying one of the pieces of furniture that she has so tastefully disposed.

XII. The Unwitting Cooperation. There are stratagems in which your foe will actually cooperate with you in your subversive plans. The tactic is to implant in his mind ideas that you wish him, in turn, to implant in hers. With some girls, the Great Lover build-up will bear dividends. Spend an evening regaling him with tales of your amorous exploits (real or imagined), and he is almost certain to recite them as anecdotes to his girl. She will draw a conclusion he had not foreseen: if the guy is that successful, he must really have something to offer; I'd like to find out what it is.

In the same way, your unwitting victim can be used to pass on other information that you wish the girl to receive: that you are a woman-hater, that you are destroying yourself, that you are an expert in this field or that. He will be so entranced with his own entertainment value that he will fail to notice how he is cutting his own throat.

XIII. The Jealousy Ploy. This is an application of the Unwitting Cooperation tactic, which differs from the others in being most advisable when you have not succeeded in becoming a Good Friend; in other words, when you do not lose anything by incurring his enmity. The procedure is to have some third party intimate to him that you are making time with his girl behind his back. He will inevitably reproach the girl with this perfidious liaison, *thus putting the idea in her mind.* In all likelihood he will manifest jealousy, a state in which no man is at his best. He will become unreasoning; he will affront the girl by refusing to believe her denials, and in other ways will act in a manner that puts him in a poor light. Quarrels will ensue, hastening her disaffection with him, and his exit. If you have managed the previous stages of your campaign with dexterity, these efforts on his part may very well be the impetus that pushes him out of the picture as she becomes prone to you.

XIV. The Ultimate Finesse. It will be noted that the jealousy ruse does not at all depend on the Good Friend technique for its success. It is quite possible to rout an adversary without ever having met him, merely on the basis of careful research and deployment. And there is one device that is more potent than all the others put together. With it at your disposal, you need hardly worry about how to proceed; you can forget about the thirteen categories above. Its effects are swift and long-lasting; it requires no particular skill; and it is very simple indeed:

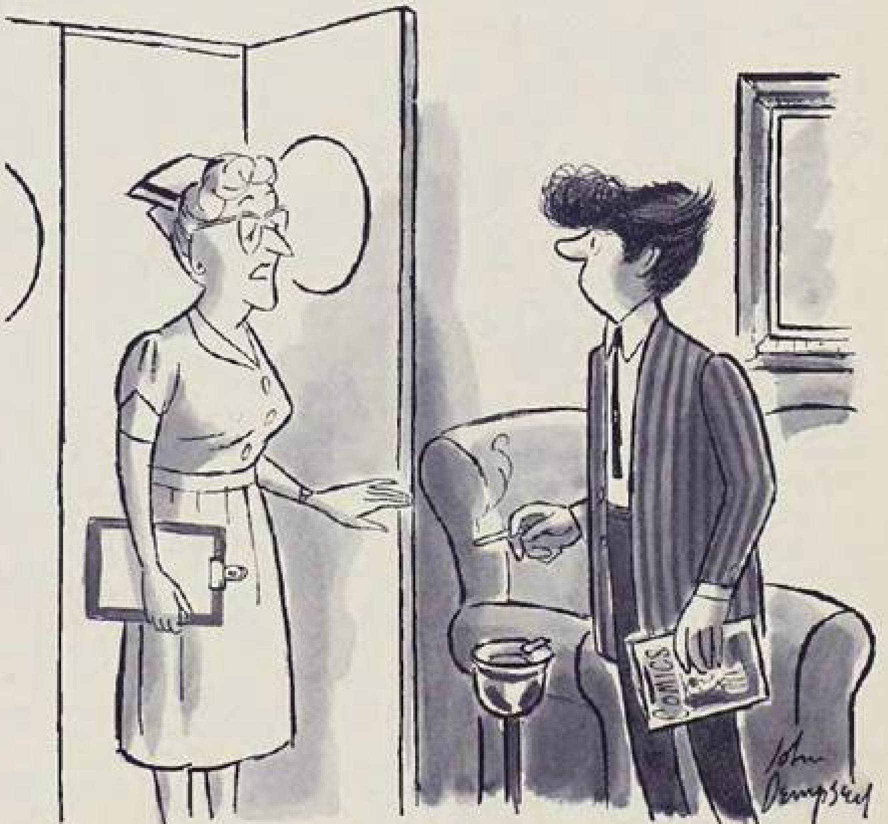
Have more money.

TAX VOBISCUM

(continued from page 62)

office or a hospital. You can also deduct travel expenses for a trip that has been prescribed by a doctor for your health. If you go to the Caribbean for sun on his advice, your travel expenses are deductible. If a doctor prescribes exercise, rubdowns and the like for your health, fees paid to a town club where these are obtained can be treated as medical expenses.

These savings may seem piddling, but they can add up to enough to put your net taxable income in a lower bracket. Casualty- and theft-loss deductions are often overlooked, since these deductions don't always involve specific outlays. Basically, a casualty loss is one that arises from the action of natural physical forces or from some sudden, unexpected cause, such as fire, storm or accident. One of the most common accident losses involves automobiles. If you're covered by insurance, the portion of loss not reimbursed is deductible. For instance, if you suffered an automobile collision and damage amounted to $125 for which your insurance reimbursement was $75 (due to a $50 deductible provision in the policy), you may deduct the out-of-pocket loss of $50. If you were wearing an expensive watch at the time of the accident which was rendered useless, the value of the watch immediately



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before the accident can also be deducted. You must deduct the loss in the year in which the accident occurs, but there's no need to repair the damage in order to take the loss.

Membership fees in professional, trade and business associations related to your employment can also be deducted. Union members can deduct their union dues and assessments. And since the Treasury realizes that we live in a constantly changing world and that it's important to keep pace with changes, it will let you deduct the cost of any university or professional course taken to maintain or improve the skills required by your job. But you won't be allowed a deduction for any course you take to obtain a new or better position. In addition to tuition costs, you may deduct travel to and from a school away from home and also living expenses (food and lodging) while attending the school. Business literature, supplies, books and all other items required by your job are deductible.

Alimony payments are fully deductible, the tax being borne by the recipient of your postmarital munificence. But to be lawfully deductible, you must be divorced or legally separated under a court order or decree, your obligation to pay alimony must arise under a court order or written agreement with your former wife, and the payments must be either periodic, say, monthly, until such time as she remarries or dies, or made in installments provided the payments are for a period in excess of ten years from the date of the court decree or agreement. You cannot deduct as alimony any part of the money designated as child support in your divorce agreement. But you are entitled to a dependency deduction ($600) if the amount you pay for child support is more than half the amount spent on the child. If the annual amount intended for child support in your divorce agreement is over $600, it would be advantageous for you to have it included with the alimony, and not specified as child support, so that your full payment can be deducted, rather than just a $600 dependency deduction.

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Some sixty million returns are filed each year. Of these, some forty-five million are simple low-income returns, taking the standard 10% deduction, and without much in the way of business expense and reimbursements, dividends, charitable donations, etc. The other fifteen million returns—and yours would most likely be in that group—are kept aside, and some three million of them are eventually examined each year. How the three million are selected from the fifteen million is a well-guarded secret that seems to vary from year to year. To play it statistically safe, expect to have your return individually audited at least once every five years.

All sixty million returns are checked for arithmetical accuracy. If you've made a simple error in math, you'll either receive a refund or a bill for additional tax. (The government, incidentally, is presently sitting on several million dollars in unclaimed refund checks. Such checks are never forwarded if you've moved, but are mailed to the address on your tax return and, if you've changed residence, returned to Washington and held until you write and inquire.)

Since there's a statute of limitations on income tax assessments, you can consider yourself safe if you haven't received Greetings from Internal Revenue within three years after having filed. If you've deliberately committed fraud, the period of time is six years for criminal prosecution, but unlimited for tax assessment and the accompanying fine. If Internal Revenue does write you, they'll generally pinpoint the items they question, and you can sometimes settle the matter by mail, by supplying supporting documents (canceled checks and chits) to the local IRS office. Should several items be suspect, you may be asked to appear in person at the IRS office.

If you can convince the agent to accept your return as filed, you're clear. If he doesn't buy your explanation and suggests a tax reassessment, you can either agree to this or request a conference with his Group Chief. If the result of this conference is still unsatisfactory to you, you can arrange another conference, this time with the Appellate Division of IRS. And if this still doesn't satisfy you and persuade Internal Revenue to accept your return as filed, you can either (1) file a petition in the Tax Court or (2) pay the additional tax, file a refund claim (which will be rejected) and sue for a refund in the Federal District Court or the Court of Claims—these latter often being more favorable to the taxpayer than the Tax Court.

If you're late in filing your return, you'll face a monthly fine of 5% of the tax—up to a penalty of 25%. The fine can be avoided if you can show reasonable cause for the late filing. Or if you know you won't be able to meet the filing date, you can ask your local IRS office for a ninety-day extension, stating the reason for the request. These extensions are generally granted when the request is reasonable, and can be followed by a second ninety-day extension if needed. When you finally do file, you pay 6% annual interest on the tax due.

Unless you're a short-form, salary-only citizen, best you get professional help—accountant or tax attorney—in making out your return. Incidentally, the cost of tax advice—even the cost of purchasing this magazine, if you did so to read this tax article—is deductible.

FAR OUT FILMS

(continued from page 58)

The very feat of assembling twenty-four nonprofessional and wholly unpaid actors in one place and at one time requires logistic skill of no mean order. Often the mere fact that the cast is on hand means that the shooting must go on, no matter what. One cold gray morning another experimentalist turned up in Central Park with five shivering actors. He had hardly mounted his camera on its tripod, however, when the police arrived and demanded to see his license. Amateurs, of course, can photograph their sweethearts and babies in the park to their heart's content, but professionals must have a license. In vain did the youthful film maker protest that he was an amateur. The cops pointed out that he was using a tripod and, so far as they were concerned, the tripod was the mark of the pro. And so, rather than run the risk of losing his cast while he went down to City Hall for the necessary papers, he put the tripod back in his car and shot the entire sequence holding the camera in his hand.

This question of professionalism, of status, is one that touches most art film makers to the quick. If the test of professionalism is whether or not you make your living by what you are doing, then clearly no avant-gardist could claim to be a professional film maker. Despite the spread of the film society movement both here and abroad in the past few years, it is not yet of sufficient size to support any artist in the style to which he would like to become accustomed. Indeed, most of them count themselves lucky if they can earn back their production costs. On the other hand, they very definitely are not amateurs. Not only do they at least attempt to sell their pictures, but many of them have a degree of technical proficiency that fully qualifies them for – and sometimes earns them – lucrative assignments in the commercial studios.

To others, such a "sell-out" would be unthinkable. They regard themselves as professionals, but as professional artists. And for them, the only true and valid use of the film medium is for self-expression, to project their own dreams, nightmares and visions. Oddly enough, it is this utter absorption with self, which characterizes the greater part of today's far out movement, that robs their art of its ultimate stature. But where honesty and a poetic imagination remain, augmented by technical skill with camera and the editing shears, authentic works of art can still emerge – and are emerging. On the other hand, the same obsessive images, the same impulse to shock and horrify, the same delight in camera effect and editorial trickery can result in sheer trash when the instincts and disciplines of art are lacking. For these, as Alexander King once observed of literary poseurs, "Their future is dark but certain."

It is precisely here that the film society movement in the United States is performing its most vital function. Certainly, it is important that an artist have an audience to which he can exhibit his works. Far more important, however, is the quality of that audience. Only through repeated exposure to a great many of these avant-garde works – good, bad and indifferent – can the public begin to discern for itself which ones spring from a true artistic impulse and which from a simple desire to shock, which arise from a deep urge for self-expression and which from an ignoble itch for self-exhibition. This recognition, this critical discernment, is essential. For it would be the height of folly, in this day of increasing conformity, to spurn an ardently individualist artistic movement out of distrust for some of the people who comprise it.

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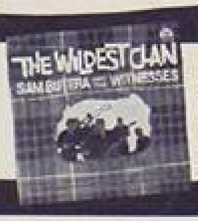

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OSCAR

(continued from page 78)

of a mishap to the first.

Not once in thirty-two years has there been even a hint of irregularity or foreknowledge, and it can be assumed the record will continue unbroken for the next thirty-two. It's probably the most honest election anywhere in the world.

The generalization complete, an exception must be noted—one that has nothing to do with the ballot's secrecy, but rather with its effectiveness. It occurred on a melancholy night in February 1957, when the Academy Board of Governors, wearing robes and chanting exorcismal litanies, descended from Olympus and entered politics.

It will be remembered by some that in recent years we have had in this country—and not for the first time in our history—a problem of witches. It is a law almost as sound as Gresham's that wherever witches abide there will rise up people to hunt them down. It's an instinct as deep as the sexual drive, almost as much fun, and often safer. In Hollywood, where everything is carried to extremes, the sport flourished to the point of obsession.

Spurred on by a Congressman whose cupidity finally landed him in the penitentiary, the pursuit of witches in Hollywood became something of a national pastime, while investigators investigated, informers informed, patriots roared through studio commissaries, legions of the loyal marched and counter-marched, and the most dedicated bayed like wild things all night long whenever the Hollywood moon turned red through the smog, which was, and still is, practically always.

The victims themselves, caught in a situation where there were far more witches than broomsticks, were doomed from the outset. A few canny oldsters managed successful take-offs, but the majority were left flopping about on the ground like emperor penguins, blinking in the public glare, and making soft, reproachful little calls. The horror tapered off, not because the pursuers lost heart for their sport, but simply because they overhunted the preserve. When the smoke finally settled, over 230 specimens were recovered. Three were veterans of World War I. Forty-one had served in World War II. Nine were found clutching the Oscars whose fatal weight had cost them altitude. The sounds of pursuit fled eastward, and the quiet of an institutionalized blacklist settled over the community like a shroud.

Meanwhile, a series of embarrassments had occurred to the Academy. In 1952 Michael Wilson was awarded an Oscar for *A Place in the Sun*, but he'd already been shot down as a witch. In 1954 Ian McLellan Hunter won the Award for *Roman Holiday*, and again a defunct witch had to be Oscared. In 1957, Michael Wilson turned up again with *Friendly Persuasion* as a possible nominee. Wilson had written the film before he was blacklisted, and now, several years later, his presence hung over the project like a ghost. Faced with another witch on the podium, the Academy decided it must abandon the idea that the results of a secret vote can qualify a man to receive "the respect and admiration of his peers." They passed a new bylaw that in future no witch could be nominated for the Award, and that if he was nominated, his name would not be placed on the ballot for final voting. Then they resolved to keep the bylaw secret until and unless Michael Wilson was nominated for *Friendly Persuasion*.

Sure enough, he was. The Academy promptly publicized its secret bill of attainder, and voided the nomination. With Wilson out of the contention, the Award for Best Screen Adaptation went to the authors of *Around the World in Eighty Days*, after a loud credit squabble. The category of Best Original Story was won by Robert Rich for *The Brave One*. Then it turned out there was no Robert Rich. Or rather, there were a dozen Robert Riches, all claiming an abandoned Oscar that rumor now attributed to some dishonorable witch who had shifted names in mid-flight.

Meanwhile, King Brothers Productions, who had produced *The Brave One*, found themselves embarked upon a flood of litigation. The absence of Robert Rich, combined with the suspicion he'd never dare to publicly admit his authorship, caused a number of fists to reach for the unguarded jampot. One plagiarism suit was filed, and quietly settled out of court. Instantly three more got under way. The King Brothers, unwilling to pay more than four times for a script they'd already bought twice, finally produced the ectoplasmic Robert Rich. He turned out to be—a witch. Me. The plagiarism suits faded one by one, and the Academy solved its dilemma by listing King Brothers Productions as author of *The Brave One* and winner of its Oscar—the first yarn in history to be written by a corporation.

By 1959 another witch loomed as a possible competitor in the person of Nathan Douglas, co-author of *The Defiant Ones*, which looked like a certain nominee and a very possible winner. But Douglas had collaborated with a non-witch named Hal Smith. Under the new bylaw, the script was clearly ineligible because half of it had been written by a witch. But what to do about the non-witch who had written the other half? Douglas and Smith were like Siamese twins; if you shot one down you got them both. What served Douglas right would be terrible for Smith—and besides, there had always been a closed season on non-witches. The Academy threw up its hands, and rescinded the bylaw as "impractical." Witch and non-witch walked away with the Oscar, and people tried to forget the whole thing.

It was the Academy's one slip in three decades, and compared with the record of the film studios and TV networks, it was almost an honorable slip. Bedeviled though it was by witches and eager as it was to eliminate them, the Academy did not once consider the practical solution of tampering with the ballot; it merely abrogated the vote. By leaving the fundamentals intact, it was thus enabled to repair the original structure without having to rebuild from the ground up. There's a lesson in it somewhere.

From now on it appears the problem of witches is approaching a solution throughout the area. Some say it's because there aren't any more witches left out here. Others say they think there are a few still lurking in the higher altitudes, say timberline and above. But they're the shyest, cleverest, fastest witches in the world. They take off like guided missiles at the drop of a rumor, and they orbit four times before landing upwind of their stalker. A man could spend years trying to bag such quarry. Still, one can never tell. It's an ancient sport, and it is fun.

Hollywood, the amorphous area in which germinates the American Cinema, has never had a good press, and it never will have. Its work is too exciting. Its rewards are too rich, and its pleasures are too stimulating to arouse anything but envy. There is no columnist, however debased, who cannot dismiss screen-authorship as hackwork. There is no spear-carrier from an off-Broadway flop who cannot tilt his nose at the brightest star in Hollywood. And there is no intellectual, regardless of how many academic sterns he's osculated in getting tenure, who cannot successfully berate Hollywood for doing violence to the world's integrity. Contempt for Hollywood is as necessary to the intellectual and his Broadway counterfeit as the "nigrah" is to his cracker neighbors. We're all going down, boys, but look at him —

One would not, of course, claim the heights of Parnassus either for the community or the medium; our elderly accountants can't stand such altitudes. But a good many lively years in Hollywood have convinced me that more first-rate motion pictures are created in America than first-rate novels or plays, year by given year. As for philosophy and the revisionist historians — a prayer, gentlemen, and three minutes of silence.

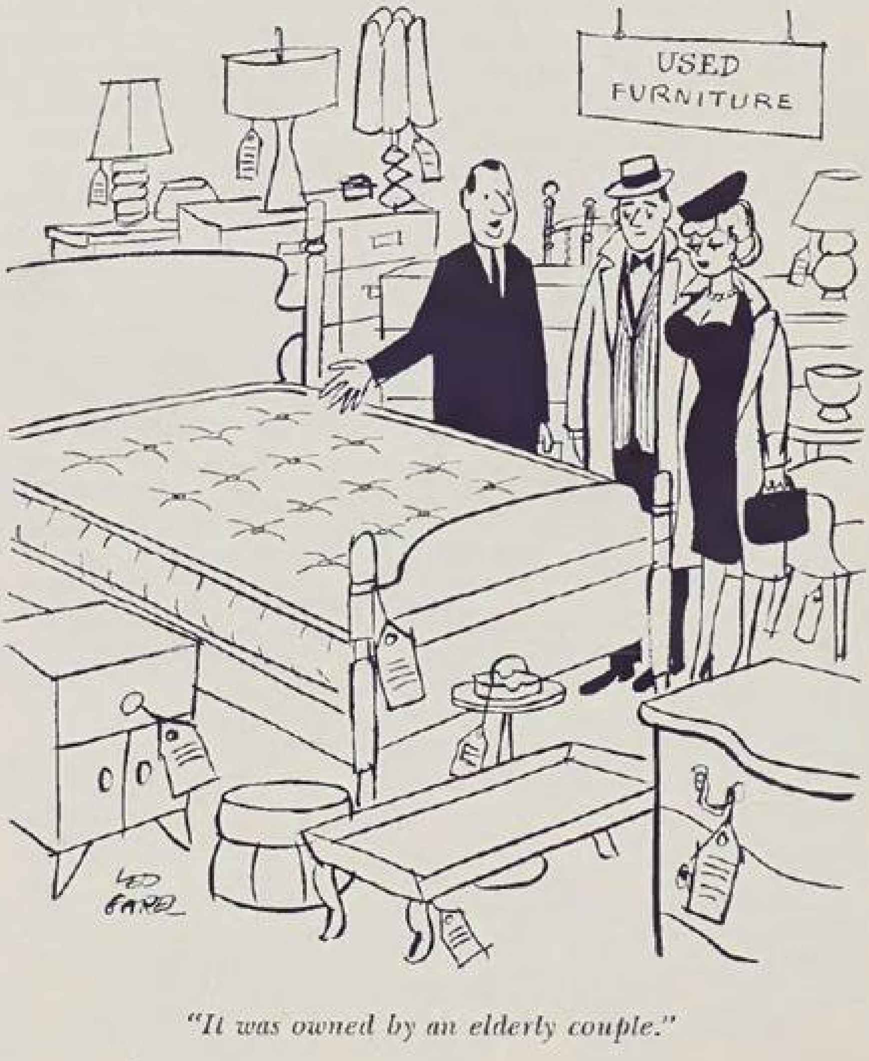
The pleasantest thing about the medium is that people like it. It is a new art form which counts its audience by the hundreds of millions. The artist who chooses to work in the cinema has the satisfaction of knowing that the ideas he conveys will swiftly travel to every country on earth, regardless of the language barrier. It's like speaking in a universal tongue, and carries with it a corresponding moral responsibility. If Hollywood doesn't often measure up to the responsibility, it is no more culpable than the Broadway Theatre, or the great publishing institutions that consume forests each year for the printing of trash. Moreover, there have been occasions when Hollywood rose very high indeed: they are not many, to be sure, but their number compares favorably with the existing competition.

Meanwhile, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences enjoys a Trendex rating for its Award ceremonies of slightly over 75.5, which means, roughly, that every other person in the country views the event. No President has done so well in a decade. The Academy declares that its purposes in bestowing the Oscars are "To raise the standards of motion picture production educationally, culturally, and technically, and to dignify the film medium."

The Academy may, in some degree, "dignify the medium" (which is to say, publicize it), but when it is asserted that the Awards are "an incentive for producers, writers, directors, actors, cinematographers and other technicians to strive for an increasingly better product," we are in the presence of sheer institutional nonsense. Or, to put it differently, the Academy stimulates Hollywood to "strive for an increasingly better product" precisely as the Nobel Peace Prize stimulates world governments to strive for peace.

The truth is, no prize stimulates the creative person to anything. Not the Nobel, not the Pulitzer, not the American Booksellers Award, not the Oscar. Creative people do not and cannot compete with each other. Their struggle lies in that private area where the individual competes against his own faulted talents for a more nearly perfect expression of what he feels and thinks the truth to be.

The rest is tinsel, and the organizers of competitions and the donors of prizes get far more fun out of them than the recipients. There's something mighty fine about patting your better on the head and murmuring "Well done, good and faithful servant." But it only flatters the head-patter; the pattee of integrity always knows it's spinach.



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CAMERA!

(continued from page 76)

but be finicky in terms of your needs.

The projector – in purely mechanical terms – should operate smoothly. The controls should be accessible and clearly labeled. Vibration and noise during operation should be as non-existent as they are in a Rolls-Royce. The projected image should be steady; it shouldn't droop, rise or jiggle.

Since you'll be filming at established speeds, it's obviously advantageous for the projector to move along at the same speeds, without fluctuation. If you didn't intend to come up with a slow-motion sequence, you shouldn't get one as a fringe benefit.

You can't project your film on a matchbook and expect to sustain attention – even if the subject is as bouncy as Bardot. The focal length of the lens determines just how far from the screen the projector must be placed in order to fill the screen. For example, to fill a screen 40 inches wide, projectors with one-inch lenses must aim from 18 feet away; 14 feet is about right for ¾-inch lenses. The Bell & Howell Filmovara variable-focal-length lens is one way out of this confinement; it reduces the distance required. Revere's wide-angle adapter and Argus' zoom lens do, too.

Most projectors accept 400-foot reels, which provide more than thirty minutes of 8mm viewing at the 18 fps speed (15 minutes on 16mm). If a projector won't take more than a 200-foot reel, be aware of the fact that you'll have to jump up and down to change reels.

Several 8mm projectors – including the Eastman Cine Showtime, the Bell & Howell Super Auto-Load and the Revere AZ 777 – eliminate the tiresome task of hand-threading. Instead of guiding the film through the projector's labyrinthian sprocket system, you simply insert the first frame into the first step of the threading trail, hit the switch and joyously watch the film make its way unaided to the take-up reel. Just slip the leader of the film onto that bottom reel and you're ready to start the show.

The new projectors offer other convenience features, too. Look for a single-lever or button rewind. A reverse-run device enables you to repeat that scene of you pushing the girlfriend into the pool, without having to rewind the entire reel. A thread-checking knob permits you to double-check your film threading by turning the film-moving mechanism by hand, and prevents the jarring discovery of a pile of tangled film on the floor. Some of the new models have a room-lamp socket. You plug a table lamp into it and when the projector light goes off the room light goes on automatically. Most projectors offer still projection (the projection of a single frame at a time). Variable speed (intentional and mechanically controlled, not accidental) is worth having, too, to permit speeding up, running through dull spots and slowing down at the end of a rewind to bring the film to a halt without that flapping sound.

The world's best camera and projector won't save you if your directing technique is shoddy. This means you ought to be concerned with plot and continuity *before* you load your camera. It means, too, that the wise amateur invests in a film editor-splicer, which enables you to drop to the cutting-room floor all overexposed, underexposed, out-of-focus and light-fogged scraps. If a scene was poorly composed (lopped-off heads and the like), or if it was an unsuccessful afterthought, toss it out by judicious editing.

Finally, your assorted equipment isn't complete without a pan-head tripod, for the steadiest kind of shooting, and a screen that does justice to your films. There are a slew of splendid models of both – sturdy, lightweight tripods; washable, flameproof screens, with beaded, aluminum surface or matte surface. We recommend beaded screens that come in tripod-mounts, wall types, or permanently mounted automatic models that glide in and out of a slim enclosure on button touch. After you outline your projection area to your camera dealer, he'll recommend the right size screen for you, in terms of the focal length of your lens and the usual distance from projector to screen – so you'll get a full screen image.

Camera, projector, editor (and latch onto a titler, too, for that professional PRESENTS touch) and screen in hand, you're ready to turn out Class A productions. Advice to the film fan: build your movie around a story line. Maintain interest by mixing long and short scenes (cardinal rule: avoid too many short ones). Strive for Hitchcockian suspense; lead up to your central idea, don't slug your audience with it. Never repeat a scene except, perhaps, for comic effect; once around is usually enough. Use close-ups to portray character. Direct your films by relating the subject to the running time; don't use three reels to tell a one-reel story. Remember that they're moving pictures; never run off a series of scenes of standing-still stuff. Tie everything you shoot smack into the plot. If there's a charming landscape nearby, forget it unless it's a part of your scenario. Never try panning without a panning tripod – and even then avoid it if you can; pan very slowly if you can't. All of these rules of thumb can be broken by a real artist, of course. But you must know them thoroughly before breaking them. Once all is mulled and filmed, don't be squeamish about cutting.

Ready? Lights. Action. Camera!

BARGAIN

(continued from page 70)

she had clawed viciously.

She then turned to me, and said, "Thank you for helping us, dear friend. We will not forget you!"

It was up to me then to depart, and I did this, but I felt foolish to leave such a woman, though she belonged to another.

Willy had her to himself, but it was not apparent that his enjoyments were unclouded. He had taken on responsibilities which required energetic tending. It was no small matter to feed such a family, and he had to look forward to the problem of moving the family to the west, for by this time we had heard that our division was to be moved away from the international boundary. And Elfrida herself was difficult. She was capable of scratching seriously in her passion — "She *hurts*," Willy said. "My back is raw from her fingernails!" — and she did not always keep her appointments. She was elusive; Willy found her mysterious. Still, they did well together. Willy was strong with youth, and Elfrida bloomed, as brides are supposed to do. That veteran of the bridal bower developed a marvelous color, a brilliant self-confidence. Willy improved her wardrobe, by judicious trading in the village: some of the refugees had brought pretty things with them. Willy offered coffee, cigarettes and canned goods, which he stole as he needed them. He found Elfrida several dresses, two pairs of silk stockings and a pair of shoes; and he ordered other things from the States.

Such attentions had their effect. Elfrida ceased to look like a refugee. She began to look like a well-maintained wife, and she began to assert a kind of wifely authority with Willy; there came a time when she was able to request him to take her and her family to Halle. We had a rumor that the division was going there, and she expressed a desire to anticipate such a transfer. Willy of course wanted her to go, and so he came to me with his plan for borrowing one of the company's trucks.

"I really like that woman pretty well," he said, "and I want to take care of her; but I need some help. How about it? Would you go along?" I could scarcely refuse, for to do so would be to deny the old friendship of the war; and besides, I wanted to help Elfrida.

Again we had a lark. The first thing was to plan a route to Halle that would avoid battalion and regimental headquarters areas, where traffic checks might be expected; this we did by scouting the country, in a jeep temporarily stolen from our own battalion headquarters company. We found a route, and marked it on our maps; then we returned home feeling excited and cheerful. The next

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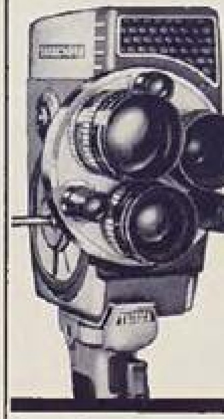

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thing was to find a place for Elfrida's family in Halle, and this proved more difficult. Willy took over this task, and needed two days for it. He wandered heroically; he came back each day dusty and tired. One day he traveled by jeep, borrowed this time from regimental headquarters, and the next day by motorcycle; he had found a German army motorcycle cached in a shed, and, so he claimed, it ran perfectly. He made an interesting figure as he departed: the big man lightly crouching, absolutely bent on traveling fierce and fast, the machine's rear wheel sending up spurts of dust behind his acceleration. When he came back, he had a bump on his head and some bruises, one great violet affair on his left arm; he had fallen off the machine in a corner; but he was happy, for he had found a house in Halle for Elfrida and her family.

He was full of enthusiasm, as if he were considering the problems of his own true family. He spoke of the house as if he had just conversed with an enthusiastic broker. "There ain't a window lacks glass, there's furniture, and there's even carpets. By God, there's a garden out back that has roses!" He let me doctor his wounds, which were several large scuffed areas on his back, where the hide had been polished raw by gravel in the roadway, but he would not stop talking about his house, and about the joy which he expected Elfrida to take in it. "By God, it's even a pretty big house, and in a nice neighborhood," he said. "You'll see when we get there. It's a place for the quality—I had hell running that other family out!"

Then he asked me if Elfrida would be pleased by such a house, and I said she would be pleased. I was daubing at his back with tincture of Merthiolate, and he was touchy about it. I had a good view of him. He was hurting, his bruises were dark, and he would admit to a headache, no doubt the result of a minor concussion, but he would not consider these matters seriously. Beside his great concern, they did not seem real.

"Willy," I said, and touched him with my pink daub of cotton, "everything happens to you!"

When he left me to go to Elfrida, he had a dim and hopeful smile on his face, for he wanted his news to give pleasure.

The next night was chosen for the family's migration. Willy and I made an arrangement with one of the company truck drivers, an old friend of combat days, and that night at ten o'clock I drove our truck to the rendezvous agreed upon; this was a road junction perhaps half a mile from town. At ten-thirty, Willy arrived with the family, trooping in out of the dark, the family cautious and scared. We helped them up into the truck, and hurried away; while I drove, Willy kept an anxious eye out. We expected difficulties, for we were not used to having our own way, but nothing happened. Our route unreeled itself, coming up out of the dark—road signs briefly black and white under Willy's flashlight, crossroads pale and still. We made the trip without headlights in a little more than three hours, and found a garden smelling of roses at the end of it, and a high, narrow brick house. Inside, behind blackout screens, Willy lighted oil lamps and shyly gave over the house to Elfrida.

"Here it is, honey," he said. "It's yours."

The family were astonished. We were in a room that could only be a parlor: the furniture was heavy, there was an oriental rug, there were framed photographs on the walls, gentlemen and ladies in black. The little girls did not move at all, and the older women inspected the room in fierce, darting stares, blinking their eyelids. Elfrida nodded her head just once, and said, "Splendid!"

Then she came to me and took my right hand in hers. "Thank you again, dear friend," she said, looking me in the eye. "You have done a wonderful thing for us."

"You're—welcome," I stammered. I had not expected thanks, since the trip had been uneventful. I had hoped for a difficulty, so that I could do something bold or gallant while Elfrida looked on, but now I perceived that I would not have had greater thanks from Elfrida for driving our truck through a road block.

She kissed my hand; I blushed, and could not speak. She turned to Willy, slowly walked to him, and embraced him. Lightly she kissed him, on both cheeks; she tilted her head back, and said, "You are so good to me . . . sweetheart."

Willy mumbled, and she stepped back. "A husband could not treat me more nicely," she said, and Willy hung his head. On the way back to our village, Willy kept saying, "I can't get over it. I expected her to be glad . . . but she called me sweetheart! What do you think of that, now!"

He was impressed, and clearly he was thinking of Elfrida in a new way; but he could not do anything for a few days because we were occupied with moving away from the international river. The whole Army was moving back, to allow the Russians into the part of central Germany allotted them in the grand settlement. Throughout that time, Willy was very anxious, much more distinctly exercised than I had ever expected him to be. He seemed uncommonly meditative. For several miles during our ride in trucks to Halle, he even carried his chin on his hand. He kept his brows knitted, and the smooth, hard lines of his face looked contorted with the lines raying up between his eyebrows. His face was not meant to look so: he appeared to be in pain, but at the same time he seemed joyful. I concluded that he was in love, and did not worry about him.

Our company was set down in a block of houses in a working-class quarter of the city, and very quickly we arranged our comforts. The regimental commander took over a local brewery, and arranged to distribute its product. Each of our houses had a keg of beer in the back yard, and a soldier whose duty was to sprinkle the keg with a garden hose. Volleyball nets were strung up in a nearby field, and softball teams were organized. Willy quickly found his way to Elfrida, and I did not see much of him for almost a week, and then one evening, just before he was due to set out on his nightly journey, he told me that he was going to get married.

"But you *are* married," I said. "In Dallas. You've got kids——"

"I know. I'm just getting married in church, here. Elfrida . . ."

"In church?"

"In a Catholic Church, the kind the Mexicans have, down home. Elfrida's Catholic. There won't be any papers at a courthouse, or anything like that."

"But you're not Catholic! What makes you think you can——"

"I'll just fake it, that's all. Elfrida's already taught me how to cross myself. And I'll have something for the priest — that'll help."

"Elfrida's already found a priest, then."

"You bet. The whole thing is her idea, but I don't mind. She figures I'll take better care of her if I'm married to her — that's what she says, anyhow."

I thought of bigamy, and wanted to mention it, but could not find the words I needed; and Willy anticipated me.

"I know what you're thinking," he said, "but it ain't so. I'll go back to my family in Dallas, even to that bitch — I'll straighten her out when I get home. But I'm going to be married here, in Germany, at least for a while. Elfrida wants me to, and that's enough for me."

"You'll have to have a secret wedding," I said.

"Secret, you bet! I don't want nobody to hear of it. And I want you to be my best man. Listen, Elfrida wants flowers, so you and I are going to have to promote some for her. Now I figured . . ."

His plans were comprehensive; he attacked the problem of getting married with characteristic energy. He arranged for a wedding feast; that meant a compact with the mess sergeant. He introduced the mess sergeant to a pretty girl. He contracted for the church: it was a humble church in a nondescript edge-of-town parish. He organized the conspiracy — to have an illegal wedding in broad daylight, under the eyes of the Army. The stern Army order against fraternization had to be gotten around. He talked to the priest, several times. He obtained corsages, cut flowers and bouquets. He got champagne. He stole it from the stocks of confiscated German stores which were kept for our officers in the company orderly room.

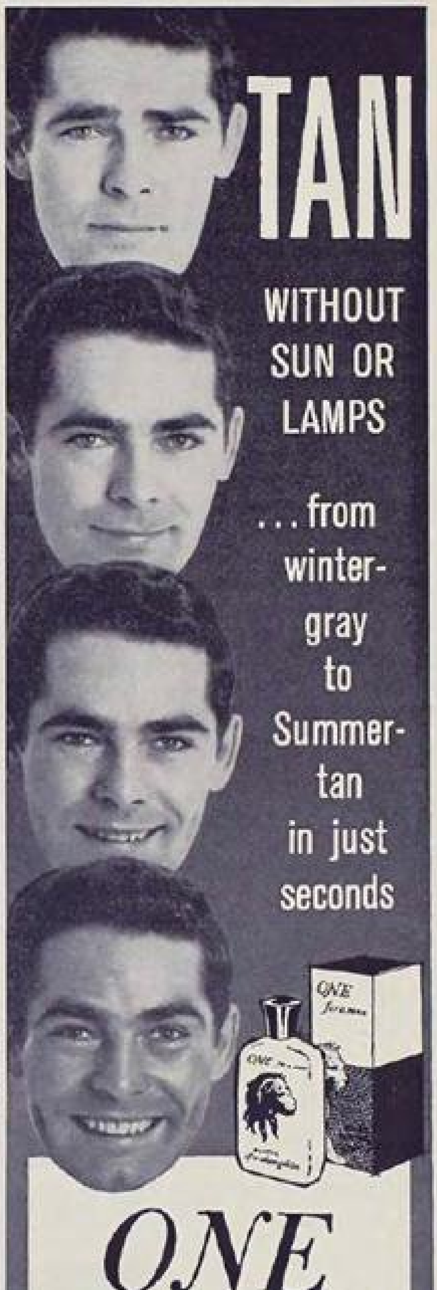
He had activity like a disease, and sported in it; and he accomplished everything he set out to do. He got himself married to Elfrida, in a Catholic Church, in great privacy. The family was present, looking scared and dressed up; the little girls were carrying bouquets of roses, and that was Willy's idea. Elfrida was very solemn in a blue dress, and did not look her best; only Willy was splendid, in uniform and ribbons. He had shined his combat infantryman's badge with silver polish, and wangled some paratrooper boots.

I was there, unhappy, thinking that Elfrida was now absolutely cut off from me. I felt myself held in by the atmosphere of the church. Above my head I sensed a high religious dimness, coercing me. The priest's Latin was very suave, muttered like a dangerous secret; the priest himself seemed not quite to belong to what he was doing, for he had a questioning, faintly bitter face with sharp features. He had large brown eyes, which now and then peeped boldly out of the ritual. Several times he glanced at Willy, and it was plain that he did not make very much of Willy.

At the end of the ceremony, Willy kissed Elfrida very chastely. He touched her shoulders lightly, bent toward her, and just brushed her lips with his. I was offended, for Willy seemed to be giving in to his surroundings. Elfrida, as she turned away from the altar, had a look of radiant triumph, which for a moment she bent on me. She seemed to say, "Observe, I have done something with this clay." She made me look down, for I had no expression that would answer her. As they were leaving the church, Willy made the sign of the cross, and Elfrida nodded approvingly.

I had reason to be vexed, and so I stung them with a handful of rice; they were surprised, and Elfrida for a moment looked shrewdly at me. Willy said, "Heah, heah!" and grinned.

Then we made separate journeys to Elfrida's house for the wedding feast, and I got drunk on Willy's champagne. I wandered off while Willy was proposing toasts to his new family — the grandmother was already tipsy — and resolved to pay no further attention to Willy and Elfrida. I wanted to look the other way, and for perhaps a week I did that. I was captain of the company volleyball team, and that week we won the regimental championship. A new rumor grew strong, and I paid attention to it: we were to go to Japan, in the second assault wave, after a furlough in the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States, and that furlough was a pleasant thing to think about. We heard that we would leave Germany in June, in July, in August.

I kept my attention away from Willy, but not my thoughts, and so I was ready for him when I once again looked his way. I found him happy. He had become a husband, our only one. He had become domestic. I went one evening to his house, and he met me at the door, carrying the baby. He called me in, and had me sit down; he got me a cigar and a glass of brandy. Then he took a chair, and perched the baby on his knee. The baby was facing him, and together they composed an image of the familial relation. Willy clucked at the baby while the baby rolled his head.

"Ain't he a fine boy?" Willy said. "Elfrida lets me take care of him now and then."

We talked for perhaps half an hour. Willy changed the baby's diapers, and soothed him once when he cried. Elfrida did not appear, and since there was curfew for Germans at seven o'clock, I assumed she was in the house; but I did not ask. Willy was happy. There were voices from other rooms and upstairs; the household was moving around its center, and he was content.

Through June and July, Willy came to have a reputation in the company for domesticity, and this was a reputation more difficult for him to sustain than his old one. He was a provider, and wanted to be a good one, but there was no legitimate work for him to do. He had to steal or promote what his family needed, and so he intrigued with certain mess sergeants and supply sergeants in the regiment. Willy could sometimes arrange a German girl for a sergeant; and sometimes, through Elfrida, he came across goods which he could barter. At one time, for example, he had French perfume, left over from the days of German conquest, with which he traded quite successfully.

He had to keep moving; he had people to see; and, increasingly as the summer wore on, he had military duties to put up with. The Army was returning to normal, after the confusions of victory. Training schedules appeared; formations were enforced; the officers began to withdraw into their privileges. Willy had to conduct his illegal business in the early-morning hours and after retreat; he took to rising at four-thirty, and he was often out until midnight.

He found time to enjoy his family, however. He took supper with them, and this was a great pleasure to him. He sported with the baby; his custom was to take him as soon as he arrived, so that, where once the child had seemed an extension of Elfrida, he now seemed an extension of Willy. I had the habit of going with Willy two or three times a week for supper, and I was impressed with the joy he could take in family life.

He had a talent for it. He accepted his family, and they accepted him, so that, on the whole, his marriage was a stable and quiet affair. The mother and grandmother respected him. He was a figure of authority to them, and he was imposing enough, certainly, as he took his ease — his big body relaxed in a heavy chair, a cigar going, his feet propped on a stool. The little girls liked to climb on him, and their mother watched approvingly.

Elfrida took great pains with Willy. She looked to his comforts. Twice a week she did his laundry and ironing; every night she cooked for him and served him, and would not sit down until he was drinking his coffee. Her devotion was almost oriental, and she delighted in it. Together, in that parlor, they made a very touching composition — wedded bliss, perpetually rising to its best opportunities. Willy had the baby, and Elfrida to put on his slippers for him. She had bought them herself — leather ones — and her way was to kneel before him. She kept her face attentive, and sometimes when she rose, she kissed him lightly on the forehead.

So the marriage held, as the summer wore on. Willy was happy; he used to tell me so, several times a day; and Elfrida was always smiling; but late in July there happened an event which made a change. In fact, Elfrida seduced me, as it were, and I had to conceive a whole new set of attitudes toward her. I was surprised — astonished. Suddenly I was given just that which I had been wanting, and my feelings on receiving the gift taught me how strong the wanting had been. I had plainly grown weak with desire: I was vulnerable and available. I accepted my good fortune as a matter of course. Not for a moment did I think of resisting it, for I had been trained as a soldier to seek out good fortune, on the theory that only good fortune could save me. I was an opportunist, and had an animal keenness for sensing a chance, a way out or a way to a satisfaction.

I hung on a hair trigger constantly; but I was not alone in that. My delicacy was universal; all of us were like that, and so my society included and confirmed my personal style. I accepted Elfrida, and thought, instantly, that anyone else would do the same. Light does not move more resolutely through dark than my motives toward accomplishment. I thought vaguely about the war, and told myself that in wartime many things were possible that could never be so in a peace; and a murderer could not be more bitter than I was in seeking love.

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a volleyball practice which was to begin at four o'clock. I went to Elfrida's house, and found her restless and bored. Willy was having to be a soldier that afternoon: when Elfrida asked if I would take her for a walk, I was immediately ready to try my luck with her. We did not go far, though we walked very rapidly, and we kept to the alleys; we came to a shed that had hay in it, and Elfrida suggested that we tarry. "I would like to rest," she said. She set my heart to pounding: she was tall and fragrant: I could smell her hair, with the sun on it.

I had no care for my friend. I was aware of him: he was this lady's proprietor, but he seemed unreal. Elfrida was new to me, her normal ties undone. The curve of her hip was present to me, and her smooth round arms. She was a lady whom fortune had abused, and so she deserved sympathy; and I was full of sympathy! I longed to tell her so: I was prepared to rehearse her misfortunes at the bridge, and warmly press her hand in restitution. I was ready to talk, to make a plea, but there was no need.

A dumb resolution took me near to her, so that I could touch her shoulder. Sick with apprehension, I looked at her face. She was in a dusty light from the open door. I thought, "She has blue eyes," and then I saw that she had great violet eyes, enlarging themselves to accommodate a new feeling. She kept silence, and there was a sweetness in her pose, as of some ideal image. Her expression was meditative and remote; a little smile appeared on her lips, and I caught her.

An old story. I was clumsy, she was graceful. I frowned with concentration, and she smiled, and we made love. Her will was to have love that afternoon, and so it happened, a clarity.

When it was over, and I was dusting off her golden shoulders where were clover blossoms and dry little leaves from the hay, I asked her to love me, "Because I love you, because I've loved you for a long time."

She said, "Of course I love you. I have proved it." She turned, she put her warm arm on my neck, and kissed me. "You are a nice boy," she said. "Now I think we should go back to my house before Willy comes."

She dressed slowly and gracefully. She balanced sinuously on one foot while she pulled a silk stocking onto the other leg: her bent knee was like a jewel. She balanced again to put on a shoe, and then flexed her thigh for me, and grinned. At each stage of the dressing, she looked as if she were posing for a painter – intending to look her finest. When we left the shed, she looked back at it and nodded; and then she walked at my side quite mildly. We arrived at her house a few minutes before

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Willy, whom she received in her customary fashion; she kissed him, she got his slippers, she brought out the baby from his nap. Then she stepped away from him, perfectly calm, and there was only a small flaring of her nostrils to indicate that she had a secret from her trusting husband.

I of course from that moment began to suffer desire in its aspect of blank pain. I wanted Elfrida to myself, that instant, but I observed that she was indefinitely far away from me. I looked stealthily at the line of her buttocks, that not half an hour before had been under my touch, and they were as if in a painting, high up on a wall of a museum. I began calculating when my next chance might arrive, and then, of course, I feared that it might never arrive. I tried to remember everything Elfrida had said to me, for a sign that she had committed herself to me, but I could recall only terms of endearment, and minute animal sounds, and these could scarcely represent a commitment.

I fiercely considered her motives, wanting to humble them to my self-interest. Toward that end, I told myself that Elfrida was a careless girl, easily deflected, but I could not accept that. I then told myself that she might love me for my good qualities, but I could not recall that I possessed good qualities. I did not make her out; her conduct was opaque to my desire. I wanted not to leave the house, and of course Willy pressed me to stay – for dinner, for brandy, for conversation. I looked to Elfrida, naturally, for a sign, and when there seemed not to be one, I felt a duty to depart. In a few minutes I left, thinking of no other thing than a way to return when Willy would not be there to interrupt me.

I discovered, then, that it was not difficult to find Willy away. His business enterprises kept him away from home, like the traveling salesman of American tradition who must wander farther than any knight of the grail. The very next day, at the same hour in the afternoon, I found Elfrida alone, and I asked her to go walking; she refused, but she did not kill my hopes. On the way back to the company, I discovered a new ferocity of desire, and began to understand how Willy had been brought under control. I felt the influence of an art which I could not understand. I grew angry at Elfrida, and I decided that anger could understand her; she had embraced me only to coax out gifts, and this was a bitter thought; but I sought gifts, that night, among the men of the company. Many had loot, and some of it applied to my difficulty. I bought a ring and a bracelet, and two days later made Elfrida a gift of them, which she accepted gracefully.

For these things she kissed me, and said, "You understand that I will not be able to wear them . . . certainly not when Willy is home. But I will get them out, sometimes, and admire them."

The next day, we went during the afternoon to the shed with the hay, and again the following day, and my pleasures became astonishing to me. I felt suddenly healed of obscure wounds left by the war. I walked about with confidence, thrusting my head upward, and I understood that I was happy. I began to wonder if I might not somehow ease Willy out; the thought came to me that I might have Willy's bigamous marriage annulled by some German authority, and then marry Elfrida myself, quite legally.

I was ready to announce myself superior to the world, until, two days later, Elfrida told me that we would have to end our little affair, though it had become pleasing to her. I became angry – like Willy, I was ready to do violence; and I questioned her hotly. We were at her house, in the parlor, sitting in the huge chairs; she was wearing her gray dress, and she looked very competent, like the old Elfrida of the bridge, leading her little family through the wilderness.

"I must think of my family," she said, very moderately.

"Then why did you start an affair with me? All of a sudden – out of the blue! Now you've got a responsibility to me!"

She smiled, and forced me to smile with her. "You are quite nice," she said. "I did not know that Americans could be so . . . pleasant. And you have done great services for us; why should I not love you?" She was very much in command of herself, and looked somehow pleased; and of course I taxed her with that.

"You look – happy!" I said. "Does it make you happy to see me sad?"

"No; not that," she answered quickly. "But can't you see? I am a little happy. I am happy that we had an affair. It pleases me to have an affair just now!"

She got up, and struck an attitude: one hand on a hip, the other pointing at me; she was a figure of defiance. Indeed, her bosom was heaving, she was in the grip of an emotion.

"Can't you see?" she said again. "Of course I am happy. I made him marry me, that violent man, and now I have done it – done what I wanted to do!"

She laughed, suddenly, and it was a shocking sound in that stodgy, decorous room. "Of course!" she said again, smiling ferociously, and displaying two rows of small white teeth, glittering. "Am I such a woman . . . to be trampled? Not yet! I will not forget who I am."

Then she shuddered, and her arms fell to her sides. "I am sorry," she said. "But surely you can see——"

I could see. She had taken her revenge on Willy, as she had promised to do; marriage her means, and I the final instrument. I thought of the sharp-featured priest, and it occurred to me that he would be sad if he knew Elfrida's accomplishment, which was surely a sin. What would he say? It was clear that he would not approve. I looked at Elfrida, fierce in wrath, and I felt cheated, as if something had been withdrawn from my experience of her – some largeness of motive that I could admire. And then, her mood changing, she came to me and took my hands, and said, "But I do love you, *Liebchen*. It was not only that I . . ." She paused, and then went back to her chair; she sat down and composed herself.

"You understand, I love Willy too," she said. "After such a beginning . . . Perhaps you cannot believe me."

"Willy?" I said. "But he—"

"Took me like a robber. Yes. Like one of the bad old German barons."

"You shouldn't love him then," I said. "It's not right!"

"Perhaps not. I have thought that. But I do."

PARIS
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I was perplexed, but I believed her; she looked beautiful and honest. My trouble was that I did not want to go away. "Then you're better than I thought," I said. "More generous, more fair — now I really can't leave you!"

"Ah, so," she said, and made a deprecating gesture. "It is difficult for me that I . . . It is ridiculous after everything that I should love Willy. I have come to know him; so, I can love him. He is a good man, of course. He has been quite good to me." She sighed, and shrugged her shoulders. "It is fortunate that we are all young," she said, "with so much before us."

I then returned to my pleas, which she considered, and finally smiled over. She made me a gift of that smile, and when I left her I could believe that her resolution was not final. I felt illuminated; but, naturally, I took away with me some of her concern about Willy. She feared his perception, and so I feared it too. I wanted Willy to persist in ignorance so that he would continue inviting me to his house, where I might have the good fortune to win his wife again. I began to see that Willy could have perception; he was no fool, and his mild blue eyes could get through to a fact if they once became alert.

But for a time the summer continued its even way for us, a mild and healing round in a gentle weather. There came the news of the Japanese surrender, and we celebrated that; and it was apparent that soon the division would be sent home, as the vast Army began to break up. Every day we had new rumors, but there were no decisions, and we stayed on; and the curious situation I had gotten into with Elfrida and Willy took on a peculiar appearance: it began to look formal. The occasions we shared — the dinners we took together, the drinking bouts, the storytelling — had an unstable gravity, as if we were anticipating change.

I often meditated our doings. Willy had commenced the comedy with violent love enforcing itself by violence: he had been passionate and efficient simultaneously, and that was a rarity. Perhaps Willy had a gift for this; I could believe it. He came from a people who had possessed such a gift; with it they had appropriated the indefinite horizon. Something was asleep in him to set him thus free after plunder, but he was not evil; he did not even intend any harm.

And surely Elfrida was not evil, who had only found a woman's way of dealing with her world. Perhaps her trouble was that her world came up to her touch, and could be dealt with only by some contortion of the flesh. She had known the shudder in the loins — ah, she could do something about that! She had not been afraid, and so she had managed a revenge. She had made a cuckold of Willy; perhaps she had felt a moral duty to do that, and certainly she had made herself the heroine of an adventure.

Unfortunately she had also worked her way through to love of Willy, and so she was in a delicate position. She was compromised, and perhaps unhappy. No longer a victim, she was vulnerable in her triumph; what might happen now? Soon we would leave Europe, we Americans who had conquered it, and there would be an end; but we would not be leaving for a while, and there was time for something to happen. We had an opportunity to follow out the scheme our acts predicted, and of course we used that opportunity. In fact, Willy, following the golden baby, Heinrich, one Sunday morning came across the bracelet and ring which I had given Elfrida.

He presented his evidence that evening, just before dinner, while the three of us were sitting in the parlor. He leaned out unobtrusively from his chair, and dropped the ring and bracelet on the carpet; there was a crystalline sound as their metals touched, platinum and gold; and then the jewels refracted light as the pieces settled into the nap of the carpet. "I reckon you know what those are," he said. "That boy in the third platoon had that bracelet just two or three weeks ago, and he sold it to you. I asked him." He leaned back, his face quite mild; his eyes were directed out into the center of the room.

"Those are mine," Elfrida said then. "Where did you get them?"

"The baby found 'em," Willy said softly. "He was playing in your bag, and he turned the bag upside-down. And I was taking care of the baby . . . at that time."

"They were my aunt's," Elfrida said. "Her husband sent them from Paris in 1940 — after the conquest. Do you suggest—"

"I say, I ain't going to suggest. Honey, you're fresh out of a husband. I ain't going to argue with you. As for you, old buddy" — and here he looked at me, detachedly — "in a minute I'm going to take you outside and whup you until you can't stand."

Silence all around. I tensed myself against an attack, for Willy was clearly ready to fight, and I tried to think of something to say. I tried a denial. "Willy," I said, "it isn't so! It just isn't so!" He did not bother to look at me; he was staring hard at Elfrida, and his expression now was guarded, masklike.

"Honey, you going to deny it too?" he said.

"Of course, Willy," she said, "if you wish me to. Perhaps you should explain what I have done, however. I have done nothing . . . against you."

"Deny laying up with that son-of-a-bitch over there!" Willy roared, and

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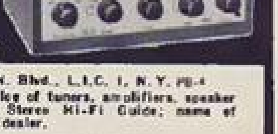

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got to his feet. "Deny that, you slut!" I got to my feet, thinking of self-defense.

Elfrida turned her head upward, and agony for a moment exercised her features; and when she looked down again, her expression was hard—I had not seen it like that since the night at the bridge. "Ah," she said. "Slut, is it. Still, I deny everything. That is my policy!"

"Come to think of it, you aren't out a husband," Willy said then, and he was grinning now. "Listen, I was already married back in Texas when I went to the church with you. I couldn't really marry you. My other wife is in the records at the county courthouse, in Jim Clark County . . ."

"Yes, I know," Elfrida said. "As if that were a thing you needed to tell me. Please, you must understand that I have eyes. I saw your way with a diaper; I knew you were a husband when you came to me—an American husband! Skillful with a diaper! Willy, don't be this way. Why must you treat me so?" Her expression pleaded with him to be decent, to be quiet, if necessary to forgive her. Willy had his back to us, and now he muttered, "Don't try to sweet-talk me out of it."

"I will say what I want to say!" Elfrida answered. "If I have lost a husband, you have lost a son or a daughter. Yours; your own, like those of Texas. Willy, I am carrying your child. That is true." Her voice was calm, she was not trying to make a persuasion. She announced the fact, and kept her poise.

"My child," Willy said, still with his back to us, and then whirled to face us. "Mine? Or his? Or anybody's? How would you know, that will sleep with anybody that comes along? My child. Why, you slut, you slut . . ."

"Oh, then!" Elfrida said. "Then! Listen, peasant as you have always been! Understand that you wear the horns, please, if I may use our vulgar European expression. I, I set them there for you, in return for your favors to me at the bridge, you . . . And I have loved you, in spite of all your vileness . . ." Her face was the cold, furious face she had put on at the bridge, after Willy had taken his fee. She looked strange to me, oddly European, as if the scene had returned her to a familiar role; and then Willy, with his head down, said, "And I loved you. Can't you see? Why did you have to spoil it? You didn't have to! What did I do that was so bad? But I'm damned if I'll apologize to a woman. Women—what have I ever got from women but a crooked deal? Or the clap. Women—sluts. Be damned if I'll talk any more. You—" and he pointed an accusing finger at me—"get your ass outside so we can have it out, you son-of-a-bitch. Come on; or are you afraid to get out from behind your woman's skirts?"

He turned and went out the door, and I was following him close, for I had a rage that matched his own; I did not have time to speak to Elfrida, but I had a sense of her, upright, fierce, but somehow sad, and very weary . . . then I was outside, in the late afternoon light, and Willy was waiting for me. We were in the garden; there were walls about us, yielding a thick shade streaked here and there with greenness. I was ready to start fighting, but Willy had yet a few things to say. "Old buddy," he began. "Ain't you a dandy. Did you think about a friend? I guess. You thought how you could steal his woman. Didn't it count for nothing, all that we done during the war? Old buddy!"

"Don't talk to me like that," I answered, feeling my rage grow. "Don't you . . . reproach me! You businessman; you thought you could bargain for love—for her love. What do they teach you down there in Texas? That everything has a price? . . . you businessman!"

"I saved your life," Willy said, "and I sure wish I hadn't. If you ain't the most miserable excuse for a friend . . ."

"And I saved yours, and by God I never would have done it if I'd known what it was. Listen, you loan shark, I don't regret anything——"

And that was all the signal needed; the fight was on. Willy charged me, head down, and clearly had it in mind to butt me, but I timed an uppercut and caught him perfectly just as he reached me, and felt something go, under my knuckles. It felt like a thin board, cracking. I stopped him in his tracks; he stood up; blood was gushing from his nose, flooding his lower face; and I had the sense then to go for the body while he was forgetting it. I put four or five good punches in to the belly, one of them just under the high arch of the ribs, and I made him gasp. I hurt him with those punches and, I think, saved myself from destruction, for I slowed him, and limited him. He came on, and he had a terrible strength; I could not keep him off. He could hit and he could wrestle. One of his right-hand punches very nearly severed my left ear from my head, and later, while we were on the ground, I think he must have taken the torn ear in his teeth, for the whole lower half of it was hanging by a shred when the fight was over.

I just managed to hang on, to stay with him until he was exhausted, and that was a long time after the fight started; we fell apart, finally, like spent fighting chickens, and sat sprawling on the ground, staring at each other. Elfrida came out, bearing a bowl of water, with white cloths tucked under her arms, and her face was white; it looked as if deafened, for she seemed not quite to believe the story her ears had brought her. Distaste, horror showed in the line of her mouth; she was biting her lip, in that ancient gesture of dismay. Willy looked up, and then shook his head and drove her away.

"I won't let you touch me," he said, "and I'll kill you if you touch him."

"I'll be all right," I said, for I was not more badly hurt than he was. Elfrida went back to the house, and I stared at Willy. His face looked as if it had slipped on his bones — the whole central part of it had slewed around to the right. "And I'll be watching you," I went on. "If you lay a hand on her, I'll take it out of you."

"And I'll do the same for you!" he shouted, and winced with the movement of his jaw. Awkwardly he pawed at his lower face. Hurt, exhausted, he did not look at all dismayed; he seemed almost satisfied, having done what his code required him to do.

I touched my ear very lightly, for I could feel how perilously it was related to me now. It began to hurt, and it was as if a cord of nerves had been exposed to the fiery touch of the air. I was dizzy and sick, but I too felt a vague satisfaction. In Willy's look as he held himself against the ground, I saw something of a virtuous rage now satisfied, and it was true that he had been enlisted in the cause of family and home; he was feeling justified, that was clear, and I too felt justified, though for other reasons. I also felt ashamed — soiled, as if I had fallen into a pit. I now sat at the bottom of an unlucky event, staring up, and wondering at the bad thing that had happened to a good friendship.

"Willy, I don't like . . . all this," I said.

Vaguely he looked at me. "Nah," he said.

We were quiet for a time, and then I said, "We'd better get back to the company. It's going to take a doctor to put your nose back on its root."

"And you'd better see somebody with a sewing kit," Willy said. "That ear's hanging like a tail, there. I reckon it hurts, don't it?"

"It hurts," I answered. "I guess your nose doesn't feel too good, either."

"It feels like I got a hole in my face. That hurts." Slowly he turned his head, as if testing it to see whether it would hold together. "You ready to go?"

"I'm ready," I said. We got up together, and together looked at the house, which was shut up now, and quite blank to our gaze. Not a sound came from it. We made our way back to the company, and it took a long time. We came under the eye of the platoon leader, and he ordered us to the battalion aid station after lecturing us angrily; and at the battalion aid station we were examined and then sent back to the division hospital, for our wounds were considered serious. We were treated like casualties of the war, and the medical people seemed almost glad to have us; they had been without occupation since the peace.

We kept silence all the way. We were three days at the division hospital, while Willy's nose was rebroken and set, and my ear was sewed back to my head, and we did not speak. Upon our return to the company, Willy perceived that I wanted to see Elfrida, and told me that he would not let me go alone. I then perceived that he too wished to see Elfrida, and so we went together, our silence once again resumed. We looked like wounded soldiers, certainly. Willy had a bandage that boxed the center of his face, like a mask, and I wore a handsome affair that fitted my head like a pirate's bandanna.

We walked furiously, and when we reached our destination, we found an empty house. Naturally we entered at the front door, and encountered the smell of settled dust. We ransacked the house, and even searched the garden, and discovered, of the family we sought, only a wrinkled handkerchief that Willy said was the grandmother's, and Willy's leather slippers on a shelf in a closet.

He broke silence with that. "She decided we'd never come back," he said, "and so she left. The Russians are going to have this city, and she knew it, and knew we were going, too——"

I could not think of anything to say. I could not understand Elfrida's departure: it seemed to me perverse. She had left an established safety for the hazards of the road, and she had left me — and left Willy, I had to grant. We did not enter into the problem of what we ought to do next; instead, we continued seeking Elfrida. Willy knew of another German army motorcycle, and we went on that, Willy driving, and I on the pillion seat behind him. "Hang on," Willy said. I gripped his sides, and we flew. I felt like the tail on a kite, and naturally I was alarmed, but I welcomed the feeling. "Turn it on!" I said. We circled the western edge of the city, as I grew accustomed to the smell of hot metal beneath me, and then we set about searching the roads that led westward. We tried the *Autobahn* first, and then a lesser road; we traveled some twenty miles on each before nightfall. We did not find our lady, and so we went home sick and discouraged.

The next day we rose early, having made arrangements with the platoon sergeant about being absent from reveille; we set off as before, I embracing Willy as he piloted the fierce little machine, and we found Elfrida not fifteen miles from the city, on a lane running between poplars. This was the second road we had tried; we could not help shouting. "There she is!" Willy said; "There she is — carrying the baby!" I said, and when we got down from the machine we were both smiling.

We must have been a strange image to that family, we who had last appeared

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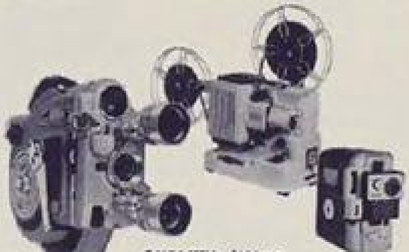

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to them in ferocious combat. Slowly the family came to us, rallying around the motorcycle. The little girls were solemn; Elfrida looked oddly blank, puzzled, and the older women huddled themselves behind her.

"Hello," Elfrida said. She bowed her head, and she composed an image of mourning. She was sad; her face was almost sullen. "I do not understand why you have come after us," she said.

Things were awkward, then. Willy and I stopped smiling and moved apart; neither of us spoke; we looked at each other, speculatively. Elfrida spoke to the children and the women, and they all walked away from us, the women touching the children, moving them. Elfrida shifted the baby boy from her right arm to her left, and said, "I cannot understand why you are together now." She looked at each of us in turn, her gaze steady. "Nothing is possible now, of course," she went on. "You will go home to America. I must go to Cologne. We are all . . . quite far apart now."

Her expression changed; now she looked resolute – resolute and tired.

"I wanted to see you!" Willy said, and stopped; for a moment he looked at me, as if I might find him the word he needed. Elfrida gravely turned her eyes upon him, those large violet eyes, and they were not without sympathy. Faintly she nodded; her expression became a little quizzical. "So?" she seemed to say. "After so much living, no more than this to say?"

"We came together because neither of us would let the other go alone," I said.

"Ah, naturally," Elfrida said. "And will you go back together?"

Silence. Willy looked at the backs of his hands. I stared at the ground.

"I am ashamed that I made trouble between you," Elfrida said. "Between comrades." She held her head high, and clearly she was taking a punishment. "I feel guilty," she said.

Willy stirred the dust with the toe of his boot, his face looking stricken, vague.

"Don't feel that way," I said. "You shouldn't."

"We came because we wanted to see you again," Willy said suddenly. "He — " and he pointed at me — "he loves you too, I guess. Goddamn him." Willy was taking courage, though he was still staring at the ground. "And I . . . I do, too. I wish it all hadn't happened. We had a good thing, Elfrida! Wasn't it? You were happy with me. Why did you—"

"Ah," she said. "But perhaps I did spoil it. I had reasons! Later, of course . . ." She looked at me, just as Willy had done, for the word that might end her difficulty. "Now I feel sad. I did not want to leave our house. Sad for everything; sad to lose everything."

"It didn't have to happen," Willy said stubbornly. "Why did it have to happen?" We stood about, aimlessly, as if we truly could not understand. I felt my unhappiness expand, and perhaps the others were feeling the same way; and then I said, "It was in the cards, Willy. In the cards." Then I felt better, and I sensed a brightening all around, but there was nothing further to say, and nothing at all to do. Willy could not go to Elfrida and ask forgiveness; for he would not. His nature would not allow it: and he would have to fight his way past me to reach her. I could not renew my suit, for Willy would contest any move I made. Elfrida was, of course, immobilized in the rush of adverse wills, and still had her family to think of.

"I do not quite know my feelings," Elfrida said, after a time. "You both know what I can say. We have . . . come a long way together."

She waited politely for someone to speak; looked at each of us, and then said, "I have loved you both, truly; and I think I will survive. I think I will choose to survive." Then, carefully, "I must go to my duties." She turned away from us, and Willy lifted his right arm, as if to stay her.

"Good luck," I said.

"Good luck!" Willy echoed, and lowered his arm gently.

She went to her family, gathered them with a word, and started walking again, toward the west. I noticed that she had the gait of the pregnant woman now, and was beginning to look heavy at the belly. She tilted her torso backward as she walked, balancing herself against the compact, uncertain weight of the future. The effect was stately. She had a noble stride, as all about her the children moved, skipping and bright, like birds, and the women somberly marched behind.

When she was perhaps a hundred yards away, she turned and waved, and then continued on. Willy's child was going with her, and some sense of that unhappy fact caused him to say, "There goes the best wife a man ever had."

The figure began to lose its accidental qualities then, and seemed only the figure of a woman, deep-bosomed and erect. "She's really just what I wanted," Willy said. "I've been in love with her all the time!"

"Well, so have I," I said. "But that's nothing."

While we watched, the family receded in distance. It dwindled from the view, and then, as we were beginning to grow restless, vanished in the shade of poplars.

"Anybody would love her," I said. "Anybody that knew her."

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EPITAPH FOR OBIE

(continued from page 41)

pinpoint eyes stared out of that incredibly fat, round face, framed by its festooned drapery of jowl, and he said, "I should think about nineteen cents per serving." One or two of the women twittered at the absurdity of serving eight people with chicken for something like a dollar and a half, and Obie laughed quietly. Others laughed when he did. Obie was widely held to be the very personification of the jolly fat man.

"I think nineteen cents would about cover it," he said.

"But it couldn't, Obie," one of the women said.

"Ah, but it could, and it does," he said. "Let me tell you about it." He poured Armagnac into his coffee and stirred it thoughtfully.

"I was driving from Denton this afternoon," he said, "and going too fast, I suspect, because I had just run over a big dog, when I saw a cluster of people and cars ahead of me on the highway, just beyond the place where seventy-three turns off, you know the gaggle of people standing and cars on and off the road that means there's been an accident. I hadn't intended to stop, but when I got close I could see that it had been a most unusually amusing accident. A huge tractor-and-trailer outfit had turned over. And I mean *huge*. And what had it been carrying? Crated chickens, my dears, crated chickens. About three thousand of them, I should guess, white leghorns. Fully two thirds of them were loose. They were squawking their heads off. They were running back and forth across the road, stopping to scratch in the barren dust on the shoulder, squawking, squawking. Of course, they had good reason to be running, because there must have been twenty or thirty people chasing them. I assure you it was very funny. Whole families were in red-eyed pursuit of these chickens: Mommy, Daddy, and the wet-nosed young, all screaming and whooping. Every once in a while one of them would actually catch a chicken, despite the stupidity with which they went about it. The children were falling down, skinning their knees and ripping their clothes. It was very amusing to see.

"After a while I noticed one man who seemed to be taking no part in the festivities. He was a tall, thin specimen of thirty-five or so, his clothes were seedy and soiled and he was standing near the trailer which was lying on its side. He was staring, rather than looking around. I rather suspected him of being the driver of the truck, and I went over and asked him.

"Indeed he had been the driver. I spoke to him softly, because I could see he was on the edge of hysteria. What had happened? I asked him. He told me. It

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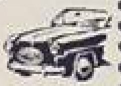

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was a true comedy of errors. He owned the truck, you see. And he *had* owned another, but the bank had repossessed it. Business was very bad. Finally he had got the chance to buy this load of leghorns on consignment, so to speak. He had bought them in Holborn, for delivery in Danbury, a run of about 800 miles. It had taken just about his last dollar to close the deal. He couldn't afford to hire a second driver, and he couldn't stop to rest, so he had gone to sleep at the wheel, and here he was, an hour's drive from Danbury, with two thirds of his cargo loose and rapidly being grabbed up by the ever-growing numbers of kindly passers-by, and most of the rest dead in their crates, or in what was left of their crates.

"I attempted to console this idiot, so clearly one of those nulls whose lives are small disasters run together like beads on a string. I suggested that after all there was the insurance. But no. For the first time in his life he had run a cargo *without* insurance. He hadn't had the money. I shrugged my shoulders. I remember thinking what a pity he hadn't been killed in the crash, he was so obviously ill-suited for life. But apparently he had misinterpreted my early interest as heartfelt sympathy and he wanted to reciprocate.

"'Take a couple of chickens,' he said. 'Go ahead, everybody else is.'

"'That's very good of you,' I said, 'but I think not.'

"I suspect the stupid man thought I couldn't move quickly enough to catch a chicken for myself, because he persisted, and finally grabbed a couple of them for me. I was piqued, and by way of showing him how it was done, I scooped up two more. I thanked him, I flung the poultry into the trunk of my car, and came along home. And that, my dears, is why your dinner cost me nineteen cents."

"Didn't the butcher charge you anything for killing them, and plucking and drawing them?" the girl asked.

"My dear," Obie said, "I am not a bride. I attend to those trifles myself. Besides, I must say that the chickens were already half-dead when I took them out of the trunk. This has been a warm day, you know. As a matter of fact, their being at the point of suffocation reminded me of the excellent results medieval cooks used to get by roasting fowl alive. So I merely plucked them, wired them, feet, wings and neck, and roasted them gently to death with a good deal of butter-basting."

I should think the silence lasted for all of a minute. Then the young lady spoke again.

"*These* chickens tonight?" she said. "The ones *we* ate, you cooked alive?"

"Not altogether," Obie said jovially. "I just roasted them to death. *Then* I cut them up and put them to stew in the champagne."

"But how could you?" the girl said. "How *could* you?"

Obie laughed. "You are very naive, child," he said. "And inconsistent, which is worse. You don't object to boiling a lobster to death? What about the trout, when someone wants him *bleu*? And the oyster! How many millions of oysters do you suppose we eat on the half shell every year, from tiny Olympias to big fat lynnhavens, and every one eaten *alive*?"

One of the men spoke up.

"It's not the same thing, Obie," he said. "You can't compare an oyster with a chicken. Lower form of life, and all."

"Nothing of the kind," Obie said. "The oyster happens to be mute, that's all. If oysters could squawk like chickens, if they could scream out as they were being impaled on the fork and chewed up, I dare say only those few of us who really do appreciate the good things of the table would eat them."

"I hadn't known it was a medieval custom to cook alive," I said.

"Oh, yes," Obie said, "and not just fowl. And in the case of some of the bigger animals, slaughter was slow and painful. Hogs, for instance, were commonly beaten to death, and a long, hard job it must have been, too. But it was worth it: the intense pain and excitement caused a great flow of adrenaline and other vital juices which flavored the meat and made it tender. All of you must have noticed tonight that the chicken we had was exquisitely tender."

As I remember, no one answered.

I happened to see Obie on television a couple of days later. He was talking about the dinner, describing it, telling his audience how to prepare it.

"This *poulet à la mode de Pouilly* is what those of you who have been with me for a time know I call a *reserve* dish," he said. "That means that I'm holding out, in this case, *one* little detail, one step in the preparation of the dish. Don't worry, your own *poulet à la mode de Pouilly* will be perfectly delicious. It will be *almost* as good as mine. And some day, perhaps, I'll tell you the missing step. It's very simple. But it will surprise you, my dears, indeed it will!"

I don't expect to miss Obie very much. As I said earlier, I read his obituaries with some little pleasure. The *Times* was rather vague about the cause of his death. An accidental fall, the story said. The *Mirror* was more specific. It seems that Obie slipped in the shower, turned the mixer on full-hot as he fell, and broke an ankle. That was the police theory, at any rate: unable to move, he had been scalded to death. I would be curious to know how long it took. I suppose the time for that sort of thing would have to be reckoned by weight, and Obie was probably every ounce of three hundred pounds.

AT THE CLUB

(continued from page 38)

drivers this year. The knicker cut is completely comfortable and practical for golf. No flapping trouser legs will upset the strength or accuracy of a drive or the delicacy of an on-the-green putt. Shirt choices will vary from the professional solid color two- or three-button placket shirt to narrow striped or over-all print fabrics, with the pullover always in style. Many of the new shirts have longer-than-usual tails to prevent their pull-out during play.

For the country clubber who prefers the nineteenth hole to the first dozen and a half, the jacket-and-slacks scene is the one to make. Jacket cut remains natural shoulder with narrow lapels and a loose line at the waist. Madras is big with the emphasis on subdued or burnished shades. Fabrics ride the range from linen to silk, mohair to seersucker, and include synthetics – lightness, coolness and wrinkle resistance being most important. The blazer is also in – worn with lightweight ties or soft silk ascots. Slacks are still narrow and without cuffs or pleats. The softer and more muted tones are preferred in the patterned pants, the brighter shades in solid slacks. White is increasingly popular.

And for the country clubber who finds tennis his cup of tea, that game's togs retain their classic nature. Some color changes are in evidence, though – the old warhorse cable-stitch red, white and blue sweater now bows in brass, green and white. In shorts, white is still right (and *de rigueur* in tournament play), but there are fine blue and brown striped seersucker shorts demanding attention.

Great hats are available. Fabrics and straws are lightweight, colorful and crushable – can be cached in the pocket when not in use. The straws sport bold tropical colored bands which will either coordinate with the rest of your outfit or add a bright color accent.

At the beach club, the clothing variety is the widest ever. Whether downing cocktails on the terrace, munching lunch poolside, or partaking in a poker game on the patio, the direction is always toward complete informality and loose, casual comfort. Deck pants or shorts are popular. Shirts may be boat-neck, V-neck, turtle or crew. Most everything goes – polo shirts or pullovers, wide stripes or pin stripes, neat figures and bold abstracts, conversation prints, flashing diagonals. In cool clothing, the hot color combinations are green and white, green and gold, brown and white.

There's little new coming out in commodore-style yachting attire. And for good reason; you can't improve on a classic. The basic get-up remains a yachting blazer, flannel trousers (either gray or white) and an officer's Navy-style yachting cap. For the seagoing spectator the same outfit will suffice – substituting a white cap. For members of the amateur crew there are exciting things around. Lightweight cotton sweatshirts with hoods come in socko colors – a bright yellow, an eye-blinking blue, and a fire red as well as the usual white. An adaptation of the old Gloucester fisherman's slicker in yellow oilskin lined with white terry cloth inside the jacket and hood is snappily designed and functional as can be. Boat-neck shirts in a broad variety of color patterns and fabrics are ideal seagoing suitings. A loose-weave fish-net shirt, patterned after a Norwegian fisherman's model, is a cool topper that offers protection from the wind but still allows you to sop up the sun. Deck pants are designed and cut to give the active boatsman easy maneuverability on board ship.

BEAR RUG EYES

(continued from page 35)

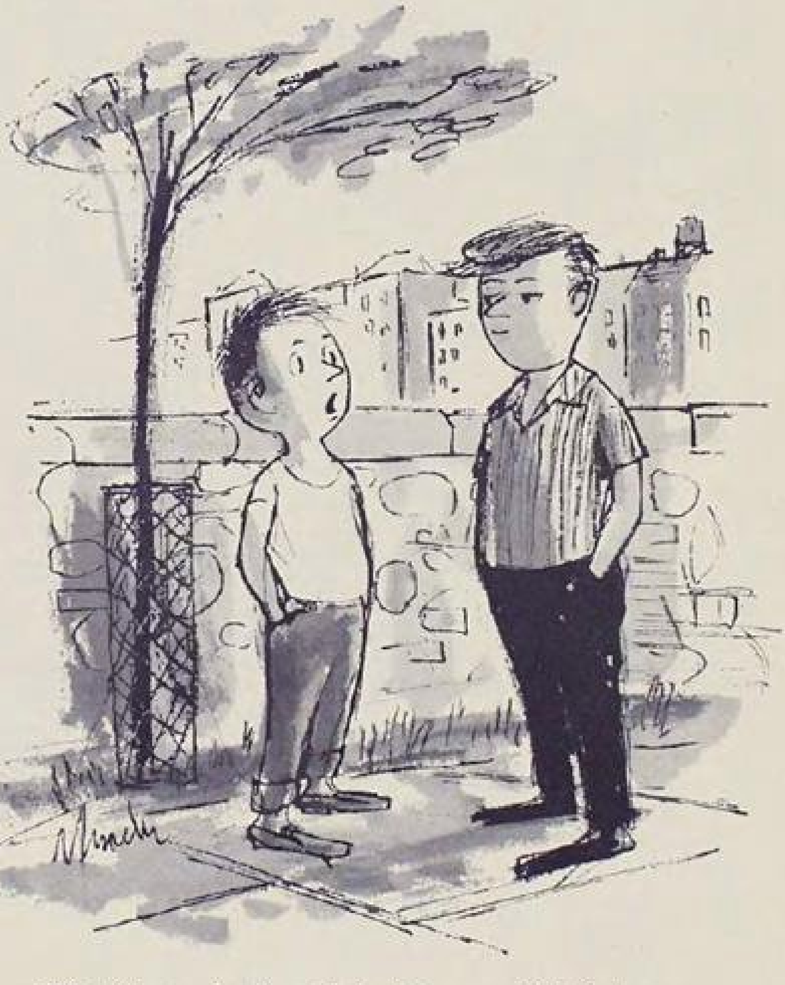
but she wouldn't knock you out facewise. Cute little roll when she walks – an occupational thing, I guess. But the main thing is she has these real bear rug eyes that she could be reciting Edgar A. Guest and you would still communicate."

"So then?"

"So I say, 'How about hearing it?' She says, 'OK, when?' Is she bluffing? I say, 'How about like now?' 'No,' she says, 'I got to see about some props for the show. We're low on pastry.' And her pretty mouth opens in a chuckle. I figure, Uh-oh. A snow job. Two bucks' worth of Chablis down the drain and zero-zero. I guess my face showed it. Then she looks thoughtful and says, 'But how about like ten o'clockish?' Real hip, eh, Phil? So I give her my address and call off a thing with Manda. *Poker*, you know?"

"Which is Manda?"

"The off-off-Broadway one that thinks



"But if you don't explain it to me, I'll pick up a garbled version from my parents."

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I'm going to marry her. You met her, remember? I mean, she practically bought the old shoes!"

"You could do a helluva lot worse, buddy."

"Man, I *lived* with this chick for two months. I know what domesticity with her would be like. All the time fights, listening to Stanislavsky, socks in the bathroom . . . Incidentally, you're a player, in case you get quizzed."

"Winner or loser?"

"Loser, a bill and a half. You're dying to pull even, in case I got to bust more dates. I won twenty, so these games shouldn't seem uneconomic."

"Your friend show up?"

"She showed up. A cuckoo! She broke every damn rule in the book! You know how every boy's ideal is to find a real presentable for-fun girl who you can play like a banjo? Well, this one you play like a missile. I mean the kind of missile that really goes off. With a very short countdown. I'd shaved and laid out the liquor—even a flagon of Chablis, because that's the kind of sport I am—when she knocks at five to ten. Her coat is hardly off when we're cozying on the couch watching TV and the hell with drinks or my Gleason album. The show is some kind of cowboy jazz and I'm pointing out boners, like the shadow falling on one side of the street one time and the other side the next time—this is better than *Songs of Solomon*, I've found out—and, well, I won't get clinical on account of little big-ears on your switchboard over there. But suffice to say she's got a very passable, pneumatic body and we're improvising like crazy, the furniture is crashing all around us, and the first thing I know my back is on fire—all over scratches—and she bit my lip so hard with her pretty little teeth I had to tell Irma I got into a fist-fight. All this action in about twelve minutes by the clock—before the middle commercial."

"Is the fight at the poker game?"

"No, at a bar. I'll carry the ball on this. It's safer . . . Man, I tell you, I am one gasping wreck after a couple hours' tussling. Utterly done done. So finally the set is humming with no picture on the screen, it's three in the morning and I got to boot her the hell out of there. But this chick is stubborn as well as energetic. She lives in Newark. I'm bloody, I ache, but—she knows I got a car—she wants me to drive her to Newark! Either that or she stays, she says. You ever see a girl with no clothes on stick her chin out and act stubborn? A real scene. But I know if I drive her to Newark there'll be a smashup, sure. She'll attack me at the toll booth or inside the Lincoln Tunnel. The nails on this cuckoo! Finally, by acting tough, I convince her I got a very finicky (finicky!) roommate that works nights at a nightclub and it's really his pad, so I got to be

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on my good behavior. So she finally gets dressed, burned up, and goes. I just have time to pick up the furniture and put ointment on my back, as much as I can reach, and put on thick pajamas so the grooves don't show through, when Irma staggers in. She's pretty loaded, but still rational. But she's tired, thank God, so she just waves in a friendly way and flops into the sack.

"I got no more trouble for the rest of the night, except that I have to lie on my stomach and the pain in my back is killing me so much I can't sleep. Who needs it? I kept asking myself. In the morning when she got up she sees me lying there like a cover for *Rugged Adventure*, hoping the blood don't show. It didn't and she swallowed the story how I got my lip and waggled off to work. So that there is why — between loss of epidermis, sunk eyes and big lip — I'm not eating in public. End of tale. I'm doing my schlong stuff for the show right here."

"Well, listen, Hank. You want to make it tomorrow? I'm free and there's this script we think needs doctoring and it might mean an interesting piece of change for you."

"I can't, Phil. Listen. Can you mail it? Along with whatever other poop there is on it? Because I may not be able to make it tomorrow, either."

"Hell, you'll be healed by then."

"I kind of doubt it. Because the chick is coming back tonight."

"Lock the door. Anyway, how do you know she's coming back?"

"Because I phoned and asked her."

"Oh."

"Yeah . . . Well, so long, Phil."

"So long, Hank. I'll mail that thing."

"Crazy. Sorry I couldn't make it. But I'm really beat."

"OK. 'Bye."

"Mr. Forrest? While you were on the phone, a Mr. Baker of Judson, Pierce and Finch called. Hilltop 9-5000. He'd like you to call back. No message. And the photos from Famco just came. Shall I have them sent in, sir?"

"If you would, Marilyn."

"And one other thing, Mr. Forrest. Will you be going out to lunch at one?"

"Yes, but it'll be a quickie."

"Uh, one more thing, sir."

"Yes?"

"While I was waiting to see if you were through on the phone so I could switch Mr. Baker to your line, I happened to overhear you were going to mail some kind of package over to Mr., uh, Bullett. Now, I could drop it off during my lunch hour today and it would, uh, arrive that much sooner."

"Well, isn't that pretty inconvenient for you, Marilyn? His apartment's in the sixties, and I might not have it ready till about two-thirty."

"That's all right, sir. I'll wait."

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Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

BUST OUT OF your shell in June for a vacation afloat — on a U-Drive-It yacht. A dozen yacht-rental firms in the Fort Lauderdale and Miami areas can tuck you in a craft complete with at-home facilities, from a sea skiff to a sailing auxiliary cutter. You can rent a new four-sleeper cruiser for the cost of a de luxe hotel room and roam the coastal keys from your base of operation — a free marina. And, if you prefer soaking to steering, or are unsure of your seamanship, you can hire a captain, too.

While you're down southeast way, make it to Barbados for a very special celebration. Queen Bess II will be a year older in April, but her official birthday isn't until June (each member of the Commonwealth picks its own days to celebrate the event) and that's when some of her subjects will begin whooping it up. Breeze-blown Barbados always puts on a great show for the occasion, with special cricket matches, gala parties and street dancing almost around the clock. The Barbados Country Club will fix you up with digs, meals and such extra trimmings as pool, golf and tennis for a microscopic $10 a day. If you'd prefer, you can rent a private mansion along the St. James coast for anywhere from $1000 to $1500 a month, or a smaller beach house for around $500. Whichever you choose, you can count on having a ball.

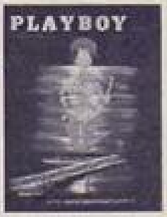
Since you're so close to South America, take advantage of topflight summer skiing by spending two weeks at swank Portillo high in the Chilean Andes. If you can stay on, try other slopes at Farellones or La Parva.

On the way to or from Chile, see Peru in June. Costumed natives from the high Andes re-enact 500-year-old Inca rituals and pageants. Inti Raymi, the Inca ritual of sun worship, is a dazzling affair put on at the mountain fortress of Sacsahuaman near Cuzco with much of the original pomp and circumstance of that earlier civilization. Right on the outskirts of Lima, the Fiesta de Amancaes lasts a full week at June's end and brings regional dancers, foods and athletes from all corners of the country.

If time's a factor in your June plans, you just can't beat the Comet 4B jetliner from London to Moscow. The jet zips across the 1600-mile route in just three hours and fifty minutes, enabling you to arrive in Moscow — thanks to the three-hour time difference — in just fifty minutes by the Kremlin clock.

Before you return to the U.S., you may want to latch onto a European auto, at a European price. One way to do this wisely and well is to study the free 1960 *Europe By Car* catalog before you head abroad. You'll find it crammed with data and photos of the popular English, German, French and Italian makes, including rates on buying (or renting, while in Europe) and shipping to the U.S.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.



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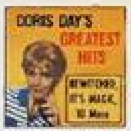
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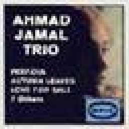
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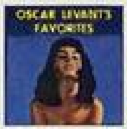
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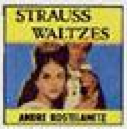
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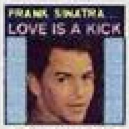
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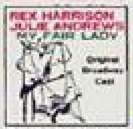
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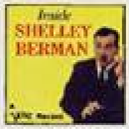
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Tchaikovsky: NUTCRACKER SUITE
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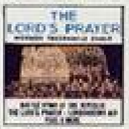
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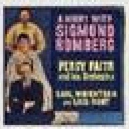
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39. A superb recording of this enchanting dance drama

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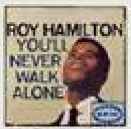
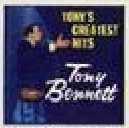
BUT BEAUTIFUL

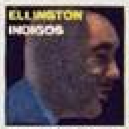
6. Blue Moon, Fools Rush In, Don't Worry 'bout Me, 9 more


ROY HAMILTON
YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE

37. Ebb Tide, If I Loved You, Unchained Melody, 9 others


TONY'S GREATEST HITS
Tony Bennett

62. Rags to Riches, Because of You, Sing You Sinners, 9 more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INDIGOS

45. Solitude, Where or When, Dancing in the Dark, 6 more

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Complete Score

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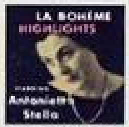
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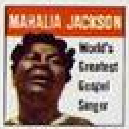
MICHEL LEGRAND AND HIS ORCHESTRA

19. Autumn Leaves, April in Paris, La Vie en Rose, 13 more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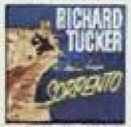
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29. The great Metropolitan tenor sings 12 Italian favorites

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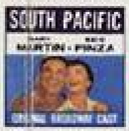
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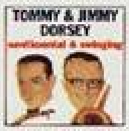
24. Seven brilliant selections played by a great young pianist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sentimental & swinging

46. Ruby; Sweet Sue, Just You; The Time is Right; 9 others

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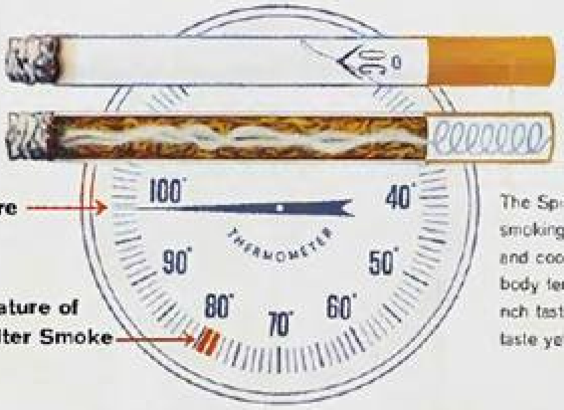
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